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Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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Crœsus's Sixty Acres

BY MAURICE MERMEY

A gilded glimpse of Park Avenue, New York, successor to Fifth Avenue as the social melting-pot for millionaires, where the average family spends $84,000 a year

IT IS becoming increasingly difficult to be really smart. Society laments that Palm Beach has been the victim of so much exploitation that it is no more exclusive now than a political party. The brilliant brigades of Newport, White Sulphur and Pinehurst have been augmented by not a few luncheon club presidents and insurance agents who are stalking more and bigger policies. And Europe long ago was overrun by hordes of tourist-thirds as anxious for territorial conquest as Cæsar's legions. To be really smart, it appears, one must build a snappy little bungalow near one of the Polar extremities, or live in a duplex apartment on Park Avenue. And a hyperborean den has its disadvantages.

To live on Park Avenue, whether in one of the brownstone anachronisms or in a gargantuan packing box, is to be stamped as one of the social and financial aristocracy. The thoroughfare is vibrant with wealth. Its flora and fauna are orchidaceous. It wears a very high silk hat. It is the immigrant's conception of the Promised Land, its pearly gates guarded by a host of wing-collared real estate agents.

TO SOME Park Avenue is only a shop girl who last week won first prize in the National Lottery and who, despite a garish elegance, has no innate fineness. The passing of Fifth Avenue's time honored social priority is still recent, and there are those who see Park Avenue as harboring a collection of stupid, ill-bred people who owe their fine clothes and position to no merit of their own but to sheer luck. Of course this is true in small measure, but the same could be said of almost any other famous street in the world. Families whose wealth has become as hereditary as the nature of the eyes or of the hormones of the pituitary gland

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live on Park Avenue. So does the man from Gushertown, Okla., whose well, and wealth, came in yesterday. So do steel kings, widget wizards, movie magnates, salad dressing moguls, spinsters who still invest in 3½ per cent. gilt-edged bonds, diplomats, ambitious widows, authors, international bankers and coryphées. A farrago of people gathered from the four corners of the land and all intermediate points.

THE avenue glitters before the eye in an atmosphere of gold. Whereas Great Britain, on whose Empire the sun never sets, has 562 millionaires, Park Avenue, whose three miles even a mediocre athlete can run in less than sixteen minutes, has more than 2,000. On the world's richest street there are 5,000 families, representing a population of 20,000. They live in their own mansions, in apartments renting from $100 a month, furnished, to $35,000 a year, unfurnished; and in coöperative apartments which sell for from $40,000 to $200,000. The Park Avenue Association modestly declares that the aggregate fortune of its members is three billions of dollars, but there are experts willing to risk their reputation on a guess of five billions. France could write off its war debt to the United States with that tidy sum and have enough left over for a rousing toast with rare champagne.

According to the Association's estimate, the Avenue spent $280,000,000 in 1927 for necessities and luxuries. The announcement of that fact constituted front-page news in almost every paper in the country; and the story girdled the globe. Within a year the Association received no less than 6,000 letters, from the six continents and the islands of the Seven Seas, asking it to pass a very capacious hat among the fabulously wealthy for "worthy causes".

More wealth, more spending and a 25 per cent. increase in population have caused the figures to be revised sharply upward. In 1929 This Avenue, as it is intimately known, will spend — according to a reliable estimate — the stupendous sum of $420,000,000, an average of $84,000 a family.

Superlatives and astounding adjectives like "stupendous" have long ceased to have a convincing ring to Americans, but consider: Although it has but one-third of one per cent. of New York City's population, Park Avenue will spend three and two-fifths times more than the city allotted for education in 1928. Numerically insignificant, its population will give to tradesmen an amount equal to one-fifth of the entire nation's expenditure in 1925–26 for elementary and secondary public school education. The Soviet Army (according to English statistics) is the largest in the world, yet it undoubtedly spends less for food, clothing and shelter than the Avenue puts into circulation.

THE average Park Avenue family will spend $37,000 in 1929 for food, clothing and shelter, an aggregate expenditure of $185,000,000; which is as much as 100,000 clerks earn in a year. Amusements, art galleries, music, automobiles, yachts and travel will cost $18,000 a family, or $90,000,000 for the Avenue. An additional $145,000,000 will pay for such exquisitries as perfume, flowers, charity, beauty shops, liquor and débutante daughters.

As for the liquor item, those who ought to know say $15,000,000 is a

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reasonable estimate of the bootlegger's bill. That includes the expenditures of the ladies who do their own shopping and shaking. It seems an incredible total, but Park Avenue is an incredible place. At one party there were 500 guests; and among those present were Champagne, Burgundy and Scotch. The Scotch, good, cost $100 a case; the Champagne, $110. The liquor bill for the evening was $5,000.

CRŒSUS'S sixty acres — which we must not at all imply are devoted only to the cultivation of cocktails — begin in the old Murray Hill section where private dwellings are fighting monster office buildings for air, and extend to Ninety-sixth Street where, due to the emergence of the New York Central Railroad, the Avenue's character changes suddenly and amazingly. Within a scant 200 feet, the thoroughfare loses its gilt and acquires a frowzy expression.

The Grand Central Terminal squats on Park Avenue, and the new New York Central building straddles it, permitting vehicular traffic to pass between its giant arch-legs. The Park Avenue that everybody knows begins here and continues north in a sunbeam-straight line. Here are the monoliths, Rolls Royces, lap dogs, carved doorways and triplex apartments which you may rent for a mere $40,000 a year. The monotony of the architecture is relieved by the Ritz Tower which bells skyward, by St. Bartholomew's Church where the Avenue prays and marries, and by relics of the sow's ear age — small brick houses in which are grocery stores, butcher shops, millineries, interior decorating establishments, real estate agencies, a commercial garage and a tire shop which has a swinging sign that screams to the world at large: "Sale on Tires — Cheap."

IN THE matter of aggressive campaigns, or crusades, the Avenue is quite as unrelenting as William Randolph Hearst or Richard *Cœur de Lion;* but it is a Brobdingnagian busying itself with Lilliputian affairs. It is opposed to vents, noise, 'bus lines. Park Avenue has attained a certain status and now its Association wishes to maintain the *status quo*. The trains of the New York Central rumble unceasingly under its feet, and an endless procession of truckless and 'busless motor traffic roars north and south day and night. A block east is Lexington Avenue, with its subway, trolley, shops, dingy traffic; another block east is Third Avenue, the "L", dingier traffic and the masses. Two blocks west is the once unique Fifth Avenue, now commercialistic, teeming, the last of its ducal families waiting for the moving vans and the mansion wreckers. Hemmed in by commerce to which it is a monument, Park Avenue chooses to be the plumed, pearled lady with the beauty spot, pleasing to look at, much to be desired and costly to possess. Its Association has built dykes of opinion and law against the lapping waters of commercialism, and it is busy removing the last blotches of the old era. In the middle of the thoroughfare are the parks which camouflage the railroad's ventilators and give the Avenue its name. The Association has waged a long campaign to force the railroad to close these vents, and success has finally crowned its vigorous efforts.

Half a dozen 'bus companies in the last few years have applied to the

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Board of Aldermen for franchises to permit 'bus lines on the Avenue, but the thoroughfare, in this respect, is still virgin. Just before his tragic death, H. Gordon Duval, president of the Park Avenue Association and editor of *The Park Avenue Social Review*, rested his case with this summation:

> If 'busses come to Park Avenue, the same thing will inevitably happen to that section which happened to Fourteenth Street twenty years ago. Beauty of metropolitan life would pass. Park Avenue is the only north and south thoroughfare in the city without trolley cars. And while we hold no brief for wealth or social partisanship, we believe it would be good civic foresight to maintain at least one thoroughfare of an exclusive residential character. Hundreds of families who have achieved fortunes in manufacturing centres maintain residences on Park Avenue, or adjacent streets, occupying them part of the year. Both city and State profit from them to an enormous extent.
>
> The residential and social character of Park Avenue is one of New York's greatest magnets, and to impair that magnetism would be a blow aimed at the prosperity of the city. More than that, the city and State owe it to those who have achieved outstanding success to devote at least one section to them. Everything could have its place — a place to shop and a place to live, a place for a limousine and a place for a 'bus. Traffic already is very heavy on Park Avenue. The vibration is so great, for example, that heavy trains passing make a jumble of radio programmes being received in the apartments along the Avenue.

CERTAINLY on Park Avenue the *ballet mecanique* of modern life remains unappreciated. Attempts have been made to change the city's building code to make arc welding legal in steel construction work, in order to give the harassed citizenry relief from the riveting din that has syncopated life on this fashionable boulevard during the last decade of rapid but raucous progress. A few years ago the owner of a forty horsepower air compressor, which offended the Avenue's tympanic peace, found a deputation, composed of seventeen "vigilants," waiting on him; the next morning the compressor was muffled and night work was stopped entirely. The megaphones and whistles used by apartment house and hotel footmen in calling taxis and other automobiles are the object of another anti-noise crusade. The Association respectfully suggests (diplomatically, because its own clients are the offenders) the use of electric signs to call cabs. The toots, honkings and back-firings which make Paris so unforgettable are not tolerated on Park Avenue.

Even the Metropolitan Opera House is unwelcome. The suggestion that America's first opera company erect a gorgeous home on Park Avenue was considered oafish, for this reason: "The opera house probably would attract contingent businesses in a district at present restricted to high class apartment houses. Moreover, in season there would be disturbing noises and undue commotion."

MR. DUVAL was the paladin of Park Avenue. As editor of *The Social Review*, the only magazine in the world published by, and in the interests of, a street, he waged campaigns, turned rhymes, wrote park bench philosophy in the epigrammatic manner, gave advice to his constituency and passed judgment upon the moralities. The magazine is a non-purchasable monthly, the house organ of the Avenue. Since its first four-page issue in 1924, it has grown to 100 pages, half of which represent luscious, high-class advertising.

The Association collects $26 a year from its Residential Members and $52

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a year from some 1,200 merchants whose cash registers play the orchestral half of the concerto, the Avenue's cash playing the solo. The residents get the magazine, the merchants get the residents' address list; it might also be added that the residents get something more — tons of advertising matter in the mails.

THERE is a well-founded suspicion that Park Avenue is just a wee bit conceited. Witness this from *The Park Avenue Social Review:*

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if Park Avenue, together with its residents, were suddenly wiped out?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if the city, the country, the world, were suddenly denied the influences, the causes and the effects, the MENTAL ENERGY, which radiate from it?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN if the combined wealth, the organizing genius, the social influences it domiciles, were suddenly to group together and through the agency of some constellate conveyance, depart to another planet?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IS THIS: The country, the ENTIRE WORLD, would be crippled. It would require another generation to rebuild and reorganize the chaotic conditions resulting.

THERE ARE MORE MILLIONAIRES TO THE SQUARE BLOCK ON PARK AVENUE than to the SQUARE MILE of any other residential section in the world. There is at least one single building — ONE APARTMENT HOUSE — on Park Avenue which houses more millionaires than ANY CITY the size of Syracuse upon this civilized, or uncivilized, hemisphere.

INCH BY INCH and foot by foot there is more CREATIVE FORCE on Park Avenue than can be found yard by yard and mile by mile elsewhere in the world.

IF Park Avenue and its residents evaporated, over one thousand of the world's greatest industries would be minus the creative and imaginative genius which brought them into being. If the wives and daughters of these PRINCES OF COMMERCE were to be suddenly "absorbed", over 20 *per centum* of New York's SOCIAL STIMULUS would be negatived.

Park Avenue has become the residential SYMBOL OF AFFLUENCE and WORLDLY SUCCESS. It is the greatest residential thoroughfare in the world. Why is it the greatest residential thoroughfare in the world? Because it is the only reasonably desirable boulevard which has resisted the necessary noise of public vehicular traffic and its attendant evils, because it has managed to harbor the cherished characteristics of residential environment minus the influx of ribald commercialism, and because it has retained its majestic vista of architectural home environments which challenge the comforts of suburban acreage.

It has proven itself an invitation to a large percentage of the MOST FERTILE AND MATERIALLY CONSTRUCTIVE BRAINS of the RICHEST COUNTRY in the world, and these brains have made it their chosen domicile.

EVEN AS GEORGE WASHINGTON BLAZED A TRAIL, EVEN AS ABRAHAM LINCOLN VINDICATED A CAUSE AND AS MOSES SET A STANDARD, SO HAS PARK AVENUE ACHIEVED A STATUS.

It should be added, perhaps, that the upper case belongs to *The Park Avenue Social Review.*

A NEWSPAPER MAN endowed with imagination, who probably died as poor as most of his craft, saw the future grandeur of Park Avenue. It was his misfortune to be born a century ahead of our time because he might have enjoyed the fruits of wealth. In *The New York Mirror* (no relative of the tabloid) of February, 1829, he wrote:

Let us for the moment contemplate this grand avenue of not less than eight miles in length, running in almost a straight line, in a very central, and by far the most desirable, position, and over much of the best ground on the island (Manhattan). We would appeal to the good sense and candor of every man in the community to say if it would not open a door to such a combination of riches, embellishments

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and grandeur as might hereafter challenge a comparison with, even if it did not surpass, any other thoroughfare in the world.

Uncanny in the accuracy of its prediction, this paragraph was written to call attention to the Act of Common Council authorizing the opening of Fourth Avenue, the greater part of which now is Park Avenue.

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago, New York, north of Forty-second Street, was a rocky neighborhood tenanted by squatters who had a precarious existence and depended on goats for a considerable part of their livelihood; few paid rent, because those who owned the land either did not care who occupied it or could not collect anyway. Where Sherry's now stands there was a little shack, the Harlem Railroad Station. Near it was the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, later occupied by Columbia College.

Even half a century ago Park Avenue was nothing but a freight yard fringed with factories. The sow's ear age ended less than a generation ago, when architects and engineers were commissioned to do some beautifying on a huge scale. Park Avenue's face was lifted. The new roadway, now the Avenue, was built over the railroad tracks and, since it had to provide ventilation for the underlying railway, centre parks were planted to cover the ventilators. The thoroughfare's majestic breadth, its vista of foliage, its proximity to the smarter shops and, being newly built, its freedom from stores, made it a realtor's paradise. It was the time when pioneer families were being pushed from their chateaux on Fifth Avenue by the uptown advance of commercialism in the form of retail shops; Park Avenue offered them their one logical residential sanctuary. The mass production of millionaires during and since the war speeded the Avenue's development.

The question is: Will enough millionaires be manufactured to keep pace with the ambitious realtor? The answer hinges on the continuance of American prosperity. The real estate men have staked their fortunes on a "yes" answer.

A 100 x 100 plot on the Avenue today sells for about $2,000,000; on this basis, Park Avenue's present land value is $250,000,000, and its buildings are worth as much, or more. These values have trebled in a decade. With the end of another decade, according to the consensus of expert opinion, the Avenue will be just another congested street, though still brimming with billions. Its population, wealth, purchasing power and property values will double. Forty thousand persons, belonging to 10,000 families, will live in massive apartment houses, most of them a block long, 100 feet deep and twelve to twenty stories high. Those people will have a combined fortune of ten billions of dollars, and they will spend a cool billion a year. Four thousand millionaires or more will live in the giant masses of steel and concrete, and the value of these buildings and the land on which they are set will be one billion dollars.

ON THE Avenue, there are many persons every newspaper reader knows, and many he does not. The "geniuses" of the avenue, struggling or otherwise, wear hand-made boots and occupy ivory towers instead of musty attics. Instead of writing by the light of flickering oil lamps, their

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pens and parchment are illuminated by the light from lamps of Lalique of Paris; and in place of the chair made from an old barrel top, their chairs often are identical with those found in St. Cloud during the pompous days of L'Aiglon and his Elder.

Park Avenue virtually commutes across the Atlantic, and that is as costly for the handkerchief-waver as for the jaded commuter. When a steamer like the *Leviathan*, *Majestic* or *Ile de France* sails, she takes out of New York, for every first class passenger, about $100 in *bon voyage* acknowledgments. During the summer season, more than $50,000 a day is spent for baskets, candy, caviar, books, etc. Nor are the dinner and cocktail parties of the night before paid by the caterer or bootlegger.

FROM Park Avenue one might expect to hear tales of fantastic whims, and one does. A lady, not known to the public, who paid an income tax of $760,000 in 1927, lives in a triplex apartment, heavily servanted, that would make Amanullah of Afghanistan leave his kingdom; and on her roof garden she grows scallions and takes care of them herself. Another resident, wanting a garden also, bought for $300,000 the five-story apartment building adjacent to his home, ordered it razed, and now he has a landscaped plot, size 36 x 100.

One man on Park Avenue has a country residence across the bay from which is a favorite clubhouse of his. By motor, over a beautiful roadway, it is 70 minutes distant. But a speed boat can clip the waters in a scant fourteen. Recently, therefore, he purchased six at a nominal $6,000 per boat — one for himself, one each for his wife, son and daughter, and two others for guests.

A PARTY celebrating a young lady's engagement cost her father some $50,000, to wit: An artist took $5,000 to transform dad's hotel suite into a Chinese garden, and the flowers sprinkled around the place cost $15,000; dinner at $25 for 50 guests; $1,800 worth of dance music provided by three orchestras; supper at $5 a plate; $6,000 worth of Broadway stars for midnight entertainment; a five o'clock breakfast at $3.50 a plate; sundry other items such as Chinese waiters and French favors.

The gold braid guard of the palatinate — the footman, doormen, liveried chauffeurs, butlers, French maids and governesses who make the Avenue even more resplendent — is large enough to form the nucleus of an army division. Before its master it bends the knee with an experienced skill that is almost delicate, but for the lackeys of other streets it has only fleering contempt.

Vastly different from anything of which Calabria, Cork, Cambodia or Christmas Island can boast, Park Avenue is one of the phenomena of the American brand of civilization, a glittering world unto itself.

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The Temperamental Typist

By R. le Clerc Phillips

Some of the circumstances, voluntary or involuntary, which lessen the business woman's self-respect and doom her to be regarded as "cheap labor"

Not very long ago a friend came to me blazing with indignation. It was a question of money. She wanted more than she could get. And, what was especially annoying, she had been told in categorical terms that she was now too old ever to earn any more than she was receiving. She is thirty-four.

"Think of it!" she cried. "I'm in my prime, with almost ten years' solid experience behind me, and I'm stuck, hopelessly stuck. My career reached its peak when I was twenty-eight, and now I've nothing more to expect than my present salary of $40 a week. They tell me that's all a secretary can get unless she has some absolutely outstanding qualification which no agent or employer seems to think I've got. A Wellesley graduate stuck for life at $40 a week! They don't think of holding down a Yale or Harvard man to $40 a week just because he's thirty-four, do they?" And she concluded by asking why Heaven had laid such heavy curses on women.

The real bitterness of my friend's tones, combined with the character of her complaint, awoke my interest. I questioned her. It appeared that after two years' satisfactory work with her present employer she had asked for an increase of pay, and had been refused. She had left her previous job at a salary of $40 a week, which she had been earning ever since she was twenty-eight. And $40 a week was all that she had been able to earn ever since. Angered by her present employer's refusal to raise her salary, she had gone the round of the better class agents, with results that led to the outburst of distress that I have just recorded.

Moved by curiosity, I began to make inquiries, since my friend insisted that everyone in the employment agencies had told her that her case was a commonplace experience that should be looked upon as all but inevitable. Was this true? I sought an answer from both books and men.

The most striking printed evidence I found in a little book published in 1926 by the National Industrial Conference Board. Its title was *Clerical Salaries in the United States*, and, on inquiry, I was told that it contained the latest available figures relating to the discrepancy in pay as between

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men and women in all branches of clerical work in this country. Some of these figures struck me as being so peculiarly significant that all my old doubts concerning the feasibility of "equal pay for equal work" were revived, while the agents' statements concerning the commonplace character of my friend's experience were confirmed. The figures, indeed, go considerably further than to deal solely with that problem that has so long been a rallying-ground for the Feminists. For they establish conclusively that at this moment, in the clerical field, where women are commonly supposed to have proved their worth beyond dispute, female labor is still looked upon as merely cheap labor, all the higher-paid jobs being given to men.

I think that it will not be without interest for me to quote a few of the more striking of these figures. Certainly, they do not make very comfortable reading for women workers, but nothing yet has ever been gained by ignoring facts.

SINCE my inquiries had been provoked by a complaint about salaries in the stenographic field, it is to the figures relating to the group listed as "stenographers" that I turned first. Now, stenography, it must be remembered, is usually supposed to be essentially a woman's field. And so it is. For the investigations carried out by the National Industrial Conference Board proved that extremely few men, relatively speaking, care to enter it. It would seem as if even men themselves admit their inferiority in this calling. But the peculiarity of the Board's figures is this: that in the salary grade of $55 a week and over, there were found to be in the group investigated *only eight women*, while as many as five men were found to have made their way into the same grade. Although superiority in numbers goes to the women, the margin is strangely small for a calling considered to be ideally suited to their capabilities.

Certainly, here was a scrap of evidence that appeared to justify the sense of injury under which my Wellesley friend was laboring. But there were other figures still more discouraging. For example, in a group of workers listed as Chief Clerks, it was found that in the salary grade of $75 a week and over, there were forty men, *but only one woman*. In the grade of $65 to $75, there were sixty-two men, but again *only one woman*. In the grade of $55 to $65, there were 155 men, but *only two women*. But in the grades below $40 a week there were only sixty-two men to no less than sixty-five women.

With regard to the group of workers listed as Bookkeepers, the Board found that thirty-five men were receiving salaries of $60 a week and over. *Only one woman* fell into this salary grade. And in the Cashier group, while forty men were earning salaries of $60 a week and over, again *only one woman* was found to be in this grade.

THERE is no necessity to quote further from these dismal proofs of women's inferiority in economic life, although the Board's book multiplied them tenfold. The fact that these figures are so very recent lends them additional importance. For if they had related to the early years of women's economic emancipation, when women were a more or less negligible factor in the clerical field, they would not be at

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all astonishing. But astonishing they are when it is remembered that women clerical workers are now an economic commonplace and that new recruits are flocking into this field in constantly increasing numbers; that the economic independence of women is well under way, and that presumably a reasonable amount of organization has been accomplished by this time; and finally, that the cry of the Feminists for equal pay for equal work has been, and still is, persistent, vociferous, and not a little acrimonious in its tone. Yet, notwithstanding all this, woman's scale of pay, as compared with man's in the same fields of activity, remains inferior, while her chances of rising to a really well paid position are, if the above figures be a reliable indication, all but *nil*.

IT MUST, of course, be borne in mind that the figures I have quoted relate to women workers taken *en masse*. Indeed, it is essential that this point should not be overlooked. For it is incontestable that certain women, as individuals, earn as much as men doing similar work. A woman novelist may, and frequently does, earn as much as a man novelist. A woman movie star may, and frequently does, earn as much as a male movie actor. A woman opera singer may, and frequently does, earn as much as a favorite tenor. But in every case of this kind, the woman's high rating is attributable to some individual and extremely specialized talent, and her financial recompense is graded accordingly. For the shrill scream of "equal pay for equal work" does not reach to those lofty heights where workers are no longer rated *en masse*. It applies only to those fields to which the great majority of us are forced, by our own intellectual and artistic limitations, to confine our activities; that is, the everyday, commonplace commercial and industrial jobs of the world.

HOW is one to explain the almost complete failure of women as a sex to compete successfully with men in those fields in which their presence is now a commonplace? For the same phenomenon of unequal pay for the same job persists in the industrial no less than in the commercial world, and to an even more marked degree in foreign countries than in the United States. Is the phenomenon purely temporary? Does it owe its existence to some strange spite of men against women, as one must suppose if only one-half of the acrimonious vituperation of the Feminists be true? Or is it really the case, as asserted in the well-known *Report of the War Cabinet Committee on Women in Industry*, published by the British Government in 1919, that "a state of affairs that has come down through the ages and is nearly universal must have some origin in nature, however much the effect may have been accentuated by the action of men." In other words, is there some deep-seated and ineradicable cause which renders futile and ridiculous the familiar battle-cry of "equal pay for equal work"?

I believe there is. What I am about to relate illustrates the grounds for my opinion.

Not very long ago another friend of mine, who holds a secretarial position, told me of an incident which had occurred that day in her office. It was trivial to the last degree, but I cannot help thinking that it serves as a straw to show which way the wind is blowing

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in the field of women's employment, or at least in offices where women work. "Did you ever hear of such a piece of temperament as this?" she asked in excited tones. "There is a new girl in the office and she objects to the ticking of my tiny little clock which I keep on my desk. She said she couldn't possibly work with that clock ticking all the time. So when I was taking letters she took it away and put it in a drawer. When I came back I asked for it, found it, and put it back on my desk. Well, when I was out again, she put it away for the second time. When I came back I fished it out and put it back on my desk. When I came back from lunch it had gone again. She had put it away for the third time. And we kept putting it away and putting it back all the rest of the day. What d'you think of a girl who starts out to earn her living as a stenographer and can't put up with the ticking of a tiny little clock?"

THE incident is of a piece with the wholesale complaints of employers concerning women's fatal "temperament". Ah, this "temperament" of theirs! How it stands in their way, and how proud some of them are of possessing it! I know women who look upon their inability to get along with their fellows as a special gift from Nature, differentiating them from the rest of mankind and endowing them with some special and mysterious type of superiority. "You see," these women say, "I can't put up with things like that. I have a temperament. It's all right for you; you haven't a spark of it, but I have . . . thank God!"

It is one thing to thank God for the possession of a temperament, but it is another to expect employers to enjoy it. Indeed, the charge of being "temperamental" is one of the gravest that male employers bring against women employees. It crops up again and yet again and it is hidden under half a hundred different forms. One of its favorite guises is a striking lack of anything approaching an impersonal attitude towards anything and everything. The plaints of employers and personnel managers on this score are both biting and piteous, according to their several dispositions. "Why cannot women be impersonal in the office?" they ask. "Why cannot they forget their own personalities for a few hours a day?" I do not know why they cannot, but I am quite certain that the large majority of them do not.

A MAN who, in his long career in the industrial field, boasts of having "fired" thousands of men and women, gave me, when I questioned him, a striking instance of this curious lack of the ability to look at things in an impersonal light which, he asserted, was one of the chief reasons why women were not more generally promoted to high positions in the firms in which they worked. "A few years ago," his story ran, "I had as my assistant a college girl who, in many respects, performed her work remarkably well. But that girl could not look at anything in an impersonal light. Everything was meant for her. That's how she used to put it. 'I suppose that's meant for me,' she was always saying. One day it so happened that she had arranged to go to the theatre in the evening. During the course of the day an order came through that I, as personnel director, would have to put

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a night crew on. As my assistant, she was required to stay and help me. Incredible as it may seem, that girl was firmly convinced that the board of directors issued the order for the sole purpose of preventing her from joining her friends at the theatre that evening. I don't pretend that I can explain her line of reasoning; but the fact remains that there was a terrible scene, in which she made this charge against the directors. And I suppose that to this day she continues to believe that the board got together and deliberately thwarted her intention to go to the theatre by thinking up some trumpery scheme to get a night crew on duty." And then he added: "And women complain that men insist on looking on them as nothing better than cheap labor. Well, until they've got rid of their temperaments, that's all they're going to be."

TEARS, temper, "touchiness", and the strange inability to view office and factory life in a more or less objective light, scarcely make for promotion. Temperament may have to be put up with in a *prima donna* or in a movie star. It may be difficult, but it has to be done. It does not have to be done when it is a question of giving the preference for an office job worth, let us say, $65 a week to a man or a woman. The man may be relied upon to look at his work and his environment in a purely impersonal light. The chances are that a woman will have a decided tendency not to do so. A friend of mine was highly amused at a chance encounter with a girl who, some seven years before, had been his private secretary. To his very commonplace inquiry as to how she had been getting along, she said: "Oh, I've been getting along pretty well ever since I left you. But none of my employers has ever understood me as you did, Mr. Blank; and that makes a terrible lot of difference doesn't it?"

Naturally, this vexed question of feminine "temperament" is by no means the whole of the question. But it certainly seems to be a very large part of it, judging by the singular emphasis that employers lay on it. It is a point, too, that, for some reason, the professional Feminists have a tendency to shirk meeting. Indeed, it might be said that they shirk it in the same proportion that male employers seem to be eager to dwell upon it. But there it is; and there it seems likely to remain, so long as many women prefer to thank God for their temperament rather than to try to curb it. And it seems to me that until they do curb it they are doomed to be regarded, in the main, as mere cheap labor.

THIS question of "temperament" is not generally or publicly stressed. It is not discussed as are such handicaps as the inferior physical endurance and strength of women, or the bar to advancement that is created by the existence of such an institution as marriage. "Abolish marriage," an employer remarked in reply to my query, "and you will find that things will be different. No employer is going to spend his capital on developing a high-grade worker who, as soon as she becomes really valuable, leaves him to be married." All this has been repeated *ad nauseam*, as has the charge of women's inferior physical capacity. There is no need to dwell on either of two such familiar aspects of the prob-

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lem. But there are one or two others which, like the question of "temperament", are less stressed and less obvious. Reduced to its broadest terms, I think that women's economic inferiority may be ascribed to the fact that, in their hearts, men do not respect them as workers, and women do not respect themselves in this rôle.

I REPEAT: Women do not respect themselves as workers. The very fact that they are willing to accept less than men for the same class of work is proof of it. A woman's attitude in seeking a job is widely different from that of a man. The man is aggressive. The woman is relatively meek. If the prospective employer does not show willingness to give a male applicant the wages he demands, he is likely to be met with the rejoinder: "All right, if I don't get it from you, I'll go somewhere else and get it." And if he is an experienced worker with a clean record, the chances are that he gets his terms. A woman, on the other hand, is ready to bargain; and she is frequently willing to be hired on the employer's terms without even any attempt to bargain. Her very readiness to accept less than a man would take is a tacit admission of inferiority on her part.

Men are commonly asserted to indulge in somewhat too much "softness" in their attitude to women. Certainly their attitude toward female criminals is sometimes scandalous in its leniency. Why, then, should it be supposed that they become monsters of injustice and oppression the moment they find themselves in the rôle of employers of women?

It is possible that, when hiring women workers, men tell themselves that it is easier for women to live on small wages than it is for men. Women have, from time immemorial, been the managers of household budgets. They have a tradition of economy behind them, and when called upon to practise it with some severity, they find ways and means that men know nothing of. They eat less than men; and I suppose that few will deny that even in these days they show nothing remotely approaching the readiness of men to consume the sort of drinks that cost money. A man's amusements, too, are far more expensive than those of a woman. He does not expect a woman to pay for his seat at the theatre or for his dinner in a restaurant. But a woman expects a man to pay for hers.

MEN complain, too, that women do not and will not combine to protect their economic interests in the same way as men. I have heard this inability on the part of women characterized by one male employer as an instance of that excessive individualism on the part of workers which is so trying to the tempers of employers. "Women come to me from time to time and ask me to raise their wages," he remarked. "They come singly, and when I say to them 'What about the other women? Why should I raise your wages without raising theirs?' the reply is always the same. The women say, 'I don't care about the other women. Let them look out for themselves. I'm here to look out for myself.' When men have a grievance about their pay, they get together and combine. How can women expect to be treated with respect as factors in the economic world if they don't treat themselves and one another with respect?"

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The question of respect is the crux of the whole matter. Lack of ambition, submissiveness in a degree incompatible with energy and initiative, levity of attitude towards their work, inability to combine to protect their interests, lack of *esprit de corps* — have we not all seen something of this in women workers? They are not deserving of condemnation on account of their inferior physical strength or because the institution of marriage as it is known today makes their tenure on economic life comparatively brief. These things are not their fault. Nature and society are responsible for them. But they have no one to blame but themselves for their excessive proneness to outbursts of temperament, their lack of seriousness, of initiative, and of the ability to protect themselves.

HUXLEY advocated the most extreme intellectual and economic emancipation of women, and then paused to ask what the result of it would be:

> Women will find their place and it will neither be that in which they have been held, nor that to which some of them aspire. Nature's old Salique law will not be repealed, and no change of dynasty will be effected. The big chests, the massive brains, the vigorous muscles and stout frames of the best men will carry the day whenever it is worth their while to contest the prizes of life with the best women.

These conclusions may seem to be pessimistic; but then the figures and facts of the problem are not precisely reassuring. In any case, they relate solely to women workers taken *en masse*, and not to the individual woman who, through special talent or mere good luck, happens to do well for herself. Women possessed of sufficient individuality seem to have been able to emerge from the crowd, no matter how severe the political and economic handicaps under which their sex labored. And here, perhaps, is the point at which a glimmer of hope shines on the situation. If it is individuality that has been responsible for whatever success women have had in the past, why should it not be the thing that they should count on for success in the future?

I MEAN by this that whenever any girl shows even the faintest sign of possessing at least a taste or aptitude for any particular study, vocation, or task, she should be encouraged to develop it to the uttermost. Possibly the vocation may be of a relatively humble nature. No matter. Possibly, too, it may be of a type difficult to classify as a cut-and-dried career. Again, no matter. Natural aptitude for any kind of task is of more moment than the fact of entering a definitely classified career. So if she loves to dance, let her dance. If she loves to dabble in candy-making, give her the money to experiment with sugar, butter, and nuts. If she is clever at making herself pretty garments, buy her material and send her to a dress-making school. If she scribbles short stories, give her postage stamps — she will need a lot of them for a considerable time — and, if you are generous, a portable typewriter. Watch her to see what she does well and does with pleasure, no matter how small a thing it be, and then encourage her and train her along that line. It may not lead her to fame and fortune; but at least it is more than probable that she will not find herself doomed to economic servitude at thirty-four.

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Anastasia?

By Philip Whitwell Wilson

Is the mysterious young woman lately sheltered by Mrs. Leeds in America the strangely rescued daughter of the late Czar, or a most ingenious impostor?

On the eastern slopes of the Ural Mountains, facing Siberia, there is a city, founded by Peter the Great, that has changed its name. The Bolshevists call it Sverdlovsk. But in memory of the Empress Catherine I it used to be known as Ekaterinburg.

In this city, there is a street called the Vosnesensky Prospect. Here may be seen a mansion, now a museum, that once belonged to a person of property, called Ipatieff. During the spring of 1918, Ipatieff was expelled from his home by the local Soviet and the mansion was known henceforth as "the Place of Special Appointment".

In July, 1918, this house accommodated the Czar Nicholas, the Czarina Alexandra, the Czarevich Alexis, the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Maria and Anastasia, their nurse Anna, the family physician, Dr. Botkin, and a number of servants, Trupp, Sednev and Chumadurov, with the cook Haritonov, his assistant, the sailor Nagorny who attended the Czarevich, and two others. The members of the entourage were invited by the Soviet authorities to leave the service of the royal family. Anna, Dr. Botkin and about three others remained faithful to the end.

At ten o'clock of July 16, 1918, certain Commissars informed the Czar and his household that they must move immediately out of the suite of five rooms which they were occupying. The house stands on land that falls away to the rear and the back door opens out of the cellar or basement upon a lower street. Outside this door there stood a motor vehicle, with its engine running.

The entire company proceeded downstairs into the cellar, expecting to enter this motor vehicle. Suddenly they were lined against a wall. A brief death warrant was read. They were then shot. Their bodies were removed to a forest and burned. The reigning branch of the Romanoff Dynasty was obliterated, and the place where the house stands is today called the Square of National Vengeance.

On February 17, 1920, nineteen months later, a girl attempted to commit suicide by jumping into the River Spree at Berlin. She was rescued and taken to the Elizabeth Hospital. She refused to give her

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address or the reason for her action. On the ground that she was suffering from hysteria, she was removed to the insane asylum at Dalldorf, where she was registered as "Miss Unknown".

In 1922, an inmate by name Frau Peutert was released from the institution. Among the Russian colony she spread the astonishing story that "Miss Unknown", with whom she had lived in the same room for two years, was none other than the Grand Duchess Anastasia. Frau Peutert was very persistent, and at length a descendent of the Baltic nobility, Baron von Kleist, visited the girl, took her into his home and informed the Danish Ambassador, Zahle. Among exiled Russians, including Romanoffs, no little curiosity was aroused.

THE girl fell ill of tuberculosis and was returned to the Elizabeth Hospital. On her discharge, she found that Baron Kleist was no longer willing to be her host, and she vanished. But at the Baron's suggestion, Police Commissioner Gruenberg traced her to the home of Frau Peutert. In his turn, he was so impressed that he took the girl into his own flat, treating her as a member of his family.

Next door to the Police Commissioner, Gruenberg, there lived a masseuse, called Gesella, whose reverence for royalty was deeply stirred by the spectacle of "Miss Unknown". With the assistance of a priest, by name Sonnenschein, Frau Gesella had the girl removed to the fashionable Mommsen Sanitarium in Berlin, where she received gifts and visitors and became a subject of speculation and controversy throughout Europe.

The girl was then befriended by the family of Leuchtenberg, of the House of Beauharnais, which has long been Russian. She stayed at the Château de Seeon, in Bavaria, the seat of Duke George Nicolaievich.

As Princess Xenia of Greece, Mrs. W. B. Leeds is a cousin of the Romanoffs and, therefore, of the Grand Duchess Anastasia. Immense was the interest, then, when it was learned that Mr. W. B. Leeds had invited the unknown girl to cross the Atlantic and had given to the immigration authorities a guarantee that her maintenance would be provided. On February 7, 1928, she arrived at New York on the Berengaria.

THE question that confronts us is, then, simple. Is this girl or is she not the Grand Duchess Anastasia? It is a question that suggests a situation teeming with romantic uncertainties. Whoever she may be, there is no doubt that Miss Unknown is now involved in a maze of worldwide conspiracies, assertions and denials, with every motive invoked, whether of loyalty, jealousy or self interest.

It goes without saying that the claim is ridiculed by the Bolshevists. A Soviet official is quoted as saying: "We consider the matter to be a New Year's joke." With Russia mystical and steadily becoming more conservative, the Russian Republic has no desire to be faced by a daughter of the Czar, raised from the dead.

On this subject, if on no other, the majority of royalties in Europe agree with the Bolshevists. A commission of inquiry, appointed by them, reported to the Dowager Empress Marie that the girl "has nothing in common with the Grand Duchess Anastasia" and must be regarded as an impostor. To a negative verdict, the Grand Duchesses

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Xenia and Olga, sisters of the late Czar and aunts of Anastasia, have appended their signatures. So has the late Czarina's sister, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, with other near relatives of the Grand Duchess Anastasia.

There is evidence that great pressure has been brought to bear on Duke George of Leuchtenberg and the Leeds family by the Romanoffs with a view to depriving the girl of support. In both directions it is said that confidence has been "shaken".

On behalf of Mr. Leeds, a statement has been made that the girl merely wanted to "regain her health and to lead the normal life of any normal young woman". He and his wife, the Princess Xenia, were "not trying to get any fortune for her" or "to prove that she is the Grand Duchess".

On the other hand, the claims of this girl are being examined "not as a case but as a cause" by a well known New York lawyer, Mr. E. H. Fallows, whose standing is beyond question, and the person of the claimant is guarded with a vigilance which recalls the precautions that used to be taken to protect the Czars themselves.

HERE, then, is a mystery. It is a mystery on which the public has a right to form an opinion. It is a mystery to be examined strictly on its merits. The royal condemnation of Miss Unknown's claims is a fact not to be ignored. But it is absurd to regard this condemnation as decisive. There may be reasons, financial and dynastic, why the Romanoffs and their relatives desire at all costs to dispose of Anastasia's apparent resurrection from the dead. These exiled royalties are not disinterested. Indeed, they are rivals and partisans and their views must be weighed accordingly.

It has frequently been stated that the Czar had funds invested in Europe. In British banks, these deposits have been estimated by rumor to reach eighty million dollars, and one suggestion is that King George should arbitrate on their distribution. Others hint that the funds are much exaggerated or entirely fictitious. Insurances on the Czar's life are said, moreover, to have been realized. When, indeed, the Grand Duchess Cyril, sister of Queen Marie of Rumania, visited the United States in 1924 as alleged Czarina, it was hinted that she was looking into funds said to be held by banks in this country. Hence, the Grand Duke "Alexander" (presumably, Nicholas), uncle of the Czar, who lives in Paris and is the head of the Romanoffs, does not hesitate to hint that Miss Unknown may be after the money.

ONE reason, it is said, why the Romanoffs hesitate to claim the Czar's fortune, is their reluctance to admit that, at the moment when nobles were exhorted to sacrifice everything to the country, Nicholas was hoarding a nest egg outside Russia.

The late Czarina was a Princess of Hesse. Her brother is the present Grand Duke. To whatever property the Czarina left in Germany, he has a claim. He is bitterly opposed to the girl.

In his case, there is alleged to be an additional reason for hostility. The statement is that the girl mentioned him at once as a visitor to the Czarina in the year 1916. This would have meant that, despite a state of war, the Grand Duke, as a German, and the

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Czarina, as a Russian, had held secret conferences, a singularly interesting disclosure for all concerned.

On the Austrian side there were such negotiations. Prince Sixtus of Parma did visit his sister, the Empress Zita, and almost induced Austria-Hungary to conclude a separate peace. To the Grand Duke of Hesse, the disclosure of his alleged intrigue by Miss Unknown was nothing less than "a catastrophe".

It is he who has led the fight against Miss Unknown. How bitter has been the struggle is proved by an incident at his former capital, Darmstadt, where Count von Hardenberg discovered and was attacked by thieves, trying to open the safe in his house, where papers affecting this case were said to be kept.

In allowing for prejudice, we must bear in mind the succession to the Russian throne. Assuming that, as a woman, a Grand Duchess could not succeed, this would not prevent her being the mother of a son who would be Czar. It is easy to understand why, for instance, the Grand Duke Cyril, with his little Court at Gotha thus threatened, did not wait to see the girl before denouncing her as an impostor. Yet his brother, the Grand Duke Andrew, was convinced that Miss Unknown is the genuine Anastasia and said it with emphasis. It is now reported from Nice that the Grand Duke Cyril has at last allowed himself to be convinced in favor of the girl. It is a case where, as things stand, no one's word is to be accepted as gospel, except after a careful analysis of the probabilities.

Whenever an important person dies from a violent cause and under mysterious circumstances, there is a tendency to assume that the victim, like Lord Kitchener who was drowned, still lives. In 1483, the little princes, Edward V and his brother, Richard of York, disappeared in the Tower of London. Perkin Warbeck, a native of Tournay, impersonated Richard, was recognized in France, and actually made civil war in England. Yet he was executed as an impostor, not unjustly. For in the reign of Charles II, the bones of the Princes were discovered in the Tower, near a staircase, and now rest in Westminster Abbey.

The little Dauphin, son of King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, who perished on the guillotine, was also, as Louis XVII, long sought and believed to be alive. Yet he was never found and the plain truth must be accepted that, at an early age, he perished. Numerous instances of this kind could be given, and they imply that, in all such cases, a claimant must be refused, as it were, the benefit of the doubt. The claim must be proved.

A more recent case is that of "John Orth", the Austrian Archduke, whose disappearance at sea gave rise to innumerable rumors.

Already, the Romanoffs have provided several pretenders. A young man in Poland, afflicted with hæmophilia, claims to be the Czarevich Alexis. In Odessa, a boy and girl, posing as Alexis and the Grand Duchess Tatiana, were arrested. Simultaneously, a second Tatiana appeared and received gifts from the peasants, including butter and eggs, which were sold at a profit. Is Miss Unknown yet another instance of this kind?

It is here that the attitude of the late Empress Marie requires some ex-

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planation. She was, of course, the mother of the Czar and the grandmother, therefore, of Anastasia. For reasons of her own, this venerable lady, nearing her eighties, had refused to accept as certain the statement of her son's death. It may have been pride. It may have been affection. It may have been superstition. But it was also statecraft. Until the titular head of the House of Romanoff admitted that the throne was vacant, all claimants to the throne were in the position of pretenders.

Yet the aged Empress, though affecting to believe that her son, the Czar, was still alive, displayed the utmost skepticism over the alleged Grand Duchess in Berlin. Of course, the survival of such a Grand Duchess would be an added proof that the Czar did not survive.

AN ELUCIDATION of the mystery now surrounding Miss Unknown must be presented in two chapters. First, what happened to this girl before she threw herself into the River Spree? Secondly, what precisely was the impression which she created afterward?

We may clear the ground by dealing here with the cycle of legends in which the heroine was Anastasia's elder sister, Tatiana. In November, 1917, it was asserted that the Grand Duchess Tatiana, disguised by a fictitious marriage with a son of the Court Chamberlain, whose name is given as Count Fredericks, escaped by way of Vladivostok to San Francisco. Indeed, a Russian dancer, Mlle. Ekaterina Galanta, stated in New York that she was offered five hundred dollars a week to proceed to San Francisco and impersonate Tatiana. A variant of this story was that Tatiana cut her hair, dressed as a man and sought to reach England by way of Archangel.

BETWEEN the case of Tatiana and the case of Anastasia, there is this important distinction. Tatiana is always supposed to have eluded the Bolshevists at Tobolsk, or, at any rate, before the Czar was taken on his last journey to Ekaterinberg. Miss Unknown, on the other hand, asserts that she went, not only to the Ipatieff mansion but even into the fatal cellar. She herself disposes of any idea that she escaped from the Bolshevists before the executions took place. With the mansion surrounded by a stockade of wood, such an escape would have been difficult.

At the shootings, which of course occupied only a minute or two of time, Miss Unknown, who, in any event, cannot have been in a position to observe things very closely, says that, according to her recollection, she cried out in pain and fainted. She awoke in a peasant's cart, the bottom of which was strewn with straw. In the cart, there was a soldier of the Red Guard, another young man and an old woman.

The Red Guard gave his name as Tchaikowsky. He said that he had been a member of the firing squad, and when the bodies were taken to the forest to be burned, he noticed that Anastasia was alive. He covered her with burlap and the other soldiers did not notice the little heap on the ground.

For three months, the girl and her rescuer crossed Russia. Her wounds were bathed with water from running streams. The fugitives arrived in Bucharest and went to live in a little house of a gardener, an uncle of the

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Red Guard. The girl there succumbed to brain fever and her head was packed in snow. But no doctor was called in.

In Bucharest, she married the Red Guard and bore him a son. They lived by selling emeralds which the girl, following the known practice of the ill-fated Romanoffs, had sewn into her clothes. During a disturbance in Bucharest, the Bolshevists shot the Red Guard in the street. A brother of the Red Guard brought her to Berlin, where in February, 1920, she was penniless and threw herself into the River Spree.

WHEN a story of this kind is told, the first question that arises is whether there is corroboration. Let us see. In the cart, there were an old woman and a young man. Neither has been produced. The Red Guard is dead. His brother, who brought Miss Unknown to Berlin, is also still to be traced. There is no certain knowledge of the baby. There was no doctor. Elaborate inquiries in Europe are said to be proceeding, but whatever be their result the fact will remain that eight years will have elapsed since Miss Unknown attempted suicide without any authentic information on these important points.

It is said that Mrs. Leeds has sent detectives to Rumania to trace the certificate of marriage, if there is one, and the boy, said to have been born. It will be seen whether results are achieved.

With regard to the boy, we have one hint. There is a peasant family, it is said, named Colentin, living near Bucharest. With this family, a baby was left and money was furnished until the mother should return. One day, an elegantly dressed woman, with two men, drove up to the cottage and forcibly took the boy with them. The interesting report does not tell us where the boy was taken, nor are we informed whether his well-dressed captors were friends or foes of Miss Unknown.

Assuming that this boy is the son of Miss Unknown, that she was legally married to Tchaikowsky, and that she is Anastasia, we can understand, perhaps, why there has had to be a certain reticence in handling a situation so delicate. For, in those events, this boy would be — or if now dead, would have been — the Czar of All the Russias, and that Czar would have in his veins the blood of a Red Guard who, actually, was responsible in a measure for the massacre of his mother's family. Also, we can discern a very human reason why Miss Unknown, bred in the exclusive atmosphere of a court, has been so sensitive as to conceal her identity and even to attempt suicide.

STILL, there are points to be explained. We are told by Mr. Gleb E. Botkin, son of Dr. Botkin, the late Czar's physician, that after her husband's death in Bucharest, Miss Unknown went to Berlin in order to get into touch with her royal kith and kin. But in Bucharest itself there was royalty on the throne of Rumania, eager for a restoration of the Czardom in Russia. Queen Marie is Anastasia's first cousin, once removed. She is a sister of the Grand Duchess Cyril. Yet there is no suggestion, apparently, that Miss Unknown made her presence known to the Court.

The girl's narrative, unsupported as it is by testimony other than her own, must be tested then by cross examina-

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tion. Let us take first the actual scene in the cellar. The Red Guard said that he belonged to the firing party. Miss Bella Cohen, who spent weeks in Berlin, seeing Miss Unknown and investigating her affair, assumes that she was injured by the bayonet, of which wounds the scars remained. But according to the Soviet report, issued wholly without reference to this case, no Red Guards entered the cellar. The executions were carried out by four Commissars armed with pistols.

It is true that the number of Red Guards was increased from eight to seventeen. But so great was the dread of a rescue that these soldiers were kept at a distance and in ignorance of the killings. We read:

> Even the guards did not know, and for two days more, they changed guards regularly.

The shootings were not announced in the press till July 23, or some days after the White troops had arrived.

Being hysterical in that cellar and lapsing into unconsciousness, Anastasia could not have known for certain whether Red Guards did or did not take part in the scene. But the story of her husband is called in question.

On the executions, we have another witness, Sergius Michaelovich Trufanoff, otherwise Iliador, the "Mad Monk" and former chaplain of the Czar. He states that in March, 1918, he returned to Russia, and was arrested by the Bolshevists. "Stalin and I," he says, "had been theological students together," owing to which old friendship he was allowed to proceed through the fighting between Reds and Whites to Ekaterinburg, where he was admitted as a visitor to the Ipatieff mansion.

Iliador's testimony is, at least, specific. He says that the seventeen Red Guards were stationed a hundred yards from the mansion, but that they heard the shots and the screams. Twelve bodies were removed later on two trucks. A day or two later, all the Red Guards, save one survivor, were barricaded in a hut as barracks, which hut was fired, so burning them to death. The one guard who survived is Iliador's "intimate friend", and he could be "got here with care through Latvia".

By a coincidence, this one Red Guard who survived, carried Anastasia's body from the truck to the place of burning. Also, as the body was stripped, he possessed himself of a medallion, worn by Anastasia and given her by Rasputin. It consists of a token of Jehovah, in mother of pearl, and is suspended in a chain of snake scales.

On the authority of this Red Guard, somewhere in Russia, Iliador asserts that no soldiers entered the cellar during the executions, that Commissars carried out the sentence with their pistols, and that Anastasia was killed by three bullets—one in the head, another above the heart and a third shattering the bones of the jaw.

Iliador's statement is, like Miss Unknown's, unsupported. He has not produced his "intimate friend". The story that the Red Guards were burned alive, is sensational. The reason would be a dread of the advancing White Army and a wish to annihilate all evidence of the grim deed at the Ipatieff mansion.

The executions took place on July 16. Three days later, the White Army, consisting of eighty officers and two

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machine guns, arrived and incidentally cut off the head of a statue of Karl Marx which adorns the Square of National Vengeance. The White officers eagerly sought for survivors of the Romanoff family. According to one account, they tore up the floor of the cellar and washed the blood off the cement, distributing the sacred soapsuds to eager ecclesiastics. But they discovered no survivor of the imperial household, whether Anastasia, Tatiana, Alexis or anyone else.

THIS, however, does not disprove Miss Unknown's story. She has always stated that her escape was entirely independent of the White Army, and in an opposite direction. It is arguable that the Red Guard could have restored the girl, then and there, to her friends and that, in going to Rumania, he took the long road instead of the short cut to a haven of royalism. But, regarded as a regicide, he had no reason to suppose that the White Army, with emotions stirred by the massacre at Ekaterinburg, would have welcomed him as a hero. Also, the fact that the Red Army was in precipitous retreat is, so far as it goes, an explanation of the Red Guard's own journey westwards.

There appear to have been two occasions when the forest, where the bodies were burned, was searched by the royalists. The Kolchak army looked over the place but, it is hinted by the Bolshevists, did not actually find the ashes. But at a later date, 1924, General Janin obtained possession of the ashes at Ekaterinburg and brought them to Paris, where they are held in some place, absolutely hidden, a prospective challenge to the rival relics of Lenin in Moscow.

However this may be, the Romanoff report, condemning Miss Unknown, states that in the forest parts of corsets were discovered which indicated that six women had perished. These would be the Czarina, the nurse Anna, and all the four Grand Duchesses. If this evidence be accepted, it is proof of Anastasia's death. But it is subject to the strong prejudice against her developed by the Romanoffs, and it would be interesting to see the actual parts of the corsets, on which the conclusion is based. Amid such débris, the difference between five and six is a fine one.

Summing up on Miss Unknown's story, we may say, then, that it is improbable and not corroborated, but that it is not impossible, still less disproved. We must hold our judgment in suspense.

AT THIS point, the next move lies obviously with the Romanoffs. They deny that Miss Unknown is Anastasia. Then, who is she? Have they been able to prove that she is any one else? Admittedly, they have tried their hardest to produce an alibi. The question is whether they have succeeded.

Mr. Gleb E. Botkin states outright that the story, here following, has been exploded in the German press as "a fraud". If it be true that the opponents of Miss Unknown have had to resort to such tactics in order to discredit her, the point must be given heavily in her favor. But let us see.

In the summer of 1922, it is said, she disappeared for three days from the house of Baron von Kleist where, as we have seen, she was a guest. After three days, she returned wearing different clothes. Seeing a discussion in the newspapers, a certain Dame Wing-

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ender, living in Berlin, called on the editor of the *Nachtausgabe* with the clothes, which Baroness von Kleist identified. Dame Wingender also recognized the girl as one who had lodged in her house.

It has been suggested that this evidence disproves Miss Unknown's claim. As it stands, it does not affect it. It is agreed that Miss Unknown concealed her identity. The fact that a landlady did not know who she was is neither here nor there.

THE police were asked, therefore, to search their *dossiers* and seek for somebody corresponding to Miss Unknown. It is admitted, apparently, that they were paid for their trouble and, so encouraged, they produced the very person required. Apparently, they searched their files for a man called Tchaikovsky, the name of the alleged Red Guard. They found such a man, who had recently died a sudden death. It seems that he had been executed as a murderer. His wife was stated to be a Polish woman, called Franziska Schanzkowski, born on December 16, 1896, at Borowellas, Pomerania, and married on January 18, 1919. At her marriage, she changed her religion to the Roman Catholic faith and also her maiden name to Anna Romansky, under which name she was registered on the license.

Over this, there has been a violent controversy. The only correspondence established between the Polish girl and Miss Unknown appears to be handwriting. Such a clue, especially when offered by the police in return for money, is notoriously unreliable. After all, why should Franziska Schanzkowski change her name to Anna Romansky in order to marry a man called Tchaikowsky? It may have happened. But if it did happen, what has it to do with Miss Unknown?

The handling of the affair by the press hardly adds to our confidence. The *Nachtausgabe* began by demonstrating that Miss Unknown was Anastasia. Suddenly, it published articles proving the exact opposite. The *Taglische Rundschau* attributed this change of attitude to a payment of about five thousand dollars, alleged to have been made to the *Nachtausgabe* by the Grand Duke of Hesse, who wished, as we have seen, to discredit Miss Unknown. Libel actions have been started and are being prosecuted, and of two such lawsuits, so Mr. Botkin says, one has been won by an adherent of Miss Unknown, while the other was postponed, month by month, at the instance of the judge, who advocated a settlement out of court to avoid scandal.

Under these circumstances, we take it that the opponents of Miss Unknown do not rely on the story of the Polish peasant girl. But if this be the fact, it means that, despite an expenditure of money in the press and among the police, they have failed wholly to prove that Miss Unknown is any other person than the Grand Duchess Anastasia. Miss Unknown's story of what happened before she attempted suicide is the only story not yet discredited.

WE HAVE now to examine what, if any, proof of definite identification has been produced on her behalf.

Certain friends of Miss Unknown never met the Grand Duchess Anastasia in the former days. Their testimony is thus relevant only to her demeanor. It is incontestable that this

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girl, staying for months at a time in the most exclusive and aristocratic homes, has behaved as a highly bred lady of position. The Danish Ambassador, Wahle, the Baron von Kleist, and the Police Commissioner, Gruenberg, were all impressed by her personality. In the summer of 1925, Dr. Joseph F. Kapp, of New York, called on Miss Unknown at Gruenberg's flat, and reported; "If she is an impostor, she certainly is of noble birth and well used to moving in high society."

TAKE next her language. The evidence is that, in the sanitarium, she understood Russian but spoke only a broken German. Apparently her English, which was often used at the Russian Court, was faulty. She said, "If I heard it spoken around me, it would come back to me in a month."

The position today, after Miss Unknown has recuperated, is stated to be that she has a perfect command of Russian, of the classical variety used in society; that she speaks English fluently, only hesitating at times for a word; and that her German is what she would have picked up during her exile. She speaks no Polish. Any idea that this woman is a peasant appears to be directly contrary to the reported facts.

Dr. Kapp, above quoted, when seeing Miss Unknown at Gruenberg's, noticed "two distinct deepenings of the parietal bones of the cranium", one of them "affecting the understanding of words". He added that "the deepenings in the skull were distinctly artefacts and might have been caused by some accident or an act of violence". Moreover, they might explain, he thought, the failure of Miss Unknown to recall her languages.

In the nature of things, these tests could not prove that the girl is Anastasia. But they do demonstrate that her facility of speech is precisely what would have been Anastasia's, had she received and gradually recovered from the treatment from which Anastasia suffered. Indeed, there is direct medical evidence from Professor Rudnef, the girl's physician, that in her delirium she spoke Russian.

WE COME next to the identifications. Countess Zenida Tolstoy was the wife of an officer in the Russian dragoons. To the last, she corresponded with the Imperial family. She has unmasked two pretenders, but says of Miss Unknown that she resembles Tatiana, not Anastasia. There was six years difference between the sisters, Tatiana was the elder, and it would not have been strange if Anastasia had grown to resemble her.

The Crown Princess Cecilie of Prussia had seen Anastasia only many years before, and then only as a plump little girl. She did not commit herself absolutely, but declared, "I am convinced the girl is not an impostor."

The Grand Duchess Olga, as sister of the late Czar, is Anastasia's aunt. What she now says is that Miss Unknown bears no resemblance to Anastasia, whether in looks, voice or personality; that she knows of the Russian Court only "just what is common knowledge"; and that "of all my questions relating to former days, friends or any intimacies, she could not answer one".

Also, we have Dr. Kostritsky, described as the family dental surgeon, who, it is said, examined plaster

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casts of Miss Unknown's upper and lower jaws, finding "complete dissimilarity" with Anastasia's. "Comparative analysis of photographs," he reports, "led to the same conclusion".

A Somersetshire woman, Miss H. Eager, who was six years in the Romanoff nursery, said that Miss Unknown was certainly not Anastasia. One had black eyes, the other had blue-grey eyes. One had black hair, the other had light brown hair. One talked Polish and Lithuanian, the other talked English, French and Russian. One blessed herself in the Roman fashion, the other belonged to the Greek Church.

Also, we have the statement that Anastasia refused to see a former Court Lady, Baroness Buhaven; while Pierre Gilliard, who was tutor to the Czarevich for fourteen years, now declares that Miss Unknown offers "an almost flawless impersonation".

In so far as all this evidence is negative, it is not original. It is rebuttal. Take the dentist's testimony. It is agreed that Miss Unknown's jaw has been badly reset and that she has lost teeth. Yet a cast of this jaw, compared with photographs, is held to be proof of dissimilarity. It is the kind of evidence which expert witnesses in the courts offer every day, first on one side, then on the other.

Again, what about Pierre Gilliard? In how many instances has an impersonation, declared in any event to have been "almost flawless", stood the test of years of varied and intensive scrutiny?

With regard to Miss Eager's testimony as quoted, it is directly contrary to Miss Bella Cohen's description of Miss Unknown, which has been that her eyes are deep blue, not black, while her hair, so far from being black, is red brown, which, it may be added, was the exact color of the Czarina's hair at Miss Unknown's age.

Let us turn, then, from the later evidence to the earlier and more authentic impressions of Miss Unknown, on the part of competent witnesses.

Take first the testimony of Pierre Gilliard, the tutor of the Czarevich. He is now a witness for the Grand Duke of Hesse against Miss Unknown. But what was he at the outset? His wife is, we gather, Sascha, who was nurse to Anastasia from her fourth month of babyhood to the Revolution — obviously, a witness of crucial importance.

What follows is based upon the important article contributed by Miss Bella Cohen to *The New York Times* of March 28, 1926. It is an article written after weeks of investigation into the case on the spot, that is, in Berlin. Miss Cohen had access, moreover, to the careful reports made by Wahle, the Danish Ambassador, a trained diplomat who acted under official responsibility.

It was decided to subject Miss Unknown to the severest possible test. Sascha, the nurse, was dressed in fashionable clothes. The Grand Duchess Olga was plainly and even poorly attired. Without warning, they appeared at the girl's bedside. Neither woman spoke. This was what happened:

> The girl in the bed smiled. "Oh, my dear Aunt!" she cried in broken German. The strange woman who had stood behind the Grand Duchess stepped forward. The girl seized the hand of the stranger. "Zhura!" she

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cried; "Zhura!" Tears poured down her cheeks and she kissed the hand of the strange woman.

"Zhura" had been a special pet name applied to Sascha by Anastasia alone.

The Grand Duchess reported:

> My head says Anastasia cannot be alive . . . that no one of them could have survived. But my religion tells me to follow my heart. And my heart says she is Anastasia.

To Miss Unknown, the Grand Duchess Olga wrote: "Remember you are no longer alone." The girl was "my little one". Also we have endearments — "I think of you always," "I embrace you," all signed "Olga".

From this testimony, it is obvious, surely, that Olga's sole difficulty was in imagining how Miss Unknown could have escaped — that, over Miss Unknown herself, she had none of the uncertainties which she now asserts.

COMING to evidence based on the girl's memory, we must bear in mind two principles. First, we all are apt to forget, and, in cases where a severe shock has been suffered, it is only after a period of rest that the memory is restored. If, then, Miss Unknown failed to recognize a green stone pendant, shaped like an egg, which in happier days she had worn and then given to the nurse, Sascha, this is not to be set down against her.

Secondly, in estimating the importance of what she did remember, we have to admit that she may have picked up a detail, here and there, from her visitors. On the other hand, few if any of these visitors at that date were persons who had knowledge of the Russian Court on its inside, and the admission even by her opponents that Miss Unknown is wholly sincere in her pretensions, means that consciously she has been no party to collusion or conspiracy.

WHAT, then, has she remembered? She told Olga and Sascha of her two parrots; of the staircase that led from the quarters of the Grand Duchesses to the rooms of their mother, the Czarina; of the custom whereby on Monday morning the daughters used to visit their mother while she was having her hair dressed; of an invalid lady-in-waiting, little known outside the palace, called Balyanova; of a woman, called Belgard, who used to solicit subscriptions for an orphan asylum; of necklaces, known to Olga, which the Grand Duchesses had received on their birthdays; of an occasion on the yacht, *Standart*, when Anastasia walked repeatedly before a sentry to make him salute and even tickled him, being spanked for her naughtiness by her father, the Czar; and of "Schwibzik," a pet name in the family for Olga.

With regard to "Schwibzik", it is alleged that Miss Unknown may have heard it from a lady who learned it from an officer who was sent in 1918 by Olga to Siberia to search for the imperial family. But even this would indicate that "Schwibzik" was so secret a name as to be available as a password.

Miss Unknown recognized Pierre Gilliard, and said, "You have cut your beard off." After all reservations, it must be allowed that, tested by memory, the points tell heavily in her favor.

Finally, we come to the most critical test of all. Are there or are there not characteristics of Miss Unknown's

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body which correspond precisely to the known characteristics of the body of the Grand Duchess Anastasia? At the test interview, Miss Unknown at once agreed to an examination by Sascha, Anastasia's personal nurse during the whole of her girlhood. Sascha's report, to which the Grand Duchess Olga is a witness, was in these terms:

> This is the body of Anastasia. I know her body as well as I know my own. Anastasia had a brown mole on her back — her birthmark. That mark is there. Anastasia had flat feet. This girl's feet are flat. They are the same shape as Anastasia's. In addition, Anastasia had a protruding bone on her left foot. That protrusion is still there. Her ears are the same size and shape as Anastasia's. Anastasia's middle finger was slightly crushed in her childhood when a servant caught it in an automobile door. The middle finger is still slightly out of shape. Her hair is darker than Anastasia's, but it still has the same wave.

Every woman knows that, with the passage of years, a certain kind of hair does lose its lightness of color.

In Berlin there was a doctor, Professor Rudnef. He had been a physician in Moscow and, during the Czardom, had been consulted over Anastasia's foot. He had advised against an operation. Professor Rudnef examined Miss Unknown's feet, including the unusual bone, and pronounced them to be the same as Anastasia's. An identification by the strictest of all tests thus yields the most positive results. A birthmark, a bruised finger and a slightly deformed foot, certified by a domestic nurse, who had tended the girl for sixteen years, and confirmed in the case of the foot by a medical man, would seem to offer a proof as unerring almost as finger prints themselves.

Yet the difficulties in this case must be admitted. Of those difficulties, we have a witness, all the more powerful because today he is an advocate on behalf of Miss Unknown. One of the most heroic victims at Ekaterinburg was Dr. Botkin, the Czar's physician. On the arrival of the White Army in that city, his son, Mr. Gleb E. Botkin, hurried to the place and searched for his father, but fruitlessly.

Mr. Botkin lives in New York, and when he heard of Anastasia's alleged appearance in Berlin, his comment was the same as Olga's — it was impossible. Yet on meeting Miss Unknown, he recognized her at once. In the old days, as he remembered, he had amused Anastasia with humorous drawings of animals. They exchanged such recollections.

We have here, therefore, a great improbability, counteracted, as it were, by an apparently overwhelming body of evidence. No one will deny to the Romanoff family and their imperial relatives every right to examine such a case with the most rigid exactitude. But if, in the eye of Omniscience, it be the fact that this bruised and wounded woman is really kith and kin to the imperial exiles, if no other explanation of her existence can be discovered without financial expenditure on the police and the press, there can scarcely fail to be created an unfortunate impression of what used to be admired as chivalry.

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Bulls, Bears and Lambs

By One of the Goats

A victim of past bull markets stays stubbornly out of the present turmoil, preferring to speculate not in it but about its nature and effects

For months past the stock market has been winning a place on the front page of my newspaper. It has competed there with post-election scandals, shipwreck, and international crises, and it has held its own. This morning it captures one of the choicest locations, the right hand column, with the story of a six-million share day on the Exchange.

Just how many people were involved in this mad whirl of pitch and toss with the country's business, nobody knows. But I was not one of them. I sit at home on the lid of my check book and have no finger in the pie. I entrench myself in obstinacy born of sad and solemn experience, and stay religiously out of the gleeful parade. It is not a little painful to do so. Everybody is making money and I am by nature not entirely averse to doing likewise. And it looks so easy.

I recall that this is not the first time it has looked easy. I myself have made money out of the market, made it easily and quickly, and lost it in the same way. For the sake of emphasis I lost a little more than I made; not much, but enough to hurt. The experience, as I fundamentally believe was tremendously good for me.

I slid into the market on skids greased by the kind advice of friends who wished me entirely well. I stayed there because I liked it and because it got into my blood and roused the old Adam who loves to bet on horse races. I got out at last because I had to, and I stay out now because it is no proper place for me. I know far more about the market and all its works today than I did when I played a microscopic game inside it, but I also know now that a man whose income runs a neck-and-neck race with his expenses must not run around with the boys of Wall Street. If he does he will lose his shirt, and he has no shirt to spare.

I began my brief financial career in all innocence. The war left me a small legacy of Liberty Bonds of a species highly desirable to people overshadowed by income taxes. They were worth more than I paid for them. On excellent advice I sold them, and my financial adviser picked up another bond for me and gave me the change. In a month or so he reported that he

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had sold the bond and here were two hundred dollars, come out of the nowhere into the here, as profit on the transaction.

The next step was stock, a sound stock earning its own keep and liable to grow nicely without watering. I learned to watch its doings from day to day and to make interminable calculations on the backs of envelopes. My eye began to roam hungrily over the stock reports, and in no time at all I thought I knew my way about. I learned to talk the language. And so at last I secretly dismissed my financial adviser and took to my bosom a broker of my own, who taught me that stocks were made to buy and sell, subject to brokers' discounts.

IT IS on the record that I made quite a little money, in a sense relative to my earning capacity in any line of useful endeavor. But I never had it. It was always roaming around Wall Street, gathering a little moss but never quite ready to come home to its lord and master. I had, indeed, a small fistful of stock certificates, beautiful beyond words and eternally changing their spots, but I never quite laid hold on my money. I didn't particularly need it and I hated to interrupt its ambitious career. And at last the time came when I had not even the stock certificates. I had solved the mystery of the margin, and from then on all I had was an increasing file of reports from my broker and an elegant pipe dream.

And so, of course, a cloud came up one day over my better judgment and I set my teeth firmly into a stock on which I had an inside tip promising fabulous profits. I was moderate enough; believing firmly the stuff would go to 75 or maybe a full century, I was ready to get out at 40 with no more than a 23 point gain. It went up all right. It went up to 39 and stuck. And then it slipped. I refused to believe it, but it kept on slipping. I renewed my faith in it with more margin, but it responded neither to my trust nor my prayers. It just died on me. It went miserably, ignominiously, and with the feeble fluttering of a dying duck, all the way down to the cellar, where they hung it on a hook at 11 and let it go at that. Somewhere on the way I dropped out with a dull sickening thud, and woke up broke.

So that was that.

I WONDERED then and I wonder now how much company I had in my experience. My friends and business acquaintances by their own report were all notably successful in their small dealings and diddlings with the ticker. They cleaned up on this and they cleaned up on that and they "took their winnings" and "hung on for a long pull" and "made a quick point or two" and so forth, until the air reeked with the odor of prosperity. Most of them, I observe, are still catching the same morning train and punching the same time clock with the same earnest solicitude as though they had no more financial perspicacity than I had. Few of them confess to any substantial losses, and I can only conclude that they are salting away a generous inheritance for their heirs and assigns, who will thereby be able to buy exclusively gilt-edged bonds and live in the lazy lap of luxury.

Somehow I took my own lesson somewhat severely to heart. This, I confess, was not entirely a consequence of intelligent conviction nor

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even of the admonition of my better self. As a matter of cold fact I had lost all my loose change, and an increasing family with an increasing appetite has taken good care to leave me none ever since. For exactly the same reason I do not play poker nor buy raffle tickets nor bet on Presidential elections. Even though I should like right well to win and may think I am going to win, I can't afford to lose. But in this, apparently, I am practically alone in the world. I enjoy an undistinguished isolation among my fellowmen, all of whom can and do monkey with the market.

Out of a brief business experience I collect a few representative cases. In the office where I held down a desk were also the boss, two other men, and a stenographer. The boss played the market with some distinction, charm and success, thereby setting us all an insidiously bad example. My confrères in the office were both mixed up in it; one sporadically and as the spirit moved him, the other grimly and determinedly and daily. Since there are no personalities in this picture I can say of the latter that he was a pathetic figure and grows more so. He spent his every spare moment wearing out a pencil on the market reports; he received reams of investment literature; he had daily calls from stock salesmen and brokers' agents; he cut his lunch hour for a daily peep at the Board and ticker. He showed us that he was making a lot of money, and he grew seedier with every advance in his fortunes. At last he lost a decent job as expert accountant and is now no better than a bookkeeper. I have no idea what became of his paper profits, and maybe he hasn't either.

The stenographer was a charming, capable girl, but she read *The Wall Street Iconoclast*. She had saved a few hundred dollars and one day astonished us with the proud declaration that she had bought outright a hundred shares of the low-priced junk which can be found in the gutters of the financial section. She was particularly proud of the fact that she had bought them outright, since someone had told her that a margin is a terrible thing to have around the house. When last seen she still owned them, and was confident that they would soon be up in price again.

The conductor of our morning train is an inveterate bachelor, a poet and a philosopher. He is also an investor. His morning run is over in time for him to get down to the Board, and his afternoon trip begins at four, so he can see the day's market through. For years he has spent practically every business day in a broker's office, playing his small preferences and convictions across the Board. He is still a very good conductor and not a bad poet.

Business takes me regularly out to Michigan, where I travel a familiar train and am known to some of its crew. Here I heard a conductor's story of another color. He and his wife found their life's savings of about three thousand dollars growing a little heavy on their mind and savings accounts. They asked advice and got it, to the effect that they should invest it in a certain stock which was showing good earnings and ready for a rise. It was good advice, though this was not the reason they took it. The stock went up and they were delighted. They saw ahead an old age of peace

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and plenty with an endowment created by the magic of modern business. But there came a turn in the tide; not a market somersault which might have alarmed them into asking more advice, but a slight industrial shift which spoiled the earnings of their stock and was the beginning of its downfall. Their particular tragedy lay in the fact that they had been shown how to get into the market but had no idea how or when or why to get out, nor how to shift to safer ground. So their savings are already sadly shrunk, and in grief and anxiety and disappointment they have paid a painful premium on their losses.

THERE are other examples, brighter in tone but indicative of the same wide distribution of the amateur investor. There is the youngster who saved a few hundreds from his college allowance, and actually built them into thousands before he graduated. He is now well on his way to financial independence. There is a group of clerks, bookkeepers, secretaries and minor officers in the employ of a distinguished lawyer, whose practice gives him exceptional opportunities to see which way the wind is blowing. Under his guidance and informal education, every man in that office has made money in the market. There is my young friend whose native and naïve enthusiasms led him to put his savings into an aviation stock when it was young and charming, and who by lots of luck and no management whatever found he had picked a winner.

I went to a broker to ask whether this was merely a personal experience or a general condition. He assured me that there were no longer any social or financial distinctions between investors. "The other day," he said, "a taxi-driver addressed me by name. I asked him how he knew me. He answered that he was a regular client in my office and saw me there often."

So it is clear that the multi-millioned market has every right to a place on the front pages of the newspaper. Everybody is interested in it. More people than ever before have a stake in it, and more yet are trying to get one.

THERE are two problems involved in this new epidemic of the investing and speculative habit. One is the question as to what the newcomers will do to the market; the other concerns a very pressing question as to what the market is liable to do to the newcomers. The two questions, actually, are inextricably tangled together, but at the moment most people are considering the latter as though it stood alone. Will the market break in the near future, and if it does who will pay the bill?

You cannot persuade an expert to answer this question in any fashion that makes sense. Long experience has taught him that an inside prophecy is really no more than a slightly inspired guess, and since he has a reputation to lose by saying too much, he had best protect it by saying as little as possible about futures. In the rarer moments of complete honesty he will admit that one man's analysis, diagnosis or plain guess is probably pretty nearly as good as another's. If so, then we may as well do what we can with the available evidence.

At first sight it seems perfectly obvious that what goes up must come down, that prices cannot advance forever, and that for every winner there

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must be an equivalent loser. Yet one does not get far in discussion with people who should know, to find that these things may not necessarily be true at all. I am told on good authority that stocks have been in the past considerably under-priced, and that — leaving out flagrant exceptions — the new levels are not far short of reasonable in relation to present and prospective earnings of American industry. I am assured that stock prices need not recede to the levels of a few years ago or even less, so long as the value of the dollar, the production totals of industry and sundry other economic factors decline to go backwards. I am told that it is at least theoretically possible for every investor to be a winner, though to a steadily declining degree, in the same fashion that it is possible for a business to show increasing profits to a relatively stable maximum. In other words, it is quite on the cards that the stock market is not gone up like a balloon, but is simply catching up on the economic conditions which it is supposed to represent.

If this is true, the ordinary amateur picture of the market as a see-saw alternation between good and bad is all wrong. The market does not have to go down simply because it has gone up.

It may go down for other reasons. I hear a number of my friends saying that on such a date or after the next dividend or at such and such a price, they will drop out. If very many people do so it will wreck the market, but only if there are not enough others ready and willing to buy what they have to sell. And there is more to it than that. People do not, as a rule, get out of the market, to the extent of taking their money away and spending it in riotous or unreasonable living. They take it out of one place and put it into another. They do so already rather readily and easily, which is an obviously large factor in swelling the trading totals which are setting new records every day.

As to what will happen if the market does go into a tail-spin for reasons at present unknown, the experts are in pretty fair agreement. The little fellows are going to get hurt. They will get hurt first and they will get hurt worst, and a lot of them won't know what it is all about. The professional gentlemen will smell a cold breeze before the lambs know that anything is stirring; the experienced investors will be silently retiring on all fronts while the camp followers are still playing around in the danger zone. There will be, they say, no panic in the regular army, panics having been practically abolished by Act of Congress and our business stability, but a lot of amateurs will taste repentance. They will discover that it is easy to jump aboard the band wagon as it forges up hill, but very difficult indeed to get off gracefully and safely as it trundles backward down hill again. And a lot will sit tight until they are thrown off.

But it looks as though, for the present at least, the gods are on the side of the small investor. It is a good market in which he may cut his eye teeth. It may teach him bad habits of counting too heavily on Lady Luck, of expecting something for nothing, of backing his judgment against the run of the cards, and for these one of these days he will probably pay through

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the nose. But so far as can be determined there are no dangerous man traps in the present market. If this be prophecy, it is no better nor worse than most market predictions.

Just how the market got this way has also much to do with the small investor. The tribulations of the ticker tape are the consequence of two chief factors: that there are today a tremendously increased number of shares to be bought and sold, and a tremendously increased number of people to buy and sell them. The new customers have the brokers all hot and bothered. A New York house reports that it has recently opened a branch house in far away Brazil and is flooded with business from South America. The American people, as we have noticed, are in the game from one end of the social scale to the other. And in a sense it is true that these new investors have made the present market.

The man of moderate means can work economic and industrial miracles by the disposition he makes of his small surplus of income over necessary expenditure. If he buys a radio with it, radio becomes a very nice business. If he puts it safely in the savings bank, industry feels a faint chill and money grows cheap. If he puts it in the stock market, the market goes crazy.

STRICTLY on the evidence of my own friends and neighbors, I conclude that a lot of people are putting money today into stocks and bonds which they used to put elsewhere. It may be that they have more money, appropriated from our well known prosperity, and can consequently assume new burdens without neglecting old ones, but I don't think this is the whole story. A lot of people are using the stock market as savings bank, as investment, and as a focus for their sense of property, all of which they once preferred to find elsewhere. They show signs of preferring to be shareholders in going business, rather than proud possessors of a fat savings account or of three acres and a cow. Where once they saved to buy real property they now pay instalments to an investment house.

There seems to be nothing fundamentally immoral about this preference. If a man gives up four per cent. and safety for four per cent. and a sporting chance, he may be no less a good citizen. He has a perfect right to decline the attractions of seven per cent. from a building association, if he expects to live his life in an apartment house or be more or less at the mercy of a shifting job. He has a right to count his possessions in stock certificates, if he prefers them to land and buildings and the things that go into them.

THESE sorts of people, products of a new industrial and social habit which has crept up on us unawares, are in the market today in numbers beyond calculation. Their tradings — which by virtue of widespread familiarity with consumer ownerships, employee share-holding, and coöperative movements of all sorts, are reasonably intelligent and foresighted — give the market much of its bulk. Moreover, according to people who should know, they bring with them a fair share of strength and solidity. Margin trading in the present bull market is not considered excessive, and the brokers say that lots of their new customers know actual values and have the means and

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abdominal investiture to hang on to a good thing in the face of fluctuations. A safe majority of them are not speculators but investors, who have lately discovered that the stock market is not a private affair.

So American industry, which asked a vote of confidence in the November elections and seems to have got it, gets all the money it needs for business with plenty more where it came from. The bull market shifts hither and yon, finding new favorites and deserting old ones. New industries which are sound and full of promise or profit trail a lot of weaklings in their train, and there are plenty of casualties. But on the whole the thing looks good. The public as a whole thinks so, and the experts — even those of naturally pessimistic disposition — can offer no specific argument to the contrary.

UNDER these circumstances it would seem logical that I should cash in somewhere and join the party. But I don't think so. I'm not that sort of bird. I have a family, a house and a piece of land, and a definitely limited income. These comprise my assets and liabilities, with the latter slightly in the lead. I have no right to take chances, even if they are good chances. I need insurance in all its fifty-seven varieties, I need building and loan savings to nibble at my mortgages, I need a back-log of savings to keep the home fires burning in bad weather. I need all these much more than I need the small income, the big chances and the considerable glamor of a hand in the stock market. So I remain an onlooker, an innocent bystander, a "kibitzer", as they call the man who stands behind your chair at a bridge game and tells you how he would have played it. I look on, and keep my pocket buttoned tightly against temptation.

AND when all else fails I remember that once I was a lamb and was made a goat. The lambs today are grown numerous and find some safety in their numbers; they are more sophisticated than of yore, livelier and harder to catch; their whiskers are wiry and they can take their share of punishment. But when and if a real storm breaks over their heads, they will gamble and gambol no more. They will suddenly discover that in every financial round-up they turn out to be the goats, with nothing left for their nourishment but a lot of waste paper.

The trouble with the stock market, now and always, is that its values are fearfully and wonderfully compounded of things real and things fictitious. Fictions do very nicely when everybody is agreeable to them, but in times of stress there is solid comfort in three acres and a cow or their twentieth century equivalent. Perhaps the lambs know this and are already taking their earnings and their profits and putting them where they will work for them. But by all experience that is not the nature of lambs.

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Hoover's First Congress

By Paul D. Hasbrouck

Analysis of the returns of Senators and Representatives in the late election suggests that the new President's strength in the new Congress will be greater than that of his party

What will Herbert Hoover as President do? That in turn depends upon the people he will have to do with. The answer lies largely in the composition of his first Congress.

First Congresses usually set the tone of Administrations. It is significant that in Illinois the first session of the Legislature under a new Administration is known as the "Governor's session," in contrast to the second biennial session, or "members' session". Much the same attitude exists in Congress. The House of Representatives and one-third of the Senate, having been chosen with the new President, show singular deference to his will. His prestige is high. He holds a fresh mandate to represent the nation as a whole. Moreover, for the first two years of his Administration the country almost always gives him the support of a party majority in Congress, whereas such support has often been withdrawn or reduced by subsequent elections.

A favorable House went into office with all of Mr. Hoover's twenty-five elected predecessors except three. In the cases of the three who faced adverse majorities at the outset — Presidents John Adams, Taylor, and Hayes — the same Administration failed to be returned for a second term. It is interesting to note that except for Secession and the withdrawal of Southerners from Congress, Lincoln too would have faced at first a Senate and House in both of which Republicans were a minority. Cleveland did begin his first Administration handicapped by a Senate majority of his political opponents, and went down to defeat before Harrison in the succeeding election. An explanation lies in the fact that usually there are three sessions (including a "special" session) of the Congress elected with a President. But only one session of the following Congress is held before the time of election in the next Presidential year.

It is Mr. Hoover's good fortune to take office under decidedly auspicious circumstances. The Republican strength in both Houses is substantially increased over that in the last Congress. The House of Representatives will comprise 268 Republicans, 166 Democrats, and one Farmer-

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Laborite; the Senate 56 Republicans, 39 Democrats, and one Farmer-Laborite. The party margin is not so enormous as that at first accorded either President Wilson or President Harding. Both of those majorities included more than two-thirds of the membership of the House. They could, if united, suspend the rules by a party vote. But Wilson's Congress was chosen under three-party conditions, while Harding's proved decidedly unwieldy.

So far as concerns Congressional personnel, there will be no great change. On the whole, no new deal in Congress corresponds to the change of Executive. Death and withdrawal wrought after their fashion, but the election did not take an unusual toll. The return of 83 per cent. of House members, though somewhat less than in 1926, — when politics was in an exceptionally static condition, — exceeds the percentages in other previous elections. The amount of change is by no means proportionate to the widespread realignments of the Presidential vote. The time is past when, as during Blaine's twenty years in Congress, more than half the House members were almost invariably new men. There will be eleven new Senators; a fairly high proportion of the 35 seats which were filled at the last election, but a small number of changes in relation to the total membership of the Senate.

The officers and Steering Committees of both parties in the Senate return intact to the next Congress, except for Senator Gerry, Democratic Whip, and the Republican leader, Senator Curtis, who as Vice-President will preside over the Senate. Except for Senator McLean, Chairman of the Committee on Manufactures, who retired, all chairmen of Senate committees will likewise be present in the new Congress. The terms of half the members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations expired in 1928, but all were reëlected except Reed of Missouri, McLean of Connecticut, and Bayard of Delaware.

In the House the Speaker, Republican party officers, and all members except one of the Steering Committee, were returned to the Seventy-first Congress. The chairmen of 39 of the 46 committees will reappear in the next House. Nineteen out of 22 members of the House Committee on Agriculture were reëlected.

Such new attitude as Congress may assume toward specific legislation, therefore, will result not so much from new membership as from clarification of issues in the campaign. Absence of the ten Senators who will not return after March 4 will have comparatively slight effect upon the legislation regarding which they had committed themselves by their votes. Four of them were counted last May in favor of overriding President Coolidge's veto of the McNary-Haugen bill, for example, while five opposed the passage. There was a similar division of these Senators on the bill for Government operation of Muscle Shoals. All of the nine voting on January 27, 1926, except Reed of Missouri, favored our adherence to the World Court.

Changes resulting from the absence of Senators who formerly opposed Prohibition appear to be more marked. The replacement of Senator "Jim" Reed, not a candidate to succeed

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himself, by a "dry" Republican, together with the defeat of Bruce of Maryland by Goldsborough, a "dry", and of such other Eastern "wets" as Bayard of Delaware, Edwards of New Jersey, and Gerry of Rhode Island, marks a distinct loss of "wet" strength. All of the eleven new Senators, except Hebert of Rhode Island, are "dry".

Republican gains were accompanied, too, by the "fading out" of seven Senators who voted for the McMaster Resolution on January 16, 1928. This resolution advocated a downward revision of the tariff. The two Senators voting against the resolution who are to be absent from the next Congress will be replaced by other Republicans, who of course will take a like attitude on the tariff. There will thus be a net gain of probably seven votes in favor of Republican Protection.

But in general the realignment of the Presidential vote did not carry with it the vote of Congressional Districts. The success of Herbert Hoover in carrying five States of the old Southern Confederacy, while phenomenal, was only typical of the degree to which his ticket cut deep inroads into new territory, claiming the allegiance of vast numbers of Democrats. On the other hand, the total number of constituencies which shifted from one party to the other in the election of Representatives in Congress was not large. Of the 435 members elected, only 39 will be of a different party from their predecessors in the Seventieth Congress.

Of the 39 shifts in 1928, nine were of districts which had seemed "committed" to one party. These districts invariably had been Democratic since the present constituencies were formed in 1911. These nine shifts of "regular" districts, compared to the change from one party to another in 1926 of only three such districts, indicate an active new process of party alignment.

But while this large part of the total shifts took place in what had been classed as "pocket" districts, yet it was impossible for the full results of changed conditions to show in a single election. A real accounting of political stewardship is more apt to come in many instances for Senators and Representatives to be elected two years hence. Such may be the case, for example, with respect to Senator Sheppard, sponsor of the Eighteenth Amendment, who may be held to an account in 1930 for his support of Governor Smith. The situation was complicated in 1928 by the fact that Congressional primaries had been held before the Presidential nominees had fully stated the issues of the campaign, and in some instances even before the nominating conventions. Later, in Georgia for example, pledges were circulated by the party organization to hold all nominees to support of the regular Democratic ticket. Southern electoral conditions in many ways were an effective bar to quick political change.

These facts affect Mr. Hoover's relation to Congress. They suggest a possible "era of good feeling" between parties.

In Congress there will be little accuracy of party alignment on most of the problems to be solved. Not only does Mr. Hoover's support exceed the strength of the Republican party

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in Congress; it surpasses in many respects the vote which he himself received. Take for example the Arkansan who expressed his attitude as follows:

"I would vote for Hoover, if my vote would elect him President. I want to see Herbert Hoover the next President of the United States."

It is doubtful that he actually did vote a Republican ticket, and the vote of his State stayed traditionally Democratic. But Hoover represented his interests in the main and gained his moral if not his electoral support.

THE one chief subject upon which party division has been sharp, namely the tariff, was obscured by the campaign. It is now too early to tell whether Governor Smith's capitulation on this issue will lastingly bind the Democratic party. But his claim that 85 per cent. of the Democratic candidates for Congress had endorsed his position, tended to take the tariff out of the recent contest. It is interesting to note on the other hand that Senator Simmons of North Carolina, leader of the "Hoover Democrats", declined on this issue to change his party allegiance. As ranking Democratic Senator on the Finance Committee, which frames revenue bills, he adhered publicly to the principle of a "Democratic" tariff.

Even the issue of Republican corruption probably did not greatly affect the party complexion of the new Administration. To be sure, Woodrow Wilson and Viscount Bryce had thought of a party as "the only power that can be relied on to induce the people to inflict by their votes a penalty for misdoing." But in 1928 the Republican theory of party responsibility was that the party itself had applied the punishment, making it unnecessary for the voters to do so. In few sections of the country did voters attach to Mr. Hoover or to Republican candidates for Congress responsibility for the misdeeds of discredited partisans.

THE issue of Prohibition, made clear-cut by Governor Smith, had varying effects upon the Congressional elections. Some districts, which were sufficiently "fluid" or subject to change, ran true to their Presidential preference on this issue. Such was the case in two of the three most changeable, or "feminine", districts in the United States. One of these was the Twenty-fourth of New York, consisting of Yonkers, Mount Vernon, and The Bronx, New York City. This district had a record of electing a Republican Congressman every Presidential year and Democrats in midterm elections. But in 1928 it went contrary to its usual practice and returned a heavy majority for James Fitzpatrick, a Democratic "wet", over Benjamin Fairchild, a "dry" Republican. This result was consistent with its support of Smith. A similar district, the Eighth of New Jersey, comprising parts of Newark and Jersey City, with intervening territory, likewise returned a "wet" Democrat for the first time since 1912 in a Presidential election.

Conversely five districts of Kentucky, which had been regularly Democratic, followed the State into the Republican column mainly in support of the Eighteenth Amendment. An equally purposeful district was the Second of Maryland, which had only once before gone Republican. This

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district, comprising three "dry" Northern counties and a section of uptown Baltimore, elected a "dry" Republican to Congress. In Illinois the vote for Hoover carried with it the election of Otis F. Glenn to the United States Senate over an uncompromisingly "wet" issue raised by his Democratic opponent, who was said to have campaigned with a bottle opener as his emblem.

But in many parts of the country the vote on this issue also was confused. Governor Smith carried to victory David I. Walsh, the candidate of the Governor's party for reëlection as Senator from Massachusetts, but the Congressional delegation from that State remained only three Democrats as against thirteen Republicans. Maryland elected a "dry" Republican Senator in line with its electoral vote for Hoover, but the "dry" Eastern Shore returned a Democrat as usual to Congress. Conversely, "wet" Rhode Island, which followed the Smith banner, chose at the same time a Republican Senator and two out of three Republicans to represent it in the House. Confusion on this issue was even greater in the South and some portions of the West.

CLEARER than the verdict of parties is that against extremes on the "wet" and "dry" issue. One cause of complaint against Senator Bruce of Maryland, a defeated "wet", was that he gave too quick currency to talk involving Mr. Hoover in the use of liquor. Two others who made speeches "to the galleries" in furtherance of "dry" and "wet" sentiment respectively in the Sixty-ninth Congress failed for the second time to make good their return. Former Congressman Upshaw was defeated by a less vociferous "dry" in Georgia primary contests, while Colonel John Philip Hill, who waged an unsuccessful primary campaign for the United States Senate in 1926, was defeated in 1928 for his old seat in the House. The elected Baltimore Democrat was a less widely known "wet". The voters seem disposed to take this issue out of politics.

Even with respect to water power, though the Presidential candidates expressed fairly definite views, there is party confusion in Congress. Senator Norris jumped the Republican traces in hopes of Government operation. But at the same time he continued to endorse his Republican colleague, Senator Howell of Nebraska, who was returned in the election.

MANY of these new issues seemed to point to a realignment of the city against the country. But there was no such realignment of the Congressional vote in terms of party.

A new line-up of large city districts against shrunken rural constituencies would have produced an under-representation of city interests because of the failure of Congress to reapportion for seventeen years. Anticipating such an alignment, the writer previous to the 1928 election prepared a list of the dozen districts in which population had increased to over 400,000 by the census of 1920, after which there should have been, but was not, a reapportionment. These districts, averaging more than twice 211,877, — the ratio of the 1911 division, — lay in the cities of Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, and St. Louis, together with the new industrial centres of Akron, Ohio, and Winston-Salem, North Car-

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olina. But the election developed no change of party in these swollen districts except in the case of Akron, which turned Republican. Ten Republicans and only two Democrats were elected from these twelve largest constituencies to the new Congress.

On the other hand, four of the dozen country districts in which population had fallen below 160,000 returned Democratic members. (Although Nevada's Congressman at Large has the smallest constituency in the United States, it was not included in this comparison, because the 77,407 inhabitants of that State must continue to have a Representative under any apportionment.) Under-representation of the cities due to the failure of Congress to reapportion thus seems to detract, if anything, from the Republican strength. But on the whole the small rural and large urban districts seem to balance.

Out of the whirligig of politics one fact is clear with respect to the new Congress. Mr. Hoover will have to take careful account of his human materials. He will observe for one thing that the Congress with which he has to deal is only in part the product of his own campaign.

It is as much the result of his rival's conception of leadership. Throughout the contest for President, Governor Smith advanced the theory of "Executive leadership". That was Wilson's theory, and, it may be added, Roosevelt's. Governor Smith fashioned his whole campaign toward such a conduct of the Presidential office. It was he who made the campaign one of personalities and of issues. His plain purpose was to cut across party lines and gain for himself a personal rather than a party following. He pointedly overshot the platform of his party on Prohibition and the tariff. It mattered little in the trend of the campaign that Mr. Hoover plighted his faith in "party government".

That Mr. Hoover will have party strength for party action in Congress, when such action may wisely be taken, is evident. What is not so evident is that Mr. Hoover may logically justify a course of action, when he sees fit, based upon the nature of his opponent's campaign. The make-up of Congress suggests a policy of personal leadership.

This conclusion follows from the slowness with which Congressional Districts aligned themselves on the issues which were determined in the campaign. Because of such party inertia, expediency points to a non-partisan handling of the great problems which await the new Congress. The efficient secret of Mr. Hoover's strength will consist in welcoming support from whatever members, regardless of party, are willing to coöperate because they know that Mr. Hoover's programme embodies the opinions of their "people back home". It is obvious that there would be nothing to gain and much to lose by making Prohibition, for example, a strictly Republican policy.

During the present stage of party development in the South, it seems to be in fact good politics to lose sight of party labels. The chance for a two-party system in Southern States depends for a time upon the willingness of Republican leaders in Washington to make allowance — at least until mid-term elections — for

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nominal allegiance to the traditional party of the South.

There is good reason to believe that such a policy of constructive leadership would be personally congenial to Mr. Hoover. In the November issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW attention was called to his method of obtaining legislation from Congress for the Department of Commerce. His disposition always has been to work through qualified individuals and groups. He has chosen this method rather than that of disciplining mass movements.

In the former type of influence we find the actual working of his gospel of coöperation. At St. Louis he outlined a similar relation of the Government toward agents of economic interests. He proposed to encourage active coöperation with "civic associations, chambers of commerce, trade associations, professional associations, labor unions, trade councils, farm organizations, farm coöperatives, and welfare organizations . . . whenever these associations undertake high public purposes."

TO TAKE account of the advantages in personal leadership of the next Congress is not to deny the value of party responsibility. Few persons today would agree with Viscount Bryce, writing in 1888, that party government is "a necessary evil". He himself tempered the phrase, changing it to "an unfortunate necessity" in his last editions of the great commentary on the American Commonwealth.

As a matter of fact, however, strict party government has not been practiced in recent Congresses. Instead, non-partisan legislation, or the adjustment of interests, has been the normal process. Each Congress is organized at the outset on a strictly party basis. But except for "moral" leadership and control of the schedule, party leaders, once established, rarely lay claim to their partisans' votes. Occupying key positions, they are able to sift legislation. By controlling the time, they decide what bills shall occupy the attention of the House. But in recent years the party caucuses have not met to take legislative action. There is scarcely a measure which is decided, in committee, House, or Senate, by a party vote.

It will be neither impolitic nor novel, therefore, for Mr. Hoover to defer his party plan for a season.

MANY observers believe that a new party cleavage is due to appear. With respect to his party's position on new issues between national conventions, the President is first in line of authority. A new alignment might be encouraged, as, for example, between a party of "most government" and one of "least government". At the proper time it may become helpful for Republicans and Democrats to declare their positions on specific legislation. Then caucus action would help chart the party course. If such an occasion arises, there will be enough Republicans in both House and Senate, exclusive of "independents", to make party action possible.

Looking back to his mandate from the 1928 election, however, Mr. Hoover will be less party leader and more representative of the nation as a whole. His party leadership can wait for proper circumstances and a wise cause, looking toward a new partisanship of the future.

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The Big Business of Books

By Thomas L. Masson

Are we entering an era of standardized books on standardized topics, written by standardized authors for the delectation of standardized readers?

Many years ago that eminent and versatile psychologist-philosopher, William James, expressed the hope that some method might be created whereby a standard of judgment might be applied successfully to literature. His remarks were highly ingenious, sincere, and indeed quite removed from that ardent spirit of commercialism which we endure today; where groups of "distinguished" literary lights — known in the vernacular as *illuminati* — "get together" once a month and make their selection of the best current book.

We may fancy each one of these great men, during the previous interval, passionately reading night and day in order to cover *all* the books that have been issued during the month. Alas! I dare whisper that such is not the case. There is what may be termed a reading goat, a poor, haunted devil who goes over the books before the committee meets and focusses them all down to — well, say a dozen. I recently met one of these burdened goats. He was picking at the letters on his desk. His wan smile haunts me still. He had to bear the brunt of the publishers, publicity men, and (God help us all!) women, resist their importunities, gather the possible books together, and from them make the best selections for the great moment of decision, when some hitherto unknown author will awake to find herself famous or infamous, as the case may be, but in receipt of a substantial sum. Is this commercialism? Will all those in the audience who think it is please hold up their right hands?

But what a grand idea! Attracting sufficient capital in the beginning, it was spread before our public by an experienced woman advertising writer, and "put over" to the extent that the endorsement of any book by this particular committee guaranteed to the exultant and often obscure author a sale of at least 40,000 copies, including the fame and accumulating profits that follow.

In some cases these profits are enormous, for the sale of the book is not generally restricted to the particular group-organization commending it to their customers, but — like the Irishman's fight — anybody can come

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in. If forty thousand people receive on the first of the month a certain book, which duty compels them to read whether they like it or not, they are inevitably bound to praise it.

I remember one notable author who, on the same royalty day in which I got my inconspicuous check, received one for $32,000, this being her share of six months' sales. This particular book, however, had not been put out through any monthly organization, but the foremost members of the largest group had written recommendations for it. It is not unusual for a conspicuous writer to be on the payroll of a publisher. This means that his endorsement of their books is easier than if he were not.

So far as the group is concerned, the 40,000 customers scattered all over the country, as is well known, pay an annual subscription of about $18 a year each for the privilege of having their books selected for them by these eminent experts. In vain some of the leading booksellers protested, intimating broadly in their publicity that, in a land of presumptive liberty, to "be yourself" and "use your own mind" were more in accord with democratic ideals than to be slaves to literary oligarchies, no matter how much candle power they develop. It was no use. Young girls in offices seeking culture, and even men (for the men in offices are not all book dumbbells), came to me and whispered confidentially: "I know I should select my own books, but what time have I to do this?" Here was something in hand; it was a good deal better than nothing.

In its practical application, it will readily be seen that there is no essential difference between buying books in this way and buying a Ford car. It is obvious that if we haven't a car we have to walk, at the peril of life and limb. It is equally obvious that if we have to walk we cannot keep up with the procession. If 39,999 other people — anyone of whom we may meet at any moment — are reading *Dusty Answer* or *Bad Girl* or *Your Money's Worth*, $18 a year is like taking out insurance to cover the confusion which would inevitably follow upon your admission that you had not read such books. This need of literary locomotion, be it observed, has nothing to do with what may be termed your isolated character. Isolated characters never come to the surface; or at any rate not until years after they have passed over.

Therefore, the book-selection idea, so rapidly being multiplied (for there are any number of "groups"), is what publicity men refer to jocularly, and reverently also, as a "whale". The whole business might ultimately be placed under Government control. Thus there would be a Secretary of Books, and Interstate regulation of publishers' profits. These, it must be admitted, are not so large as they might be, due to the unfortunate propensity of the public not to like a book which the publishers have pronounced a world beater. And again there are the high cost of manufacture and the intense competition.

And space. This should not be overlooked, for in a period where everybody is living in as little space as possible, books, to put it plainly, are a nuisance. About the only place to put them is under the bed. And there are 5,800 public libraries, 2,000 col-

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lege and university libraries, 2,700 high school libraries, 300 legal, medical and professional libraries, and 1,500 business libraries, an approximate total of 12,300, so that, with certain exceptions, you can generally get your non-fiction books pretty soon after they are issued. And there are 1,677 Carnegie libraries, which I throw in to make good measure.

As for the author's royalty, on a sale of 40,000 books the figures must be approximate, as the percentage varies. Ten per cent. royalty on the sale price of a book by a hitherto unknown author is the usual thing. This may be increased to fifteen per cent. beyond a certain number sold. But in the case of a popular author, royalties are doubled. In some cases the author gets one-half, in other cases even more. The royalty on 40,000 copies of a $2.50 book at twenty per cent. would be $12,000, by itself—especially if the author happens to be an Englishmen, as is often the case, and compelled to "show" himself here — not all clear profit, by any means. I recently attended a standardized publicity luncheon given by the publishers to such a British author, whose book had been "grouped". No one had heard of the poor man before. He was very learned, very dull, and quite bewildered. I happened to know his previous work, having imported it from England a year or so before, and as I was apparently the only one who did, in a moment of inspired affection I asked him to drop in some day and take luncheon with me. He put up his ears and backed off rapidly, and through the fog engendered I heard him mutter: "I am in the hands of my agents." Every popular author is in the hands of an agent.

Let us now return to the studio for a moment and consider calmly what we are driving at. In the first place, what does standardization mean? Just what it says: an established rule. But in these modern days, where there are so many more people than ever before, it is linked up more and more with the modern idea of mass-production. Thus the standardized mind, in its full flower, is one precisely like every other mind, and the presumption is that a standardized literature, united with a standardized method of selling it, will produce the greatest number of standardized minds.

This result is now actually before us. For example, one of the questions most often asked me during a certain period of three months, by those addicted to book clubs, was, "Have you read *Disraeli?*" When I said I had, the women replied *in toto:* "Isn't it wonderful?" The next book (but one) in this particular book list was Elizabeth Bowen's *The Hotel* and so, when, a little later, they began asking me if I had read it and I said I had, they all exclaimed "Isn't it wonderful?" It would be quite easy to prepare a standardized conversation, which in detail could be repeated each month as the book comes out. Now it is fairly certain that once every month all over this fair land, there are at least 40,000 men and women (mostly women) chanting about a certain current book "Isn't it wonderful?"

And yet, so far as the writing of literature is concerned, it must be admitted that only under a process of rigid standardization have its

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highest forms been achieved. No man in Greece could become an orator, a poet or a playwright, without a long process of standardization. Shakespeare is only the best of a host of others all of whom were trying to produce the same results. Bobby Jones is merely the highest type of a standardized golf player. To paraphrase my friend Carruth, "Some call it standardization, and others call it form." When the talented author of the first chapter of Genesis remarked that the earth was without form and void, he was saying more than a mouthful. Form is technique, it is the individual mastery of the rules of the game, so that these can be *sunk* in supreme unaccountable moments of inspiration, where for instance you may make a hole in one. Standardization, in the mass-production sense, is the gallery — it is what the gallery-golfers whisper when they see Bobby play: "Isn't he wonderful?" The difference in these respective attitudes may be expressed through the reply made by the artist Turner to a standardized lady who, commenting on his canvas, said that she never had seen a sunset like that before. "No, madam," replied Turner, "and *you* never will."

PERSONALLY, I prefer the word "hypnotized". A young woman to whom I had loaned both André Maurois's *Disraeli* and Emil Ludwig's *Goethe*, came back at me with the remark that she "loved" the former but not the latter. "But," I said, "one is by a Frenchman and the other by a German. The standards are different. One is light, the other heavy. One is delightful, the other is fundamental. I enjoyed *Disraeli* more as a diversion, but I got more out of *Goethe* as a basis for reflection." She looked at me with lack-lustre eye. Her mind could not adjust itself to these wide reaches. As we say commercially, she was "sold" to *Disraeli*. Yet if she had gone back to Moneypenny's *Life*, she would have understood it much better.

THE curse of this popular hypnosis lies in its superficiality, and it is precisely this surface mass-craving which draws the writer away from his true standardization and form, and compels him to profit by temporary whims, to meet his public with froth. Thus Will Durant with his *Story of Philosophy*, Bruce Barton with his go-getting Christ, Sinclair Lewis with his sexual monster Gantry. To be painstaking and profound and scholarly spells financial ruin. The argument in favor of the froth was presented to me by a friend, a genial bank president, who, resenting my resentment of Will Durant's book, remarked: "But don't you see that it makes the hitherto unknown subject of philosophy interesting to people who have never thought of it before, and leads them to better things?" Does it? Well, well! I am tempted to quote from Emerson (*Spiritual Laws*): "There are not in the world at any one time more than a dozen persons who read and understand Plato — never enough to pay for an edition of his works."

Does my bank president think that in a world such as this is, he will ever have any more time to do any more than to take Will Durant's word for it? The reply made by one of my own boys is apropos. When, upon his return from preparatory school, I suggested that he ought to

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read the Bible, he grinned and said: "I went through that long ago!" There are thousands of people who are content with the idea that they know philosophy just because they have read some assembled book like Will's (of whom, personally, I may remark, I am very fond).

YEARS ago Paul Leicester Ford, a conscientious writer of able but limited books, made a bet that he could produce a best seller. In a few months he turned out *The Honorable Peter Stirling*, and proved himself right. Are you reading it now, I wonder; or have you ever heard of it?

Winston Churchill, with malice aforethought, began his career (I think in St. Louis) by renting an office and working on his best sellers, quite properly, like a man of business. He thereupon produced *The Celebrity*, *Richard Carvel*, and *The Crisis*. Have you read them?

I was present at a dinner given to W. D. Howells by George Harvey during the Taft administration, in which the modest Howells was hailed as the "Dean of American Literature". How many "deans" have risen since? Mark Sullivan, in his *Our Times* gives a list of best sellers in the 'nineties, among which are: *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, by Harold Frederic; *Hugh Wynne*, by S. Weir Mitchell; *The Choir Invisible*, by James Lane Allen; *Quo Vadis?* by Henryk Sienkiewicz; *When the Sleeper Awakens*, by Herbert G. (later H. G.) Wells; and *The Greater Inclination*, by Edith Wharton.

When Edith Wharton's *House of Mirth* was published in 1905, it was hailed by a chorus of literary critics as an "epoch maker", and Richard Watson Gilder solemnly called it at last the "great American novel". Much the same thing is now being said of her *Children*. It is said by somebody regularly, as Grant Overton recently said it of Fannie Hurst's *A President is Born*. The great need of the publicity hounds and endorsers is for more adjectives. "Epoch-making" was used so much in the 'nineties that it died a lingering and painful death. What indeed can be said about a new book which is destined to have a popularity lasting for several weeks? Nothing.

A LIST of one hundred books of fiction ranking highest in the list of best sellers between 1900 and 1925, compiled by Irving Harlow Hart for *The Publishers' Weekly*, begins chronologically with Mary Johnston's *To Have and to Hold* (1901) and ends with Harold Bell Wright's *Man with the Iron Door* (1923–24). The list is headed in popularity by Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street* (1920–22), and seconded by Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes* (rank sentimentality), both of which are familiar enough, but — have you read them?

If you considered it important enough, as making for culture and essential for understanding the *trend* (as they say) of our literature, how long would it take you to read these loudly heralded one hundred masterpieces, as they came out? They represent roundly a matter of 10,000,000 words. Reading at the rate of 250 words a minute (the average) and one hour a day (which is probably all you could spare from a busy life), it would take you a year and ten months to catch up. Meanwhile, in this interval, you would miss the

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best sellers that would be coming out right along since you began. And if you were a book club subscriber, you would lose nearly two years' subscription. Again, you might even see a book by accident which you foolishly liked better than the one you have subscribed for and are in duty bound to read. What then? Let us pause here and pass on discreetly.

But suppose you should meet a friend and breathlessly and hypnotically exclaim, "Oh, have you read *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch?*" This of course is an excellent book; so are the other ninety and nine.

If our literature is so thoroughly commercialized — and I have merely scratched the surface of the vast economic network in which all of us, author and publisher and reader alike, are enveloped — who is guilty? Nobody. Indeed, I doubt if anybody could be convicted. Arnold Bennett in his *Savour of Life* essays frankly declares that he writes for money and as much of it as he can get; and in this sense not only is he right, but there is no evidence to show that either talent or genius has ever been crippled by this base contact. On the contrary. Every great writer, scarcely without exception, has written for money. Shakespeare did it. Dr. Johnson wrote *Rasselas* to pay for his mother's funeral. Alexis de Tocqueville, that acute Frenchman who, long ago, in his *Democracy in America* wrote so many prophetic truths about us, put his finger on our weakness when he said in substance that the American public paid too high for its literary idols and threw them down too quickly. It lies in what we have now come to term "the kick." The author whose work is bizarre enough and audacious enough to give us this kick is the one who draws the highest pay; and is the soonest forgotten. This kick, which we apotheosize so affectionately, is known under a milder term as "something new", or "the latest thing". The elements which stir the rock-ribbed heart of our Demos are few and simple. They consist principally of sex and sentimentality, even when these are thinly concealed under the mask of a cynical indifference. The law of consciousness is absolutely dependent upon contrast and if, just now, Pollyanna seems to be derided and we are told that sentiment is dead and that sophistication rules the roost, it is only to usher in more Pollyanna when the pendulum swings back. We must have our sobs. And even the sophisticates occasionally commit suicide.

As for sex, it is largely a matter of ingenuity, like a new slant in advertising. Thus E. M. Hull managed, with abnormal cleverness, to give us a "kick" out of an original Sheik of the desert. For a frail and fascinating feminine creature, symbol of the modern flapper (with certain accessories), to be crushed and beaten up and generally manhandled by one of these hitherto unexploited chieftains, was indeed a masterpiece. Every lobby girl in the city, and every farmer's daughter in the country, had visions of being thus pounded to a pulp. It was indeed wonderful. Later, when it was discovered that these desert chieftains were mostly fathers and grandfathers of a vast progeny, that their tents consisted of one room (without a bath), and that their sex-appeal was of the same content as,

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say, that of a longshoreman, the interest rapidly faded. But the lady author had done her stunt, and the literary clique took off their hats to her, as they have to Elinor Glyn with her wonderful *It* — a masterpiece of publicity.

So it was with Michael Arlen, who — inspired by more inconspicuous precedents — took an even more subtle path and in his *Green Hat* invented the formula that the test of all real art in literature is just how nasty a man can write and conceal it so delicately that only people who pride themselves on their discernment will think they alone know the real meaning. This of course is flattery, and a minor rule in this great game is to flatter the reader as much as possible, by making him think he is the only one who knows.

In all of these elements there is nothing new, except possibly the high art of *salesmanship* — a word which, as a critic of mine observed, has only recently been incorporated into the dictionaries. And this art has been carried to almost incredible displays of talent in the execution. A few years ago one of the most prominent and well off women authors of this country wrote a book. About a week before the date of its publication, she arrived in New York, and engaged a suite of rooms in a smart hotel, sending word to all of the literary editors in town that she had arrived and that they must come to her. I am informed that they all came. Not only did she tell them about her book, but indicated to them in each instance the particular reviewer she had in mind to review it. The result was that when the reviews came out they were all on the front page, and formed a chorus of typographical praise. But, sad to record, the English reviewers were not so kind. One of them had the temerity, in making sundry and somewhat lengthy quotations from her book, to suggest that she did not know how to write English.

This is an extreme instance, due to a commanding personality. But it is the ideal of all publicity agents and authors: to write your book in accordance with the formula for best sellers, to have it praised by distinguished authors like yourself, and far enough in advance so that their blurbs can appear on the jacket, to get your book into a book club, and, finally, to select your own reviewers for front page reviews: this is the literary ideal of this day and this generation.

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Palookas and Plutocrats

By Henry W. Clune

A veteran sports writer, who knows his cauliflowers, takes exception to recent praise of Gene Tunney, reviewing the big ballyhoo which raised and wrecked the heavyweight fight business

It's too bad they wouldn't let Gene Tunney have his trip abroad without publicity. He had previously been a party to, if not a director of, the greatest publicity campaign of modern times, if we except the Anti-Saloon League and the World War. The Tunney myth is not the story of a Marine, but the epic of intensive press agenting. The Marine told it to the world and the world believed it.

One night sometime before the Caucasian renaissance of the prize ring which followed Jack Johnson's defeat, a ponderous white man from Boston was led into the ring at Madison Square Garden to face the redoubtable Negro, Joe Jeanette.

In those days prize fights in the State of New York were legal only so long as they were characterized as no-decision boxing exhibitions, and the participants were, as the announcer always advised the spectators, "both members of our club".

As the two men stepped to the center of the ring a boy in the gallery, who had just squeezed into his chair, and who had not yet removed his outer coat, called out so that all in the auditorium heard, "Wait a second, Joe — I just come in!"

Joe Jeanette, going into a clinch with his opponent, looked up at the gallery and grinned. Three or four rounds later, after the inexpert white man had been so battered about the ring that the affair no longer bore any resemblance to a contest, the same voice from the gallery, in great weariness, suggested, "Let's go, Joe — what'da say!"

Five rows back from the press tables the smash of Jeanette's fist into the middle of that big white man from Boston could be heard plainly, sickeningly. A white hulk, mottled with red, toppled into the resin dust with an agonized groan.

They were thirty minutes bringing the white man back to consciousness, and then he didn't believe Jeanette had knocked him out. He thought the roof of the building had fallen in upon him.

As the crowd made its way out of the Garden that night, serious-faced men asked one another in tragic

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voices what could be done about this Senegambian dominance of the heavyweight division. Not only was Johnson champion of the world, but here was another Negro, Joe Jeanette, who seemed easily capable of defeating the best white boxers that could be brought forth. The thing had reached the proportions of a racial disaster.

It was at this time that Mr. Tex Rickard came out of the West with a reputation as a promoter gained through his staging of two championship fights in Nevada, and began his elimination contests in the Garden to find a white man worthy of meeting that great black panther from Chicago, Lil' Arthur Johnson, who loved pork chops, bubbling wine, and gay women who drew no color lines. The tournament through which Mr. Rickard planned to develop a "white hope" was similar in many respects to the elimination contests soon to begin in the new Garden to establish a successor to Gene Tunney, except in the cost of seats. Pre-war prices for boxing tickets were reasonable. Mr. Rickard was still a man of the Old West and he hadn't seen the possibility of interesting persons in his fistic entertainments who commonly used three forks at dinner. To a great extent his patrons were men who wore checked suits and led bull terriers in leash. Seconds, in his ring, appeared with suspenders showing over turtle neck sweaters.

During this "white hope" tournament a great, raw boned Kansan, far above six feet in height and weighing 250 pounds, came on to try his luck against Arthur Pelkey, Luther McCarthy, and other contemporary heavyweights. The dollar boys in the gallery, when they first saw him, declared that he was big enough to go to war — but this, a few years later, proved untrue. Jess Willard, like Dempsey, was purely a ring fighter.

He was sluggish afoot, spiritless, without a fighter's heart; but his left arm seemed as long as a vaulting pole and he poked its appendage into the faces and anatomies of his opponents with such success that he gained, in time, official recognition as the "white hope" and was matched with the black champion, Johnson.

The fight was held in Havana for a combination of reasons, the most important of which, from Johnson's view point, was a Mann Act indictment issued against him in the States. Johnson has since said that he lost the fight and forfeited the heavyweight championship because he had been promised immunity and a safe return to his native haunts if he "laid down" and permitted the proud diadem of Fistiana to repose again upon some noble Caucasian brow. Johnson's veracity in these statements has been questioned by some. But the fact does remain, and the photographs have conclusively proved this, that when Johnson lay, supposedly knocked out, in the Havana ring, he had thought to shield his eyes from the blazing Havana sun. His crown — mayhap his honor — gone, he still wished to retain his eyesight.

Willard's title was an empty one during the months that America was engaged in the World War. The public's interest was centered on trench fighters and the mercenaries of the prize ring were temporarily forgotten.

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Then peace, a readjustment of values, and Mr. Rickard matched the gargantuan Willard with a pugnacious ex-hobo, who had battled his way through tramp jungles, fought trainmen at water towers, and successfully evaded the draft, Jack Dempsey.

TOLEDO, where the fight was held, was close enough to the large centers of the East and Middle West to attract to this spectacle thousands of men who could afford to pay top prices, and Mr. Rickard put the top up to sixty dollars. Moreover, hundreds of persons paid this price readily and the wealthy seat holders poured into Toledo on special trains on the morning of July 4, 1919, and lunched on thin sandwiches and lukewarm pop along the curb of the city's down town streets. The Secor, the city's chief hostelry at that time, was a virtual madhouse. The restaurants were overrun. Mr. Rickard observed the great influx of humanity and smiled. Prize fighting at last had gotten into the realm of big and important business.

Strange to relate, the only vacant seats were in the cheaper sections, from where one might observe the festivities through field glasses by payment of such conservative sums as ten, fifteen and twenty dollars. Mr. Rickard had expected that the folks of Toledo would hungrily buy up these spaces. But the folks of Toledo were too busy vending souvenirs, food and drink outside of the big bowl to pay to go inside and see the fight. They lacked high devotion to a great cause.

The manner in which Dempsey laid low the man mountain Willard in Toledo convinced Mr. Rickard and other promoters that here at last was a fighter who would give the blood-lusting fans a near murder every time he started. He had that most desirable of all heavyweight attributes, a terrific punch.

He next met Billy Miske, a mediocre fighter, knocked him out in three rounds, and received $55,000 for his effort, or nearly twice the sum he had been paid when he won the world's championship the year before. The Dempsey star was in the ascendant; Bill Brennan, tough old hickory knot, a trial horse for heavyweights for a dozen years, was the next victim, and the following year, in 1921, "The Battle of the Century" was staged.

MR. RICKARD had craftily capitalized on Dempsey's great unpopularity, which resulted from the fact that he and his manager had gone shipyarding during the war rather than soldiering. In France a fair light heavyweight boxer, with a good war record, a front page personality and a press agent, had been winning some fights and considerable acclaim. His name was Georges Carpentier, often called the "Orchid Man".

He came to America, made a whirlwind tour of various centers of population, giving boxing exhibitions and displaying the most ornate dressing gown a boxer had ever worn, until people began to talk about him as a possible contender for the world's heavyweight title. Mr. Rickard didn't attempt to stifle this talk.

The idea took hold. France and the United States were amicable, so far as one could learn from the newspapers. Why not a French war hero as the next champion of the world? Who better, as the gallery boys in-

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elegantly put it, to knock the can off the slacker, Jack Dempsey? Hurray! Let the debt to Lafayette be paid in full.

Mr. Rickard made the match only after he was dead certain that the public demanded it. Dempsey, according to the articles of agreement, was to be paid the record sum of $300,000, win, lose or draw, and appearance money to the extent of $200,000 was guaranteed the gorgeous Georges.

So popular had the idea of a French war hero killing an American slacker taken hold of the public's fancy that Mr. Rickard's press agents were required to do little more than sit around and twiddle their thumbs. The sob sister sport writers made everything easy. All the promoter had to do was to build a bowl in Jersey City and train a corps of ushers.

THE French boxer went down on Long Island to train behind a canvas screen in a barbed wire enclosure. Carpentier's handlers excused this unprecedented seclusion on the grounds that they didn't want to disclose the strategy with which their charge was going to defeat Dempsey. A few critics who were not subsidized retorted "Applesauce!" They saw Mr. Rickard's fine hand in the move for seclusion; Mr. Rickard, who wouldn't for the world have "The Battle of the Century" spoiled by the realization on the part of the general public that Georges Carpentier's chance against Dempsey should have been written at longer odds than a Chinaman's.

Carpentier, first in the ring at Jersey City, was given one of the greatest ovations a prize fighter had received since the days of the immortal and immoral John L. Sullivan. He smiled and bowed and clasped his taped hands high above his head in recognition of the stormy plaudits.

A motherly old lady, half way back from the ring, rocked back and forth on her hard seat during this ovation and remarked in pleasurable anticipation, "Yes, I saw Jess Willard bowing and smiling just like that out to Toledo — and look what he got!"

The fight ended in the fourth round. The crowd was muttering ominously about the slacker Dempsey as it left the amphitheater. Some were finding consolation in the fact that Dempsey had been rocked by an uppercut in the second round; without that one blow the spectators couldn't have told their friends that they had even seen a fight.

DEMPSEY went next to Shelby, Mont., to meet Tommy Gibbons in an affair of fifteen rounds that was purely a hippodrome. Dempsey didn't try because he was afraid. The town had gone broke on the fight, due to the Dempsey demands; demands, it is only fair to say, that were heartily agreed to at the time the contracts were signed. Added to the strong anti-Dempsey feeling aroused by the financial disaster precipitated by his demands, the crowd at Shelby was exceedingly hostile to Dempsey because of his "war record".

Jerry the Greek, who climbed from the position of bus boy in a Rochester, N. Y., side arm lunch room to become a Dempsey handler, — and acquire a dinner coat, — said to the writer, after the Shelby bout:

"Jack dassent fight at Shelby. Them bohunks woulda killed him.

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So he carries Gibbons fifteen rounds, and tries to give the crowd a show. . . . Where do they get this stuff about the champ being a slacker? Why should he go to war for a lot of them European grease balls?"

MR. RICKARD was hard put to find a suitable opponent for the champion when Dempsey again signified that he was ready to fight. But after a series of rather lucrative elimination bouts Luis Angel Firpo, defined as the "Wild Bull of the Pampas", was selected as his opponent, and this time the Rickard press agents went to work in earnest.

The "Wild Bull" wasn't a subject even to inspire a press agent. Whom had he licked? Furthermore, the war was now a few years over and some folks were beginning to lose their anti-Dempsey feeling and remark that Jack the Giant Killer was the greatest heavyweight since Sullivan.

Nevertheless, the Firpo fight did "catch on", and Mr. Rickard played it up to a magnificent spectacle. It lacked nothing in drama. The only complaints were heard from persons who had accepted long odds bets and believed that they should have collected since Dempsey was out of the ring longer than the count of nine, and a few dozen occupants of $27.50 ringside seats which crumpled under the excitement of the first round.

The Dempsey-Firpo fight broke all records for gate receipts, although in the actual count of spectators it was a few thousand short of the crowd that had witnessed the Carpentier bout. The receipts amounted to $1,177,404, with Dempsey's share $500,000. The spectators had seen less than six minutes of actual combat and yet, with the comparatively few exceptions mentioned, all apparently were satisfied.

A $2,000,000 gate was Mr. Rickard's next goal. His fingers on the pulse of the public, he believed that this could be achieved with a proper opponent for Dempsey and an intensive publicity campaign.

IN SCOUTING for a man to play the juvenile in this performance, and one who would be a good foil for the great talents of the leading man, Mr. Rickard found Tunney, who had gained a reputation as a boxer in a consistent career that dated back to the days when he was light heavyweight champion of the A. E. F.

The Rickard typewriters began to hammer out Tunney; Tunney this and Tunney that. He was a gentleman, an art connoisseur, a *litterateur* — anything, in fact, that would make good copy. Gene Tunney, the man, may be somewhat different from other heavyweights that have attracted public interest, but he was modelled for the title he wore exactly after the pattern of all Rickard-made champions. Without Mr. Rickard, Mr. Tunney might still be fighting for pork chops and laundry money.

The crowd scoffed at Tunney and went out to the Sesqui-Centennial stadium at Philadelphia, two years ago last fall, as the old Romans went to the Arena. They expected a killing, and there was no question in their minds as to who would be killed. Tunney was merely a parlor boxer. He couldn't hit, they said. Humph! Who'd give a fig for a heavyweight who couldn't hit?

Tunney, however, proved the contrary. He hit Dempsey almost at will

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during the ten rounds they boxed in that Philadelphia ring. Not that Dempsey was the Dempsey of Toledo, Mr. W. O. McGeehan (who disclaims the prophetic and analytical functions of an expert, except when he becomes very expert on the subject of Tunney) to the contrary; or the Dempsey of the Jersey City affair with Carpentier, or even the scowling aborigine who crashed Firpo to the canvas innumerable times in the Yankee Stadium; but a strong, upstanding, hard hitting young man, nevertheless. A fellow to take a lot of beating.

The crowd was stunned. Only the torrential rain that beat down upon it during the last few rounds of the deadeningly slow bout awakened it to the conscious belief that Dempsey, the man-killer, had been outpointed a mile.

On the way back to town everyone was talking fake. The fight had been in the bag, they said. Mr. Rickard had planned it all carefully; another fight would follow and then, of course, the better man would win and regain his title.

But such reasoning was palpably unsound. No matter what else may be said about Mr. Rickard, he is the most astute purveyor of extravaganzas since the demise of P. T. Barnum. Fifteen years before the Philadelphia fight, the form of entertainment in which he specializes had been outlawed from most first class communities. Through his skill in promotion Mr. Rickard had established the industry of prize fighting on a million dollar basis and lent to it such an air of respectability that some of our best people, men and women alike, had become his ringside patrons.

He could kill all this, and all hope for the industry in the future, with just one crooked fight. Even if he cared to be dishonest, would a man of his sagacity risk such disaster? Undoubtedly Mr. Rickard had heard the parable of the goose that laid the golden egg.

Following his defeat, Dempsey had suddenly become a popular idol — one of the most popular the industry had known. On the other hand the new champion was booed when he was introduced from ringside in the Garden one night.

The second meeting at Chicago between the pair, which once and for all dissipated the theory that the first fight had been dishonest, saw a considerable social register crowd back of the ring. Then there were writers, artists, leaders in the professions and businesses. Many of these were ardent Tunney supporters. The great mass behind them was mostly a Dempsey contingent. They still believed the ex-champion had a punch in either hand, despite the debilitating influence of a limousine, Hollywood, and a remodeled nose.

However, Dempsey had not come back far enough to win, although he had improved considerably since his first appearance against Tunney and once, in that still discussed seventh round, he had the champion in jeopardy. That was quickly over and done with, and Tunney went on to prove his mastery in such a convincing manner that even the long count sticklers did little clamoring for a third meeting.

The Chicago fight reached the high water mark in pugilistic finance. It attracted a larger crowd than had wit-

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nessed any sporting event in this country with the exception of the Kentucky Derby. Big business had collaborated with Mr. Rickard in the conduct of the affair, and the patronage had been notably high class.

It was not until Mr. Rickard made his first real effort to sell Tunney to the public without Jack Dempsey as a supporting cast that the pugilistic impresario realized that his new champion was a dud as a gate attraction. Tunney, the crowd admitted, had outboxed and beaten Dempsey in two starts, and the manner in which he had arisen from the floor in the seventh round at Chicago to go on and win convinced many skeptics that he had the heart of a champion as well as a champion's style. But he couldn't hit with that Dempsey explosiveness that the fight crowds had come to desire. His opponents didn't go down with one bludgeon-like swing. He cut them down, inch by inch, with cruel, stabbing lefts and rights, and sometimes the process was long and slow and uninspiring.

"The fellow, Dempsey — now he *could* sock. But this palooka, Tunney — humph!"

The palooka, Tunney, went on to Yale to talk Shakespeare; he read good books, and selected artists, writers and wealthy merchants and industrialists as his boon companions. He had learned to pronounce correctly many words of several syllables. He probably hadn't opened a copy of *The Police Gazette* in years.

These facts all militated against him at the gate. After all your real fight fan doesn't want too many refinements in his game. Cauliflower ears and bashed-in noses are part of the trade. And the fight crowds like showmanship.

Mr. Rickard's latest gesture in the way of bigger and richer gates, Tunney versus Heeney, was the colossal failure of his career. He had a world's champion in one corner and a foreigner in the other. But this international *pièce de résistance* was flat and tasteless. The folks simply wouldn't become excited about it. And before he could do anything more with Tunney, after the Heeney affair, Mr. Tunney left the game that had made him, with an irrevocable promise never to return.

Moreover, in his summary departure, the man who rose from palooka to plutocrat in the short space of half a dozen years, has passed on without leaving a successor at all worthy of his title. The heavyweights who are left are a most uninspiring lot; Sharkey, Roberti, Hansen — have your choice. To bring Dempsey back to face one of these would be a stale anti-climax.

Many men who have gone to the big fights in the past few years mostly for the novelty of the thing and to be able to tell their friends that they were there, have lost their taste for the spectacles.

The regular fight fans won't be satisfied with anything short of another Dempsey, a hitter, a man who can put them down and keep them down. And no one remotely resembling the old Dempsey is visible in the ranks of the present heavy-weights.

In the mean time Mr. Rickard, perhaps merely to keep his hand in, is staging boxing shows with the best seat in the house obtainable for a $5 bill. And they say that his next sporting venture will be dog racing.

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The Professor's Part

By Russell F. Speirs

In the prestissimo dance of modern American life, in which "Things are in the saddle," the supreme need is, "With all thy getting, get understanding"

The dance of life in America is altogether too strenuous. It lacks the Greek qualities of beauty, simplicity, restraint. There is something unhealthy about it, as there was about the dance of Saint Vitus. Matthew Arnold, years ago, lamented the sick hurry and the divided aims of the modern world. But the dance goes on, with its crazy and capricious steps; and in a number of thoughtless ways we dissipate the energy that should be used for the achieving of some clearly defined purpose. The soul of man, in this hurried age, is being disintegrated by innumerable distractions. Many of us, lacking a controlling purpose, do not know how to interpret or how to use our experiences. We merely *have* experiences. Experience, supposed to be the greatest teacher, has ceased to be a teacher at all. Chaos is at the centre of our inner life. Amid so much outward complexity, the business of living significantly is indeed difficult. "Things are in the saddle," wrote Emerson, more than half a century ago. Things are still in the saddle, and unless we want to go on riding with no purpose, we must put intelligence there. But the world is so full of a number of things, many of them very alluring, that our task is not an easy one. America today is not unlike an overgrown child, smiling happily in the midst of innumerable toys, though somewhat bewildered by the great number of playthings. Some of us are wondering, will the child ever grow up?

One would think that a university should be one of the places where children grow into maturity. It is, in fact, a place where some do. But what of those who do not? Is it entirely their fault, or must we who teach share the blame? In a great many instances I believe that we must. One of the things essential to significant living is the ability to recognize excellence. In a world of great outer complexity, inner harmony can only be achieved by those who have developed a taste for what is excellent. Part of our task, and a very important part, is to set the student up in his own right and send him into the world, a more independent being than when he came to us. Too often, instead of helping a student to grow, we merely burden him with knowledge, for knowledge *is* a burden to one

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who knows not how to profit by it. Let me illustrate.

SINCE I am a teacher of literature, I shall draw my illustration from that field. A teacher of literature has cause to wonder about a great many things. One of these, to me the most amazing of all, is, how can a student who has been exposed to great literature for four years, retain the idea that Edgar Guest is not only a poet but a good poet? Actually, I have been asked by senior majors in literature why I did not include the study of Guest in a course in modern poetry. To one of these inquisitors I once replied: "Reading Edgar Guest's poetry is like ordering hash when turkey is on the menu card." My inquisitor remained bewildered, but probably ceased to wonder about the matter in a very short time. I myself remained bewildered, but did not cease to wonder. I knew, although I found it difficult to retain such a belief, that the student was somewhat intelligent and that he was not generally afflicted with submoronic tendencies. I knew that he could tell me how classicism in literature differs from realism and how realism differs from romanticism. I knew that he could tell me what qualities are present in Wordsworth's poetry. But — I was still wondering — could he appreciate those qualities? Obviously not. Else how could he find anything to praise in the poetry of Edgar Guest? How much had Wordsworth's ideas ever meant to him? Had his understanding of and sympathy with life been increased by the reading of the *Lucy Gray* poems or of *Michael*? Obviously not. Had he ever, figuratively, dropped to his knees in the spirit of worship, having read the poem which contains these lines?

> She lived unknown, and few could know
> When Lucy ceased to be;
> But she is in her grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me!

Or the poem which concludes with the line?

> And never lifted up a single stone.

Obviously not. But why not?

I continued to wonder. Of what value was it to this student to know facts about classicism and romanticism in literature if he could not appreciate the works of the great classicists and romanticists? Obviously, very little value, if any. Of what value to him was any knowledge about literature if his taste remained so undeveloped that he continued to mistake the trashiest of verse for poetry? What a pity, I thought, that a major in literature is able to pass his courses, not without honor, but without profit, burdened with knowledge that will not help him to lead a significant life. "The value of books," says Santayana, "lies in what they help us to become."

THE case I have mentioned is not, in my experience with students, an unusual one. Are such students simply incapable of appreciation, or have they been subjected to the wrong kind of teaching? It would seem that any sensitive nature with the slightest capacity for beauty and for ideas should be able to develop taste and discrimination and to educate himself by the mere unguided reading of great literature. Perhaps the wrong kind of guidance, however, is worse than no guidance at all. Perhaps the person who reads a great play without laboring

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under the necessity of marking the point at which the exposition ends, the point at which the falling action begins, the climax, and so forth, finds greater riches in and makes more varied and vital response to such a piece of literature than the person who reads with such a preconceived purpose. The person who is compelled to read with such a purpose begins to believe that the greatest evidence of literary appreciation is the ability to ferret out in a play the words which contain the climax. This we know is untrue, and we do injustice to a student by encouraging him to think that it *is* true.

WHY, then, do we persist in our method? Why do we often spend valuable time in the classroom repeating facts about classicism and romanticism to students who, being able to read, can find those same facts in books from which we ourselves probably obtained them? Or, if we do send our students to such books, for the purpose of finding facts, why do we spend time in the classroom listening to the recitation of facts? Or, if we have assigned a play to be read, why do we devote the classroom hour to the discussion of things that ninety-nine out of one hundred students will never remember or deem worthy of remembering, after graduation — things such as the exposition, the rising action, the falling action, and so forth? Is that the best use we can make of our time?

Apparently our ideal of teaching is to encourage students to know everything and appreciate nothing. The point I am making is this: The knowledge of literature is of no value to a student who cannot appreciate literature. Yet many a teacher of literature who, were he honest with himself, would admit this, continues to emphasize in his teaching the facts of literature. He does this, I believe, either because he lacks faith in himself or because he lacks faith in the student.

IT IS not my purpose to belittle the importance of the technique of literature or of the facts of literature. I am concerned, rather, with the problem of the approach to literature. It is my belief, a belief that has grown out of my experience in teaching, that a teacher, in order to inspire his students with enthusiasm, must first appear in the classroom as a synthesist rather than an analyst. Before the average class, not before a group of specialists, mind you, a teacher is often most successful when he projects himself imaginatively into the author whose work is being considered. Thus projected, he *becomes*, for the time being, the author himself. Imagine, if you can, Shelley speaking about his own poetry. Can you imagine him in a severely analytical mood, taking one of his poems apart, as though it were a dead thing? Hardly. Imagine Ibsen, once again on earth, allowed to speak for one hour about one of his plays to your students of modern drama. Can you imagine him pausing to point out the climax? He, more than likely, would have forgotten the climax, but could hardly have forgotten the implicit truth in the play, or the characters, or some of the particularly felicitous and revealing lines. I can imagine him speaking in such a way that curtains might seem to be drawn from before the students' eyes, revealing new and hitherto unthought of vistas of the beauty of life understood. If you are a teacher, go thou and do likewise.

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After the teacher has first inspired enthusiasm, he may then, but not until then, detach himself from the author and, speaking out of the fullness and the richness of his own experience, comment disinterestedly and suggestively about the literary work.

The dance of life in America is in need of restraining and corrective influences. It must be purged by the restraint of disciplined natures; refined by good taste and judgment.

To develop in students a taste for "the things that are more excellent" should be the first concern of teachers. No student should leave a university without knowing something of the art of living significantly. We must encourage students to put aside childish things. To do this, we must first put aside childish methods of teaching. The professor's part is one of importance and responsibility. If he shirks it, he will be sending into our adolescent and go-getting world, more childish go-getters.

Whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister: and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be the servant of all. — Mark: x: 44.

On November 6 last, Herbert Hoover was elected to the Presidency of the United States. On August 10, previous, he had lived fifty-four years. In that short span of time he rose from a humble Iowa farm, an orphan at eight, to the most dazzling and powerful position in the world.

There is something in that brief statement which is arresting to thought. As there was said to be a Marshal's baton in the knapsack of every soldier in the armies of Napoleon, so is there for the youth of our day, in this age of opportunity, the same hope to aspire to high leadership.

Does not the secret lie in one word? That word may sometimes have been put to selfish use, but its implication is directly the opposite. To whom go the great rewards of fame and honor? Is it not for those who have been inspired by the wish to serve, — be it one's neighbor or one's country, be it in science or in medicine or in literature, be it in education or the arts, be it in religion or in sport, be it in the discovery of uncharted portions of the earth's surface or in statesmanship, be it relieving the suffering or feeding the hungry, — that the recognition of the world is certain? Only where enormous wealth is wisely distributed or where the victorious soldier binds up the wounds he has inflicted, does the world extend its praise and honor and pay its tribute in well-earned fame.

If the greatest thing in the world is love and devotion to one's family, is not the satisfaction to be found in earning the regard of one's fellows next to the greatest thing in the world?

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Affairs of the World

By Willis Fletcher Johnson

Mr. Hoover Abroad

The sneer of Stanley Matthews, half a century ago, "What do we care for 'Abroad'?" comes anew to mind, by way of contraries. We do, of course, care a great deal for Abroad; and Abroad cares a great deal for us. Wherefore it is auspicious of beneficence that we have elected for President a man who is known to the whole world by reputation as much as, and by actual contact probably more than, any other living American. It is also gratifying to observe the tone of friendly confidence and of inspiring anticipation which marks the generality of foreign comments upon Mr. Hoover's election. It is no derogation of his dignity to interpret this as largely due to an assumption that he will in the main continue the policies which have been pursued by President Coolidge with so much honor to America and so much helpfulness to other nations.

Especially gratifying, if I may draw a distinction which is not in the least odious, are the utterances of Latin America following the announcement of Mr. Hoover's extended tour among those countries; than which nothing could be more cordial. Such personal contact is always highly appreciated there, as witness the priceless results of Elihu Root's tour of many years ago; and it will be most timely now, as a seal upon the vindication which President Coolidge's policy has lately received. For only the most purblind prejudice or partisanship could fail to see the success which that policy has achieved, and the national favor which it has won, in Mexico, in Nicaragua, and in Peru and Chili; to go no further afield. Mr. Hoover did not, of course, need any such reflected *kudos* to assure his welcome; but he was abundantly entitled to whatever access of both facility and felicity with which it invested his intercourse with our neighbor peoples.

The President's Plain Talk

In his Armistice Day address President Coolidge made perhaps the wisest and most salutary of all his admirable comments upon America's foreign relations; in witness of which, observe the sources and character of the hostile criticisms which have been passed upon him. Nothing could have been more timely or more profitable than his terse reminder that this country did not purpose — I half wish he had said, did not choose! — to remit debts which are its due merely in order that its debtors may increase their naval and military armaments to a still greater superiority to our own. To paraphrase Patrick Henry once more, If that be Shylockry, make the

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most of it! It seems rather in perfect logical accord with Mr. Coolidge's ideal of reciprocity in irenics rather than rivalry in militarism.

As to Hypocrisy

IT WILL not escape notice that President Coolidge's advocacy of the Naval Bill puts him under the ban of an eminent clerical censor, who declares that for America to make a treaty renouncing war and at the same time to increase the defensive strength of its Navy comparably with other Powers, would be "final proof of hypocrisy". He will, however, doubtless endure this indictment with his accustomed fortitude, if for no other reason than that of the distinguished company of putative hypocrites in which it places him. For obviously Cromwell must have been a hypocrite when he bade his Ironsides to trust in God but keep their powder dry. Washington, too, when he quoted with approval the ancient saying that the best assurance of peace is preparedness for war. Lincoln, likewise, when after expressing the fond hope and fervent prayer that the war might speedily end, he added that, nevertheless, if God willed it to continue to the uttermost, "Still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether'." For fear of sacrilege, I hesitate to cite the crowning case, of the Master of old, Who commended the example of the "strong man armed" who kept his house in peace. Was that, too, a "final proof of hypocrisy"?

Still Slacking

THERE was great, and from one point of view justifiable, exultation over the considerable increase of registration and voting in the late election. Great gains were indeed made over the record of 1924. Mr. Hoover received nearly as many popular votes as both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Davis put together, four years before; and Mr. Smith, though overwhelmingly defeated, received nearly as many as Mr. Coolidge got in his great "landslide". Nevertheless the registration in 1928 was only about 63 per cent., and the polling was only about 54 per cent., of the actual number of lawful voters. And the enormous, the altogether unexampled, vote given to Mr. Hoover was after all a minority of the American electorate. The best that we can do, therefore, is to report progress; and to realize that we are still a long way below the standard of universal suffrage that is set and habitually maintained by other nations.

After Jimmu Tenno

NO CONTRAST could easily be more striking than that between the coronation of a Japanese Emperor, such as has just occurred, and the inauguration of an American President, such as is presently to occur. Strange and impossible as the former seems to us, it must be regarded with respect, with sympathy, and even with admiration, as perfectly suited to the genius of the Japanese people, no less in this "Era of Enlightenment" than in the ages long past when the protracted and cryptic ritual was conceived. Nor is it unwelcome to have such ancient rites continued, as relics of immemorial antiquity. We may imagine some of the features to have originated with Jimmu Tenno himself, or at least with the Divine Empress, Jingo. And we may not deny

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that it has been largely because of this extreme reverence shown to the Head of the State that Japan has for a thousand years been instinct with a spirit of loyalty to law and to constituted authority such as not many other lands have ever known.

Robert Lansing

THE lament of Wolsey might well have been adapted to himself by Robert Lansing; that he had erred, if at all, in serving his titular chief too faithfully. A man of commanding talents, of flawless integrity, of unwavering loyalty, he should have ranked among the half-dozen most famous of our Foreign Secretaries. But in his will to render high patriotic service in one of the greatest crises of American history, he found himself hampered, thwarted, and finally discredited and discarded through what it is difficult to regard as other than peevish jealousy. He will be recorded in the history of America as one who served his country diligently, expertly and effectively in many important works, and who was not unworthy of high rank on the roster which begins with Jay and bears the names of the younger Adams, and Clay, and Webster, and Marcy, and Fish, and Root, and Hughes, and their compeers.

Capitalism in Russia

MR. STALIN, head of the Communist Internationale and practical Dictator of Soviet Russia, declares that conditions exist for making possible the restoration of Capitalism in that country, and that there is a more solid basis for Capitalism there than for Communism. This, following hard upon Soviet Russia's eagerness to resume intimate economic and other relations with those capitalistic countries which were once denounced as the very abomination of desolation, leads one to wonder if Mr. Stalin has ever reflected that "they enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin". Surely the present spectacle in the last resort of Marxism is calculated to make the author of *Das Kapital* turn resentfully in his grave.

The Woes of Land and Sea

TWO appalling disasters befell the world, remote in place and at the extremes of unlikeness in cause and character. The eruption of Etna was as slow and as inexorable as Fate; the sinking of the Vestris was sudden and, we must believe, quite needless. The one was due to some of those mysterious and unpredictable convulsions of nature which are equally beyond the understanding and the control of man; the other, to the almost incredible failure — I would not use a term more harsh — of the human factor in the equation of human welfare. When the lava flow has ceased and cooled, those whose homes were engulfed by it will rebuild, on those same fatal slopes, hard by the rugged mass of the destroyer. And when hereafter vessels plow the waves at a point far out from the Virginia Capes, seamen and passengers will avert their gaze and sadly murmur, "Someone had blundered."

A Balance of Life and Death

SIGNIFICANT changes are visible in the vital statistics of Great Britain, as in those of most other lands, especially in the balance between life and death. Comparing the period of 1871–80 with the present time, it is found that the birth rate in the thou-

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sand has fallen from 35 to 16, or nearly 54.3 per cent. Fortunately, — for otherwise those figures would have meant depopulation, — the death rate also declined, through the efforts of sanitary science, from 21 to 12. That was, however, scarcely 42.9 per cent., so that there was a net loss, in the greater decline of births than of deaths. In 1871–80, deaths were 60 per cent. of the births; now they are 75 per cent. Actuaries studying the situation think that the death rate has now reached the lowest possible figure, and that hereafter it is likely to increase a little. If so, and if the birth rate continues to fall, the outlook will be disquieting.

The Spectator Centenary

IT IS quite fitting that *The Spectator* — it is almost superfluous to add, of London — should take pride in the distinction of its long roll of contributors, and of the contemporaries with which it has had its varied relationships, and of the events which it has treated with chronicle and comment. It is entitled to the grateful felicitations of all in the world who appreciate great journalism, instinct with rich scholarship, eloquent utterance, lofty ethical standards in all things, and a benevolent disposition toward all mankind. Most of all, however, I am constrained to think of the sum total of its incessant advocacy of good causes, of progress, and of light, and especially of good will between Great Britain and America. Of that, it has been one of the very foremost and most puissant protagonists. One of the truly high lights in the history of journalism was its noble demand for the rule of common sense and peace at the time of the Venezuelan crisis, when a brief ebullition of the traditional "you-be-damned-ness" in England was met with an aggressive exhibition of "shirt-sleeves diplomacy" in America. That was a third of a century ago. Yet to the remembering heart it seems as but yesterday when that triumphant thrill of confidence swept through the two nations at the sound of that clear, strong voice. A spectator it is and has been, viewing the world with the eye of keen penetration and also of balanced judgment and sweet reasonableness; and also itself a spectacle for others to behold with admiration and with noble inspiration.

Prosperous Panama

PANAMA emulates Suez. Not only has it discredited the pessimists, but also it has outstripped the optimists, with a prosperity far exceeding the most sanguine estimates. The latest report shows another enormous increase in receipts, a large increase in net profits, and also in the number of vessels paying tolls. Yet it is regrettable and worse to note nearly a million tons decrease in the American tonnage passing through the Canal, while there has been an increase of a million and a half in British tonnage, and other increases under the French, Dutch, Norwegian, Japanese and German flags. It is discreditable to us that we do not maintain an increasing primacy in commerce through our own Canal, constructively a part of our own coastal waters. The fault, of course, is not with the Canal, which is even more advantageous to our commerce than was anticipated, but with our commercial system, which seems perversely designed to withdraw our flag from all the Seven Seas.

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Save the Countryside

STRUTHERS BURT has an eminent colaborer in England, in his righteous campaign for the redemption of roadsides and other scenery from disfigurement by sordid commercialism. At almost the very time when his inspiring article on the subject was published in this REVIEW, Professor George Macaulay Trevelyan, of Cambridge, was addressing a great public meeting at Leicester for the organization and promotion of a nation-wide movement to "Save the Countryside". He denounced the "blatant ugliness" of the advertising posters and signs, which were multiplying their numbers all over the country, declaring that the proper place for them was in the newspaper and periodical press. A hundred years ago, he said, England was nearly all beautiful. Now it is half beautiful, half ugly. And in another hundred years, at the present rate of spoliation, it will be nearly all ugly. In other countries, too, there are movements to this same laudable end; so that we may hope for something like universal insistence that at least some things of beauty shall be protected and preserved as joys forever.

A Five Power Constitution

CHINA, in a phrase of one of our great national indoor sports, sees America and goes her one — or rather, two — better. The makers of the American Constitution marked a new era in human history when they divided the functions or powers of government into the three coördinate branches — Legislative, Executive, and Judiciary. But Dr. Sun Yat-sen, in the new Constitution which he prepared for China, not only adopted these three but also added two more; the departments of Civil Service Examinations and of Censorship. These were not copied from any other nation, nor were they invented by Dr. Sun; but they were derived from the traditional practices of the Chinese Government itself. Concurrent with these five powers of Government, the people reserve for their own supreme exercise the powers of suffrage, the initiative, the referendum, and the recall. Thus one of the oldest nations of the world undertakes the working out of experiments which place it in advance of the newest of its fellows.

For Bee Stings, Wasp Stings!

ONE of the proverbial long felt — and very sharply felt — wants promises to be supplied through researches in the science of *Hymenopterology*. It was some time ago ascertained that the poison of a bee sting is acid, in contrast to the honey which the insect gathers; thus confirming the practical wisdom of the old prescription of ammonia as a cure. Now it is found that the poison of the wasp is strongly alkaline; though it does not appear that lemon juice has yet been proposed as a remedy for its sting. Something far more radical is, however, obviously suggested, in view of the neutralizing effect of acids upon alkalies and *vice versa*. That is, that when one is stung by a bee, he should immediately apply the business end of a wasp to the wound; and when punctured by a wasp, should similarly seek relief from a somewhat irritated bee! Why not? As Dr. Holmes reminded us, "Logic is logic."

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Figuring Us Out

By Percival White

A statistical survey of America's shifting modes and morals, in which startling figures throw into sharper perspective the confusing panorama of modern life

Someone has said that morals are geographic. Equally certain, they are chronic. To a considerable extent, they are temporary. What was immoral yesterday may be moral today. In 1900, Uncle Sam collected a revenue of $331,010.66 on playing cards. A purpose of this tax was to crush a practice upon which conservative people at that time looked askance. But legislation does not seem to work that way — in America. Last year, Uncle Sam's playing card revenue was $4,213,414.03, or thirteen times as much as before. But the vice is unabated. Indeed, card playing is not a vice any longer. Our morals have changed, that is all.

In Centennial days, rum drinking was neither illegal nor immoral. Today, it is not only illegal but, in the minds of at least some people, immoral. And so it goes.

There is, of course, fundamental morality, in the sense of virtue, duty, and right, which changes but little. But morals, in the primary and original sense of the word, shift like the sands of the Sahara. Perhaps it is not too fine a distinction to say that Americans are becoming more ethical, though less moral. What morals we are developing seem to have a scientific, rather than a religious, foundation.

When religious leaders were the moulders of belief, as they were a generation or two ago, birth control was considered wicked. A declining birth rate was the sure sign of decadence. France was held up as the horrible example. But now, and for many years, the birth rate in the United States has been falling off. In the year 1915, there were 25 births to the thousand of population. Ten years later, the number had fallen to 22.6 a thousand. (These figures are for the so-called "registration area", but are probably not far out of line for the entire country.)

One might suppose that the declining birth rate was due to a declining marriage rate. It is true that the marriage rate has fallen off since 1923, at which time it was 11 to the thousand of population. Prior to that time, however, it had increased steadily. It was only 9.3 in 1900. Despite its recent decline, marriage is more prevalent than it was in the last century.

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People marry earlier than they did then. In 1910, fifty per cent. of the women of the country under twenty-five were married. But for the last census period, the number was fifty-two per cent. In 1910, twenty-four per cent. of the men under twenty-five were married. In the last census, the number had increased to twenty-eight per cent. It may be, of course, that earlier marriage is promoted by the wider adoption of methods of birth control.

REFORMERS are doing their best to stem the tide of what they consider to be immorality. In desperation, they have built many barriers. They have raised the marriageable age, for instance (the age below which a marriage may not be contracted, even with the consent of the parents). In States where common law marriages at the age of 12 for girls and 14 for boys are permitted, new statutes are rapidly being enacted. In Pennsylvania, the statutory age has been raised from 12 to 15, in New York, from 12 to 14, in Minnesota, from 15 to 16, and so on.

It would appear that law breakers can destroy as rapidly as law makers can build. This raising of the age of consent is aimed primarily at illegitimacy. Illegitimate births occur most frequently among the younger mothers. According to the last records available, there were 11,000 illegitimate children born in the "registration area" to mothers between the ages of 15 and 19, inclusive, as against only 7,000 to mothers of 20 to 24, this being the next largest group.

For 1923, the number of prisoners who had been incarcerated for rape was one-third greater than it was in 1910. The number of illegitimate births for every thousand of total births, among the white population, has grown steadily, from 11.7 in 1918 to 14.4 for 1924. The last figure was as high as that for the war period. The increase in illegitimacy, despite a tremendous gain in the sale of contraceptives, seems to betoken a decided shifting of moral emphasis.

Among the colored population, although illegitimacy is far commoner, its increase is less rapid than among the whites. The rate to the 1,000 births to colored mothers was 110 in 1918, and increased to 127 in 1921. Since that time, it has been dropping steadily.

THERE has been a great increase in the number of youthful delinquents in institutions. In spite of the increase in illegitimacy among younger people, most youthful delinquents are detained for offenses of a non-sexual nature, principally for stealing. In 1890, for every 100,000 of population, there were 100 persons who had been committed to institutions for juvenile delinquents. The same figure held for 1890. But in 1904, the figure jumped to 125, and has held at this level ever since.

Among adults, lawlessness is widespread. The National Automobile Dealers' Association reports that, in 1918, 21 per cent. of the cars stolen were not recovered. In 1926, this percentage was cut in half. But there were only 27,000 cars stolen in 1918, as against 95,000 in 1926. Thus it is apparent that thievery of automobiles has grown very rapidly, regardless of the fact that there has been increasing success in recovering stolen machines.

In 1923, there were 83 per cent.

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more commitments of prisoners on charges of robbery than there were in 1910 (to the thousand of population). For homicide, the increase was 16 per cent. Yet it is noteworthy that the prison population has noticeably diminished. In 1880, it amounted to 119 to the 100,000 population, in 1910, to 108, and in 1923, to 95. Possibly there are more criminals at large nowadays. There are not half so many gamblers serving time as there were ten or fifteen years ago. But there are more dice sold than ever before.

* * * * *

AMERICANS are self-indulgent. They smoke about $2,000,000,000 worth of tobacco products every year. According to Tobacco Merchants' Association of the United States, the production of cigarettes, not including the so-called "large cigarettes", was somewhat over 82,000,000,000 for the year 1925. Recently, the increase in cigarette production has been extremely rapid, as compared with the earlier years of the century. In 1900, 3,000,000,000 cigarettes, not including the large size, were manufactured. This figure actually fell off in 1901 and 1902. Since then, there has been an increase of over 10 per cent. every year. At the present time, the yearly production on cigarettes is probably close to 100,000,000,000.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union states that the average age at which the cigarette habit is formed has fallen from twenty years to eleven years, and that there are 2,700 new users of the weed every day. The proportion of women smokers in this figure is not given, but it is probably large.

The same organization is authority for the statement that more laws should be put into effect such as that in the State of Kansas, where there is a restriction upon the sale of cigarettes. With this may be contrasted the claim of one of the large tobacco associations, to the effect that there are no longer any statutes *in force* in any State prohibiting the sale of cigarettes. Legislation is one thing, enforcement another.

STATISTICS as to alcoholic indulgence are less striking and less reliable. During the last census period, the number of bartenders fell from 100,000 to 25,000. Doubtless there are fewer still, today. The census, however, gives us no evidence as to the increase among bootleggers.

One index of the use of alcohol is the number of arrests for drunkenness. Massachusetts is the only State which seems to have kept complete records; but the fragmentary figures available for other sections come fairly close to those of the Bay State. The number of arrests declined between 1914 and 1920. But, since 1920, at which time the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act went into effect, the arrests for drunkenness have steadily mounted. In 1924, they were over twice what they were in 1920.

Another figure which throws some light on this subject is the number of deaths from alcoholism, as compounded from statistics in States where a registration of such deaths is kept. The annual number of deaths in Massachusetts which were traceable to alcoholism averaged 225 between 1915 and 1918, as compared to an average of 78 in the years of 1920 and

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1921, when the State was "dry". This is a decrease of 65 per cent. But since 1920 the number of deaths from alcoholism has increased between three- and four-fold. This increase does not necessarily mean (as at first might be imagined) that we are much less temperate than we were. Perhaps the difference in quality between *ante bellum* Scotch and *post bellum* gin has something to do with it.

THE traffic in narcotics is being vigorously fought. The commitments of prisoners for violating drug laws was only 314 in 1910. In 1923, it was 7,103, an increase of 2,000 per cent. According to the United States Public Health Service, the trend of addiction has been away from the coarser narcotics, such as smoking opium and eating opium, and toward the more highly concentrated (and hence more easily concealed) alkaloids and their derivatives. Government statistics indicate that the amount of narcotics imported during the first decade of the century was sufficient to supply over 3,000 addicts for every million of our population. Since 1920, this figure has dropped to 546, only 18 per cent. of what it was fifteen or twenty years ago. These figures probably indicate nothing, as far as the morality of the population is concerned. If opiates were as easily obtainable as they were in 1900 the trend of addiction might show a very different curve.

Figures suggest that Americans are becoming more and more careless with their money. Since 1900, the number of letters received at the Dead Letter Office has increased about three times. But the amount of money found in dead letters has increased fifteen times! Our grandmothers would have called this shiftlessness.

A TYPICAL and recent American custom (morals are always the outgrowth of customs) is what is known as hand-to-mouth buying. And perhaps hand-to-mouth buying means hand-to-mouth living. Instalment buying betokens a similar shift in moral emphasis. A survey indicates that instalment merchandising has forced the sale of luxuries, that its psychological effect is to induce people to plunge into purchasing things without a sufficient realization of the burden it will bring upon them, and that it has increased the cost of goods to the consumer. In spite of all this, the survey revealed a preponderant opinion to the effect that instalment selling is an economically sound and desirable thing, and that it is here to stay. Not so many years ago, people thought it wrong to make use of anything which they had not paid for.

A significant feature of most instalment sales is that they result from appeals to the desire for the newer things of life. Automobiles, washing machines, vacuum cleaners, phonographs, and radios have all come into being since 1900. The great majority of them is being bought on time. We must have everything that is up to date, whether we can pay for it or not.

This desire for the new things is characteristic of the new America. It hastens the change from the much despised Victorian solidarity. It makes for individualism. It is in keeping with the spirit of revolt. In its more radical forms this revolt is against law and order, and against civilization itself. Freedom! Freedom at any

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cost! According to the Census, there were 148,554 divorces granted in 1922, or more than twice as many as in 1906. There are more divorces granted in this country than in all other Christian countries combined.

THE breaking away from the traditions of what was formerly called civilization paves the way for a return to more primitive and pagan standards. Cleanliness has become the substitute for godliness. The fact that there are six times as many plumbers as there were in those days gives a hint of our progress in sanitation. The fact that the proportion of dentists has grown by 162 per cent., and that of barbers, hairdressers, and manicures by 230 per cent, indicates how much attention is paid to "keeping fit". Indeed, the cult of the physical has made millionaires of the manufacturers of perfumes and cosmetics. Their business, in 1914, amounted to only $16,899,101. By 1925, its total was $141,488,000 — an increase of over 800 per cent in a decade. All is vanity!

Between 1899 and 1923, the millinery industry increased tenfold, whether measured by the amount of capital invested, the wages paid, the cost of material, or the volume of production. But the corset business fell off enormously. Sales of petticoats, like the petticoats themselves, have dwindled to the vanishing point. But the number of bathing suits produced jumped from 300,000 dozen to 900,000 dozen in two years.

One of the most startling revelations of recent years has been the knee. The business of the full-fashioned hosiery manufacturers, as a result of the revealed knee, has expanded from $12,000,000 to $25,000,000 in four years. The rise of silk underwear has been even more meteoric. The sheerer, the dearer. This business has doubled in two years.

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THE present is, above all else, an era of science. If it is possible to have too much science, we are in a bad way. Indicators of the spread of science are numberless. Perhaps as striking as any is the study recently made by the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. This investigation was the most intimate that it is possible to imagine. The women who were its subjects were of a high type. They were all graduates or alumnæ of leading women's colleges or of leading coeducational universities. They were all unmarried. Of 1,000 of these women who were examined, only five per cent. failed to give frank answers. Only 29 per cent. denied having had any sex experience. The rest, amounting to two-thirds of those examined, stated that they had had sexual experience, and told the form of that experience. Most of them gave the details.

* * * * *

SINCE 1900, much of the foreign element has been melted down and alloyed with the rest of the population. The laborer is better paid than ever before. The average wage of workers has doubled in ten years. The lower classes have sloughed off the menial tasks which were characteristic of the last century. The number of domestic servants decreased 20 per cent. in the last census period. Jobs of this sort

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are no longer in demand: they can hardly be filled. In the roster of the last census, eleven "male nursemaids" were listed; but it is improbable that even these will permit their names to appear next time.

Not only has domestic service fallen into the discard, but the skilled jobs as well. The machine is taking the place of the trained hand and eye. We have become thing-minded, machine-minded, motor-minded. Automobiles, radios, and contraptions without number have made us a nation of mechanics. Thus our habits are revolutionized. Customs follow habits, and morals follow customs. In the United States, there is a motor car for every five persons. In France and the United Kingdom there is a motor car for every 44 persons. In Germany, there are 196 persons for every motor car, in Italy, 259, in India, 2,500, and in China, 25,000.

Perhaps the inventions which save labor have had the greatest effect upon our manners and morals. In 1900, there were 1,356,000 telephones in the United States. In 1926, there were nearly thirteen times as many. In New York City, there are five times as many telephones as there were in 1914.

Time-saving has become an objective of primary importance. This is true throughout the social scale. According to the Bureau of Labor statistics, the average number of hours worked a week for all unionized trades has decreased 10 per cent. during the past twenty years, despite an increase of 275 per cent. in wages.

Another indicator of increasing leisure is the decline in the proportion of the working population. This is from 39 per cent. to 37 per cent. between 1920 and 1925, according to estimates made by the National Industrial Conference Board.

One effect of our increased leisure has been the tendency to change Americans from a nation of early risers to one of nocturnal habits. The number of incandescent lamps sold has more than doubled in the last ten years, while the amount of energy sold to lighting consumers has increased fourfold. Night life and the electrical industry have revolutionized each other. But not all this electrical energy is being used to make the way gay and white. It is used to illuminate many things, among them, the student's page. In fact, it is to study that a fair share of young America's time is devoted. Between 1920 and 1924, the number of students enrolled in educational institutions increased by over a million.

But leisure breeds in many people a love of luxury and ease. Our people are extravagant. Between 1921 and 1923, which was a poor time, the production of the silk business increased 30 per cent. Between 1914 and 1923, the fur business increased from $43,000,000 to $198,000,000.

That Americans indulge in luxury more and more is indicated by the fact that the Treasury Department collected in 1926 nearly $1,000,000 in the form of its admissions tax, in addition to the tax on tickets sold regularly at theatres. The former tax covers tickets handled through theatre brokers, in excess of the established price, and for the leases of theatre boxes, roof gardens, and the like. This revenue had increased seven fold since 1919.

Yet it cannot be urged that the

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people as a whole are spending more than they earn. The American Bankers' Association reports a growth in savings from $11,000,000,000 to $31,000,000,000 during the last ten years. Furthermore, the number of savings depositors has nearly quadrupled during that time, proving that the habit of saving is more widespread.

On the other hand, many of us are still gullible when it comes to investing our earnings. Not long ago, Horace J. Donnelly, United States Post Office Solicitor, estimated that $1,000,000,000 was being lost annually through security frauds. Deputy Attorney-General Oliver James, of New York, reported that stock frauds in New York State alone had enriched swindlers by more than half a billion in the year 1925.

* * * * *

TO EXAMINE the statistical indices of our manners and morals, since the turn of the century, is to watch the moving picture of American history. The most extraordinary thing about these extraordinary figures is the great rapidity with which changes take place. Speed, indeed, is one of the most characteristic things about us. To foreigners, America seems speed crazy. The speeding-up process makes for greater restlessness, for a love of change, for the craving for thrill. Speed is sought for its own sake. It is an end in itself. Even social intercourse is fast — too fast, in the words of an eminent divine, for the development of the highest morality.

The speeding-up process manifests itself in almost all statistics having to do with American habits of life. According to the latest figures, the number of pieces of special delivery mail has increased twenty-fold in twenty-five years. This acceleration of human life is an unprecedented thing. It is in fact the only unprecedented element in the whole situation. The student of history will find nothing comparable to the swiftness with which we are rushing toward our fate.

WHAT fate? Simply as isolated facts, the events which have occurred in the United States since 1900 are not especially significant. Their parallels have been chronicled every century or so. They are simply history repeating itself.

As its morals weaken, so a nation weakens. As a nation departs from those traditional standards of conduct which it has been taught to reverence, its position among other nations declines. As a country allows itself to lapse into a condition of sophistication, irresponsibility, materialism, and the other resultants of luxury and wealth, it loses its place in the sun. Slowly it is supplanted by other nations, hardier, more vigorous, and more moral.

In so far as statistics can show, the United States is just passing its zenith. If its present rate of change continues, the slump will be rapid. Statistics are merely the springboard for a guess. One statistician's guess is that if we are situated today as Rome was in the time of Augustus, our decline and fall will take place before the sands of the present century have run out.

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The Return

By George Wheeler Hinman, Jr.

A powerful story of the World War in which a wandering soul at last finds the road to spiritual victory through the grim turmoil and tragedy of battle

The prostrate Colonel motioned to me with his hand.

"Better not stand in that doorway, Captain," he suggested, mildly. "A machine-gun bullet pops in there now and then. Sit down over here."

I started across the dug-out in obedience to his suggestion, but was stopped in my tracks by a shout of real alarm from my host.

"Look out for that coffee!" was his exclamatory warning, and this time there was genuine concern in his voice.

With due deference, I skirted the coffee. As a matter of fact, it had been in no danger from me, but one must show proper respect for a Colonel's anxiety, especially in his own dug-out and more especially still when that dug-out is one which he has captured from a hard-fighting foe. The Colonel's veteran regiment had just completed an excellent piece of work in driving the enemy out of a strong defensive position; but the operation had been a costly one. Weary doughboys crouching in fox holes under a drizzling French sky were clinging to the shell torn ground, desperately awaiting relief.

We were that relief, a comparatively raw regiment, just from a rest area behind the lines. As members of the regimental staff, Ned Conway and I had accompanied our own Colonel to the command post of the regiment we were to replace. There, in accordance with the principles so effectually drummed into us all during our period of intensive training, we expected to obtain full information of our own troops and the dispositions of the enemy along our prospective front. Then, we were to attack.

Conway was the student of the regiment. He was not a soldier by profession, but an instructor in philosophy at a theological seminary in the Middle West. When we entered the war, he had been among the first to answer a call. He could have had a commission as a chaplain for the asking; but he had preferred to battle his way through an officers' training camp. His indomitable will to win had obtained for him a First Lieutenancy of Infantry, and, in due course, he had come to our regimental staff as Intelligence Officer.

There, in that ex-German dug-out,

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Conway was having his first contact with the actualities of warfare. Everything was the reverse of expectations. Nobody in the dug-out showed the slightest concern over matters generally supposed to be of importance. The war for democracy, the propaganda of hate, the plan of the campaign, even the boom of cannon and the nasty putt-putt of machine-guns — all were obliterated by a single consuming anxiety. The prostrate Colonel had voiced the combined sentiment of his regimental headquarters with his exclamation of alarm over my supposed threat against the safety of that coffee.

"There is just one vital question before these headquarters," he announced, reclining on one elbow after an exchange of greetings. "Is there enough solidified alcohol in that lower tin can to heat the coffee in the upper? Stale coffee is bad enough, but *cold* stale coffee — bah!"

I could see that Conway was disturbed. His was the spirit of the crusader, and the casual practicality of the veteran leader of men struck a painfully discordant note. Nor was the indefatigable student satisfied by the general discussion of the situation along the front. He wanted exact information, the kind he had been taught to expect. Discreetly, he edged his way out of our immediate group to a far corner, where the Intelligence Officer of the other regiment, his face lined by the strain of battle, lay wrapped in a gray German blanket. Conway drew a map from his dispatch case and spread it on the wooden floor of the dug-out. The other officer turned wearily on his side and began making vague ovals with a fore-finger, apparently trying to indicate on Conway's map the positions occupied by our troops. Just then, there was a lull in the general discussion, and Conway's even, classroom voice carried across the dug-out as he asked his companion:

"And just where is the enemy?"

The question was a perfectly normal and reasonable one, in strict compliance with all the rules and regulations; but the answer came unexpectedly. Before the exhausted Intelligence Officer could reply, his Colonel interposed.

"The enemy!" he exploded. "The enemy!" With a wave of the hand he indicated the general direction of the front line. "The enemy is right out there, and you can get a fight out of him — " he paused as a salvo of 150's, *in Deutschland gemacht*, burst a short distance off, rocking the dug-out " — any God damned time you want it," he concluded fervently.

"Believe Conway and I will go out and have a look around before it's too dark," I suggested.

The suggestion was accepted by all. It did behoove the two of us to learn all we could about the lay of the ground. Another earthrocking salvo struck nearby just as we emerged from the dug-out entrance. Clouds of debris were vomited from the shell-torn ground; puffs of white smoke floated off; and the light breeze carried to us the faint, bitter odor of high explosive. A few yards away, a detachment of our own raw troops, entering the sector as a preliminary to the major movement after dark, frantically donned masks in the fear that they were being subjected to a bombardment by poison gas. A muddy, mask-

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less veteran hooted at them derisively.

Conway and I moved forward into the shallow draw. The ground was pockmarked by high explosives, and did not make for orderly progress. Moreover, every time the whine of a speeding shell rose to the threatening shriek of proximity, we crouched low for shelter in the nearest indentation. Thus we made our way erratically across the draw and began ascending the far slope. Approaching the ridge, we took advantage of a fortuitous fold in the ground to edge our way inconspicuously forward to a post of vantage from which we were able to observe the two opposing lines and the field over which we would fight on the following day. Unbelievable as it seemed, the persistent drizzle had ceased. Crouched in our sheltered position, we could see the moist, muddy picture of war. The previous days of terrific fighting had told, and both sides were rather inclined to let matters drift.

THE only exception to the general rule was a set of enemy machine-guns concealed in the ruins of what had been a village on the extreme left of our line. In vain Conway and I scanned those ruins with our field glasses for something to indicate the exact location of that machine-gun nest. Although we could not find the guns, there was no assurance that the vigilant gunners would not find us. So we crawled humbly to a point where the ground protected us against the ruined village, and there we settled ourselves to resume our study of tomorrow's battlefield.

Far to the front, the country was, comparatively, but little scarred by war. For years, it had lain well beyond the immediate zone of hostilities. Long range artillery and casual bombing planes had worked some damage, and the military necessity of the enemy had wrought some changes; but there was none of the heart-breaking devastation of constant shell fire. Here was a set of farmhouses; there was an abandoned village, its buildings almost intact. Off to the right, was a well kept enemy cemetery.

ON A slight eminence about three miles to the right center, a group of buildings in a grove of trees drew our particular attention. In the failing light, our field glasses were not strong enough to give us much of an idea of the structures. Neither of us could recall having seen on the maps any town in that vicinity. With extreme circumspection — consulting a map in the presence of the enemy is likely to result disastrously if not done discreetly — we unfolded a map between us. It was of the ordinary black-and-white hatchured variety, based principally on surveys and information compiled half a century earlier. With some difficulty, we succeeded in locating definitely the eminence. No, there was no town there. We leaned closer over the blotched paper. Ah, there were tiny black blocks, indicative of buildings, among the scratches representing the grove of trees. Unconsciously, and at the unthinking peril of our lives, I lifted the paper close to my eyes, and made out a set of ragged, straggling letters labeling the tiny black blocks. Haltingly, I deciphered them and spelled them out — *m-o-n-a-s-t-è-r-e*.

"A monastery!" I exclaimed, triumphantly.

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"Monastery," Conway repeated, "a monastery!"

"Sure, a monastery. Monks, and the Abbé Constantin pruning his grapes, and all that." I began refolding the map.

"A monastery, that's strange," mused Conway. There was a pause, and then, "You know, I'm writing an allegory."

"What?"

"Yes, an allegory," he persisted. "A monk in a monastery is the central figure. I began it back there in Serrigny while we were in training."

He was becoming more and more earnest as he proceeded. How clearly it all stands out in my memory! There we crouched, hugging the water-soaked ground. Those accursed machine-guns off to the left sputtered intermittently. Overhead, annihilation in the form of high explosive flew singing on its way. Before us lay the battlefield of tomorrow. Tired men in olive drab and *feldgrau* clung to the soil, facing each other in desperate fatigue. A few miles back, in sheltered positions, our own fresh troops from the training area awaited the complete darkness that they might come forward and form behind the thin olive drab line for the daylight assault that would thrust aside the weary men in *feldgrau*. In simple language, what a *hell* of a time for an allegory! But Conway's urge to speak overwhelmed him, and he went on with an odd sort of intensity.

"This monk knew nothing of the world. While only a child, he had been left an orphan and had been brought up by the brothers of the order. Shortly after becoming of age, he took the vows. Then, a girl comes into his life. He meets her in one of the villages near the monastery, and she fascinates him. He struggles, but she takes possession of him — mind, body, and soul. He disappears from the monastery, and she from the village.

"Years have passed, and the scene has shifted to a city, miles from the monastery. There, we see a worldly man and a worldly woman. They are living their lives in easy pleasure, but we recognize them as the monk of the monastery and the girl of the village. The woman still has her grip upon the body of the man, but his soul is almost free and is struggling to release his mind. It is a fearful struggle, a struggle that threatens madness and chaos, the monastery battling to win him back from the woman of the world."

Conway paused, staring across the sodden valley to the gray walls on the wooded knoll.

"Who wins?" Involuntarily, I asked the question.

"I don't know — God help me, I don't know."

The tone of his voice shocked me. The irascible spat of the machine-guns, the whine and the crash of the high explosive, sounded remotely in my ears. Conway was speaking again —

"No, I don't know. I can't finish the story — not now. You see, I'm the monk."

"You're the monk!" I exclaimed. "But you weren't brought up in a monastery. You've told me of things your father has written you since we've been over here."

"No, no, not that way," he protested. He was smiling now, just a little, not exactly a smile of condescension, but — well, simply the ir-

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repressible teacher in him that came quietly to the surface whenever he began to explain some obscure thing that was a bit too much for a matter-of-fact soldier. "I told you this was an allegory," he continued good-naturedly, apparently brought back from his emotional flight by my exclamation of astonishment. "I'm the monk, but I'm not really a monk. I fled from the monastery, but it wasn't really a monastery."

"WELL, then," I demanded, "what under the sun did you flee from?"

"The God of my fathers." He was becoming more intense again. "The God of my fathers. My father is a clergyman, the son of a clergyman. My mother was a clergyman's daughter. From the day I was born, I was a clergyman. There never was a moment's doubt in the mind of any one, least of all in my own. I was predestined for the church, and my whole youth was dominated by the prospect.

"But, beyond my fundamental faith, I was a student. I did not stop my ears against the arguments of other philosophies, but listened attentively, searched, analyzed, and, in my own mind, overthrew the non-Christian. So, after being graduated from theological school and being duly ordained, I became a teacher of others. I was so secure in my own faith that I had not the slightest hesitancy in imparting it to others that they, too, might become ardent teachers.

"Then came the World War, and with it many difficult questions demanding Christian answers. The carefully designed and exactly built structure of my personal faith began to shake under the stress of violent natural forces. Finally, we entered the war. My associates accepted non-combatant posts. Even you have asked me why I carry a pistol instead of a prayer book, why I am an Infantryman instead of a Chaplain. I never have given you an honest answer. The fact is that my faith was so shaken that I could not honestly presume to play the priest for men face to face with death. I could not. With a feeling of profound relief, I fled to an officers' training camp, and the commission as a First Lieutenant of Infantry — the tiny rifles crossed upon my collar — meant more to me than they did to anybody else in camp.

"I have seen much since then — and I am trying to understand. That Colonel back there in the dug-out with his stale coffee — the world is afire, Christian men and women are praying to the same God for one another's annihilation, thousands on thousands are dying, often with curses in their mouths, the fate of millions hangs in the balance, and there he lies prostrate, his interest centered on the puny material question of whether there is enough solidified alcohol in one tin can to heat the coffee in another! Good God!"

"HE AND his regiment have made a great record in the line," I interposed, a little sharply.

"Oh, I know all that," returned Conway. "I don't question his courage. But where are he and his men heading? Where have hundreds of them already gone? They're just fighting animals — no souls, no religion, no God."

"'By their works —'" I began, but a crackling burst overhead interrupted me. "Shrapnel!" I exclaimed as the

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fragments showered down. "That one was well timed."

Quickly, but cautiously, we worked our way back off the ridge to return to the headquarters dug-out. Once back over the rise and able to walk upright in comparative security, I began pondering over Conway's allegory. It held an extraordinary fascination for me. I could not help wondering whether the monk would return to the monastery, Conway to the God of his fathers. Personally, I had never been able to fathom these self-annihilating mental conflicts over one's God, either in fact or in fiction. Yet there was no challenging the genuine anguish in Conway's soul. The traditional French phrase came to mind — *cherchez la femme*. I recalled that there *was* a woman in Conway's allegory. Did she represent a woman in reality? We had been moving more or less independently through the gathering dusk on our way back, only a few words now and then passing between us; but, as we neared the dug-out entrance, we drew naturally together.

"Conway," I asked, "how about the woman in your allegory?"

He looked across at me. An odd smile came to his lips, but he said nothing. Then, as he raised the outer flap of the dug-out entrance for me to pass, he remarked simply:

"Yes, there is a woman."

INSIDE the dug-out, things were much as we had left them. The Colonel of the veteran regiment still lay prostrate on his gray enemy blankets. He and our own commander were discussing mutual acquaintances of the Old Army and their sundry vicissitudes in the present conflict, how Will Jones had become a luminary at G.H.Q. in Chaumont, whereas Fred Smith had been ordered back to the United States after his brigade had disgraced itself in the line. The solidified alcohol had long since burnt itself out, and the stale coffee had been consumed. Our report on conditions further forward was tolerantly received. Mention of the shrapnel brought the comment that its use was most logical now that the fighting had moved out of the elaborate trench systems into the open and that it was likely to cause us some annoyance.

MEANTIME, the machinery of the relief was functioning unobtrusively with that organized confusion which features centralized command and decentralized operation. In various miraculous ways, the guides sent back by the units in the line had reached our own units and were preparing to lead them forward under cover of darkness. After great labor, division headquarters gave birth to an attack order for the morning; and we forthwith plunged into the task of preparing our own instructions. In the midst of this, the Regimental Surgeon came stumbling in through the dug-out doorway, pale and obviously upset.

"Just in time, Major," was our Colonel's greeting. "Have you picked out a place for your aid station?"

"Aid station?" repeated the medical officer. "Aid station?" He paused, rubbing his hands against his slicker. Even in the bad light, I noticed the dark stains. With an effort, he pulled himself together. "Aid station, hell!" he burst forth. "What do I want with an aid station?' He stared at his hands. "Our medical supplies are gone — direct hit as we were coming up — detonated squarely on the medi-

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cal cart — killed the mule, Sergeant Sullivan and three men who were marching with it — and the *Padre*, too — he died just as I turned him over — with a strange, sort of surprised smile on his face — God!"

The man of shining knives, one of the best surgeons in his home community, shuddered at his first contact with the suddenness of war.

"HERE, Major, take a good slug." The leader of the veteran regiment had drawn a pint flask, almost full, from the folds of his gray blankets. "Don't worry about your aid station," he continued. "Orderly!" he called, and then, as an enlisted man scrambled up the dug-out stairs from the lower level, added: "Take the Major to our aid station, and tell Major Atkins to turn over to him all equipment and supplies."

Braced by the burning liquor, the medical officer left the dugout with the runner.

"Too bad about Sullivan, one of the few old soldiers in the regiment," commented our Colonel. "And the *Padre*, the finest chaplain I ever served with. Smiling, eh? Just like him. I'm no Sunday-school teacher, but that man's with God tonight. He'll put in a word for the boys tomorrow — and they'll need it. Where's this aid station, now? Let's see that map, Conway. Here, Conway, let's get this aid station located. The men will need it tomorrow, even if the *Padre* is watching over us. You and he bunked together in training camp, didn't you?"

Mechanically, Conway handed over the map. He and the Chaplain had occupied the same tent before we had sailed for overseas.

"The *Padre*," he murmured. "God, the *Padre!* And with a smile — I wonder — "

"Here, Lieutenant, take a small swallow," proffered our host of the dug-out, glancing with unconcealable concern at the inroad just made by the perturbed surgeon. "Say, Jim," he added, turning to our commander, "I don't see how an old crock like you can keep up with such an absorbent staff."

Conway barely touched the flask to his lips and then handed it back.

"Oh, here, here!" protested the owner, visibly embarrassed, "I was just joshing your C.O. Take enough, son. A thing like this is likely to upset anybody."

"I'm afraid you're wrong about my staff," interposed our Colonel. "Conway doesn't drink at all, as a rule."

"Good," said the other, "neither do I". And he returned the flask to the folds of the blankets.

THAT was only the beginning, a sort of prelude to rushing hours of hellish turmoil. Impossible orders from the rear vied with impossible reports from the front to induce utter madness. Units were reported annihilated only to reappear six hours later and then disappear completely, swallowed up in the crashing chaos of battle. Orders were issued that were never obeyed; messages were written that were never read; commands were shouted that were never heard; but, somehow or other, answering the dominant urge of discipline, the advance drove furiously on, sweeping aside an exhausted, desperately struggling foe. Impatient but unskilled in the science of warfare, cursing the friend that failed them rather than the foe that fought them,

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yet plunging blindly ahead with rifle and bayonet rather than await artillery assistance, these awkward warriors blundered heroically ever forward, paying recklessly the tragic price demanded.

Conway, through it all, was a sure reliance. When all else failed, it was Conway who could go forth and return with something accurate in the way of information upon which a decision could be based. His own carefully wrought machine for the collection of data collapsed utterly, to his undisguised chagrin, but Conway himself functioned as scientifically and as accurately in battle as he had in manœuvres. He had an uncanny faculty — almost unique in the regiment during those days of strain and struggle — for reaching the place for which he started and for returning with a coherent idea of where he had been and what he had seen. He also possessed a rare ability for discriminating intuitively among the many and weird things he heard.

We had advanced to a depth of about four miles, finally reaching the banks of a river, parallelled by a canal. The Colonel of the coffee and his veteran regiment had long since retired from the front to recuperate. Our own regimental headquarters, after leaving behind the dug-out on the first day of the assault, had paused successively in a sheet iron shanty, a ruined stable, and an overturned wagon dragged into a clump of trees, and had finally come to rest in an excellently sheltered wine cellar — otherwise empty. The enemy had blown up the only bridge along our immediate front; we had strained our own supply lines to the breaking point; and the Regimental Supply Officer almost wept at the mere mention of his horses. So we settled down to reconnoitre the new front, take account of our losses, and make ready generally to play whatever part might be assigned us by the further-backs. The monastery on the knoll now was well within our lines. Investigation showed it stripped and abandoned — the enemy's military necessity. Apparently, it had been used for some higher headquarters, and had been evacuated in comparative leisure following a decision to make a general withdrawal in the face of our attacks.

Conway was enchanted by the monastery. As Regimental Intelligence Officer, he had every reason to ransack the buildings and grounds for evidence of the enemy's identity and plans; but there was more to his interest than mere military curiosity. The monastery was too conspicuously near the front to serve as a refuge of any kind. Every now and then, just to warn us that he was keeping his eye on the buildings, some enemy artilleryman would send a few charges of high explosive smashing among the old stone walls. But, shelled or unshelled, its height above the valley made the monastery an ideal place for an observation post; and we all agreed that, so soon as the Signal Officer had run his main wires between the different headquarters, he should carry a line from our wine cellar in the valley to the monastery on the knoll, where Conway would locate a reasonably secure spot from which to scan the enemy's doings across the river. The observers manning the post could utilize some of their time off watch in searching the monastery.

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On the day after our advance had paused at the banks of the river, a youthful Lieutenant and a veteran Sergeant of the division's Engineer Regiment entered our wine cellar with orders to make a survey of the wrecked bridge. To begin with, it was a fool's order. The enemy had those bridge ruins spotted both with machine guns and artillery. Even on the blackest night, all he had to do was to give the word, and his previously ranged guns, shooting blindfolded, could shower the neighborhood with metal, explosive, and gas. Quite logically, when the time later came to cross the river and the canal, we crossed them at some other point, relying solely on our own mobile devices, and the original bridge was repaired afterward by a detachment of corps engineers which made a business of such undertakings. However, somebody had ordered this youngster to inspect the bridge, and inspect it he was bound to do. That same night, the Signal Officer was to run the line to the monastery, and Conway and his detail of observers planned to establish themselves there before daylight the next morning. Immediately upon hearing the orders repeated by the Engineer Lieutenant, Conway volunteered to give him a general view of the ruins while it was still daylight and then to guide him to our own end of the bridge after dark.

"IT'S ALL damned rot!" expostulated our Colonel when he heard of the proposal. "We've lost enough men snooping around that bridge-end. The Engineers may have more men than they know what to do with; but we've lost all we can spare."

Conway protested that he would only take them to the bridge-end and then return in ample time to pick up his own observation group and lead them to the monastery. The Colonel hated to give in; but, under the circumstances, he hardly could insist that the Engineer Lieutenant be left to blunder about along the river bank and perhaps be shot at by our own men.

"But why in hell must you go personally, Conway?" the Colonel finally demanded. "Let the First Battalion send somebody. You're my Intelligence Officer, not just a damned guide."

"I'd like very much to go myself, sir," Conway replied.

"All right, go ahead, then; but, if anything happens to you, I'll never forgive myself for being a twenty-four karat dunce, with no more brains than a blockhead of the General Staff. God be with you, my boy."

I ACCOMPANIED Conway to the cellar entrance.

"Now, don't be a fool," I counselled, as we were parting. "The Old Man's mighty fond of you. He's already recommended you for promotion, and you'll be a Captain inside of two weeks. Besides, that bridge inspection won't amount to a hoot, but it's really important to us that you get back to the monastery."

"Back to the monastery," he repeated, smiling significantly and grasping my arm by way of emphasis. "You know, I think I'm on my way back, but I wonder whether I shall get there."

"If you go dubbing along that river bank pondering an allegory, we'll be looking for a new Intelligence Officer in the morning," I returned. "Good luck, and call me on the 'phone as

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soon as you get to the monastery. The line ought to be in by the time you get there."

"Good night, and don't worry about me," was his farewell, and he and the two engineers set out in the direction of the front line.

I RETURNED to the wine cellar in an uncomfortable frame of mind, and found the Colonel still irritated over what he insisted was his own folly in allowing Conway to start for the bridge-end. We passed several minutes in vehemently transgressing that Article of War which prohibits the application to one's superiors of "opprobrious epithets or other contumelious or denunciatory language." Then other matters demanded our attention, and the bridge-end, Conway, and the monastery were crowded into the background of our thoughts. Just before dark, the customary evening shell fire broke out, and evinced an especial dislike for the area immediately about our wine cellar. Particular dismay followed the destruction by a direct hit of our headquarters rolling kitchen, which had fancied itself cleverly concealed in the remains of a stone barn. Things quieted down after dark, with only intermittent bursts of firing spattering vital points along the front. The Colonel turned in early, rolling himself up glumly in a miscellaneous disarray of blankets in his particular corner of our cellar.

"Nice, quiet night," he commented. "Better turn in early and try to catch up on a little sleep. You'll be staggering out of here pop-eyed with your case marked, 'Shell-shock, undetermined,' if you don't get some rest."

I explained that I just had two reports to get out.

"Reports!" he snorted. "Reports!"

With a rumble of disapproval, the Colonel rolled over on his side, face to the wall. There followed a period of silence. The Sergeant in charge of the message center near the entrance was nodding sleepily. Then, there came from the Colonel's corner the almost unintelligible grunt that, under certain circumstances, was supposed to represent my name.

"Yes, sir," I responded.

"Wake me up and tell me when Conway gets to the monastery," he muttered.

"Yes, sir."

For about an hour, I puttered over those two reports, which were dispatched at last to division headquarters. Then, with the field telephone at its regular place on the floor beside my head, I wrapped myself in my blankets for a little sleep. The Sergeant still nodded by the entrance. Two orderlies drowsed in the flickering light of the candles on his improvised table. The Colonel slept stertorously in his corner. Outside, the sporadic firing continued. There was a particularly savage burst from the direction of the river at our immediate front; and then — I dozed off.

SOMETHING pressed my shoulder, and I woke up to find the Regimental Surgeon on one knee beside me. He had changed, had the Major Doctor, since that evening in the dug-out. Battle had become to him one of the normalities of his profession. His face showed the physical weariness of endless duty and ceaseless tragedy; but his mind was calmly alert to meet the most exacting demands. I was used to being awakened frequently through the night for one thing or another; but

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there was that in the Surgeon's manner which warned me this was something out of the ordinary.

"It's Conway," said the Major. "He's gone."

"Gone?"

"Yes, dead. I just left him. The three of them were caught at the bridge-end, all badly shot up. B Company sent out a party and brought them in, after losing one man. I just happened to be inspecting the battalion aid station when they were brought in. The Engineer Lieutenant and Sergeant are being taken to the rear now; but Conway's gone."

I looked across to where the Colonel still slept the heavy sleep of an exhausted man. No purpose would be served by waking him now.

"Why wasn't I notified at once?" I asked.

"I called up; you were asleep; and I told them not to disturb you," the medical officer replied. "There was nothing you could do. Harrison is on his way with that observation group for the monastery," he added, mentioning the name of the ranking Battalion Intelligence Officer. "Those were Conway's wishes."

The Colonel stirred, rolled over on his back, grunted, and slept on. The candles flickered. Only one orderly now drowsed near the entrance. The Sergeant was watching us covertly. He knew. The Major unbuttoned a pocket in his blouse and drew forth something which he held out to me in the open palm of his hand. In the dim, uncertain light, I saw a small, simple cross.

"From Conway," he said in a low voice. "The poor chap was barely breathing when they brought him in, but was quite conscious. He asked me to take it from around his neck and give it to Madamoiselle Tassin, back in Serrigny."

"Madamoiselle Tassin!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, that pretty little thing who lived with her father in the quaint green house near the bridge."

"Oh!"

It was all I could say.

"He gave me some sort of message for you, too, but I don't think I got it straight," continued the Major. "Something to do with the monastery. He said to tell you that he'd got there; but, then, you know, he really hadn't. He seemed to think you would understand."

"Yes, I think I do," I answered, slowly.

The field telephone rang, and I lifted it from the hook.

"Harrison speaking," said a voice. "We're here. All O.K."

"Fine," I replied. "Good luck." I hung up the 'phone and turned to the Major. "Harrison's at the monastery," I explained. He nodded.

The Surgeon rambled off to his aid station; and I dropped back into my blankets. The candles flickered; the Colonel snored; the Sergeant was nodding again; the orderly drowsed on; the guns snarled spasmodically — I dozed off.

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Singing Towers

By van Tassel Sutphen

An expert and sympathetic exposition of the magic and also the mechanics of the ethereal symphonies which are among the gifts of the Low Countries to America

American interest in the art of the carillon — the bell considered as a musical instrument — is of comparatively recent date; suddenly, and for no very apparent reason, the country seems to have become carillon-minded. True, the "sweet church bell that peals o'er hill and dell" has always possessed assured ecclesiastical status, and our forefathers furnished the meeting-house with a bell just as inevitably as they put a lightning rod on the village lyceum. Obviously, the sacred edifice did not need to be protected against thunder storms, since the Deity could be trusted to take care of his own property (an assumption not always warranted by the observed facts); but the bell was a necessity, the audible announcement to the public that the hour of divine service had arrived. Then Mr. Ingersoll invented the dollar watch, and when everybody carried the time on his own person, the utilitarian value of the church bell suffered a rapid declension; there was a distinct economy in eliminating it altogether from the building programme.

A few of the more pretentious minsters boasted the possession of chimes, a small peal of eight or ten bells tuned to the diatonic scale, upon which hymn tunes could be played if one didn't mind the occasional intrusion of a whole tone, pinch-hitting for the chromatic note intended by the composer. The playing of such an imperfect instrument was naturally beneath the dignity of the regular organist, and so the performer was generally some gentle, pious amateur, painfully conscious that any mistake would be instantly made known to the entire town. At a few places, notably Trinity Church in New York City, the chimes were held in somewhat better esteem, and all orthodox Gothamites made an annual pilgrimage to Lower Broadway to hear the Old Year played out by the bells of Trinity; perhaps they still do. But it couldn't have been for the purpose of enjoying the music, for the crowd always made every effort to drown out the chimes by means of fishhorns, clappers, handgongs, and other noise-producing apparatus.

It was vaguely understood, however, that on the other side of the Atlantic one might hear bell music of

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quite another order. Travellers returning from Europe, and particularly from the Low Countries, brought back marvellous tales of the "singing towers" of Holland and Belgium — music from the skies, celestial harmonies that ravished one's very soul.

It was also true that other American visitors were not so appreciative; they complained of being kept awake at night by the incessant clangor of the bells. And these Philistine murmurs were not without reason, as anyone who chanced to occupy a front hotel room on the Place Verte in Antwerp in years gone by will be happy to testify. Every seven and a half minutes the cathedral chimes automatically burst out with some maddening little tune, and there was never sufficient silence to poultice effectually the blows of sound. Nowadays, I believe, the city authorities are more considerate, and the barrel mechanism is cut out at an early hour in the evening.

To the Metropolitan Methodist Church at Toronto, Canada, belongs the honor of possessing the first carillon to be installed on the American Continent. It consists of twenty-three bells, and was opened in April, 1922. The magnificent carillon of the Park Avenue (New York) Baptist Church, fifty-three bells, was erected in 1925, and for a time ranked as the largest in the world. It has since been duplicated in size by the carillon of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and exceeded by that at the Bird Sanctuary, Mountain Lake, Florida, of sixty-two bells. The noble instrument at the City Hall, Albany, New York, also contains sixty-two bells, and is the first municipal carillon in the United States. Other notable American installations include the carillons at St. Stephen's Church, Cohasset, Massachusetts, fifty-one bells; at the Church of Our Lady of Good Voyage, Gloucester, Massachusetts, thirty-one bells; at St. Peter's Church, Morristown, New Jersey, thirty-five bells; at Cleveland Tower, Princeton University, thirty-five bells; at Christ Church, Cranbrook, Michigan, thirty bells; at Trinity Methodist Church, Springfield, Massachusetts, sixty-one bells; at the First Presbyterian Church, Birmingham, Alabama, twenty-five bells; and at Mercersburg, Pennsylvania, Academy, forty-three bells. There are more than twenty-five carillons already erected in the United States and Canada, and it is not too daring a prophecy that in ten years there will be as many "singing towers" in the Western World as now exist in the Low Countries. The profession of carillon playing is a new and inviting field, and Frederick Rocke, of Morristown, New Jersey, a pupil of Anton Brees, is the first American musician to study in the school of the great Flemish masters.

The carillon and its associated art undoubtedly originated in the Netherlands, but the word itself is not in general use in the land of the "singing towers." In Holland the popular name of the instrument is *Klokkenspel* (literally, bell-play), while in Belgium it is *beiaard*. Carillon, at first *quatrillon*, is, of course, adopted from the French and comes, according to Littré, from the mediæval Latin, *quadrillionem*. Thus the word carillon derives from the four diatonic bells which made up the tintinnabulum of the Twelfth Century. More

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definitely, however, the instrument, as we now know it, had its inception in a mechanically operated set of small bells which in the Fifteenth Century became an essential installation in the municipal towers of the Low Countries. The automatic striking of these small bells just before the hour announced that the heavy bell was about to sound. Later on, this *voorslag*, or forestroke, was augmented by additional units, the full chromatic scale was gradually built up, and the playing device, a studded barrel akin to the cylinder of a toy music-box, was enlarged. Each quarter-hour had its appropriate musical phrase, and the hourly tunes lasted a full minute or more.

By this time the clavier, or manual keyboard, was coming into use for the operation of chromatically stringed instruments such as the harpsichord. It was quite natural that the new invention should be applied to the carillon, and with the addition of more bells and the greater weight of clappers, a pedal keyboard became necessary to supplement the manual. The operation of these old-fashioned claviers was a strenuous athletic performance. In the lower registers, at least, a smart blow from the clenched fist was required to depress the hand levers, and a fortissimo note on the tenor, or big, bell called for the full weight of the body on the pedal key. Modern claviers work on much better mechanical principles. By means of counterbalances the touch is materially lightened, and it is even possible to execute such virtuoso effects as a *triad tremolando* (a trill on three separate notes) with one hand. Such, in brief, has been the evolution of the majestic instrument of today.

Before the Twentieth Century very few carillons were in being outside of the Netherlands. Barbière, in *La Capitulation *** d'Anvers*, tells us that in the Sixteenth Century a set of fifty-nine bells was carried off from Brussels to Spain. "Thirty-two of them," he says, "formed a harmony like an organ, and could be played by means of a clavier." When John V of Portugal visited the Netherlands, about 1730, he was so delighted with the carillon music he heard there that he determined to have a set of bells for his palace at Mafra. It was guardedly suggested by the court treasurer that the cost was rather high. "I did not think it would be so cheap," replied this magnificent monarch. "I wish two sets." And these he got. Two carillons of forty-eight bells each, played by both keyboard and clockwork, may be heard today in the twin towers of the Mafra palace.

For all that, Holland and Belgium continued to possess a virtual monopoly of the "singing towers"; and the carillons at Utrecht, Delft, Antwerp, and Bruges became internationally famous. But, apparently, the rest of the world was content to come and listen, and, in all probability, the carillon would have remained a purely local musical asset had it not been for the decline in the Netherlands of the art of bell tuning. Up to the end of the Seventeenth Century the secret of tuning bells seems to have been an exclusive possession of the Dutch bell founders, and the product of the Hemony Brothers of Zutphen stood in particular repute. That their work was good is attested by the fact that a bell

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cast by them in 1664 was sent to England in 1925 to give the pitch for the modern carillon which Gillett and Johnson of Croydon were building for the cathedral of 's Hertogenbosch, Bois-le-Duc, Holland. Whatever may have been the secret of the great Dutch and Flemish founders, it appears to have died with them and the sceptre passed to English hands.

THE history of the modern carillon begins with the building of a small instrument for demonstration purposes by the Taylor bell foundry of Loughborough, England, in 1900. John Taylor and Company had been casting excellent church bells since the Seventeenth Century, and now they set to work in earnest to solve the difficult problem of "equal temperament" tuning. The old English method had been to chip away the metal at the sound-bow, a slow, tedious, and inaccurate process. The modern bell founder uses heavy boring machinery which gives very delicate and precise results. For it must be understood that a carillon bell possesses at least five audible tones — the fundamental or strike-note, the nominal (above), and the hum-note (below), these three being perfect octaves; also the tierce (minor third) and the quint (perfect fifth) between the strike-note and the nominal. All these tones must be in absolute consonance with one another; that is, a bell must be in tune with itself before it can be put into tonal agreement with another bell. The Dutch master-founders worked by rule-of-thumb aided by a dash of sheer genius. The modern English craftsmen utilize the resources of Twentieth Century physics, and their formulas are based upon immutable scientific fact. Tuning a carillon is a matter of supreme artistry, and a really fine instrument is as precious a possession as a violin by Stradivarius. Once in tune, however, a carillon remains so throughout all time.

AND now, what is a carillon and how does it differ from the ordinary set of bells which we call a chime? Well, it is the difference between a concert grand and a child's toy piano. The very largest peal or chime would contain twenty bells, tuned in the ordinary scale of C major (the white notes of the pianoforte keyboard) with, possibly, the addition of a few semi-tones. Upon such bells simple melodies may be played, or "changes" may be rung after the old English fashion, where a separate performer is assigned to each individual bell, the notes being struck in a prescribed order. Some of these changes, such as "Grandsire" or "Treble Bob", are held in great repute, but they are not, properly speaking, musical compositions.

A true carillon must have a minimum of twenty-five bells, or two chromatic octaves (both the white and black notes of the pianoforte). A really fine set will comprise from thirty-five to fifty-three or more bells, completely chromatic except for the omission of the first and second (or lowest two) half-tones. This is traditional and would seem to be a pure convention. But it has its practical side as well. The lowest or heaviest bells are by far the most expensive, and since it is possible to dispense with these two chromatic notes without materially impairing the tonal resources of the instrument, a considerable saving in money is effected. The bells are made of an alloy of cop-

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per and tin; in weight, they may range from the majestic 40,000 pounds of the big bell in the Bird Sanctuary Tower, Mountain Lake, Florida, to the nine-pound tinkler at the top of the scale of a full-sized carillon.

NORMALLY, the clavier cabin is located on the story below the belfry, directly under the structural iron framework from which the bells are suspended; and an open hatch conveys the sound to the performer at the keyboard. It should be understood that the bells themselves do not move but are struck by swinging clappers or bell-tongues. There is no damper action, the note continuing to vibrate until it dies away of itself.

As already stated, a carillon is played through the agency of a clavier. The hand and foot levers operate a wire tracker action, or transmission, which causes the clappers to impinge upon the inner sound-bow or tonal centre of the individual bells. This action is purely mechanical, since it is impossible to obtain delicate variations in dynamics and coloring by any known pneumatic or electrical system. The new instrument at Springfield, Massachusetts, may be played from the regular organ keyboard, but it has yet to be proved that really artistic results may be thus achieved.

A competent carilloneur plays with ease in two, four, and six parts. One would hardly expect to hear Czerny's velocity studies or a Paganini tarantelle at its maddest performed on the carillon; but such modern artists as Anton Brees, Kamiel Lefévere, and Gustaf Nees have acquired a truly amazing technique; they handle their gigantic mechanism as though it were nothing more than a cottage piano. And Josef Denyn of Malines (Mechelen) Cathedral! Excellent as are the performances of the younger men, no one can claim to have tasted the full flavor of carillon music until he has heard a recital by "Jef" Denyn, the master of them all.

Be it clearly understood, the carillon is *not* a pianoforte, and the bell tone is essentially different from that produced by all other musical instruments. Without going too deeply into technicalities it may yet be pointed out that in the bell the harmonics (overtones) are not only more pronounced but are also decidedly different from those characteristically inherent in the human voice, the French horn and the violin string. The most striking divergence lies in the prominence of the minor third harmonic; in all other instruments it is the major third which stands out. For this reason compositions in the minor keys are generally more effective; there is less audible interference.

SO MUCH for the carillon and the carilloneur; how about the listener — literally, the man-in-the-street?

Unquestionably, most people on hearing a carillon for the first time — perhaps many times — will have the uncomfortable feeling that the bells are not in perfect accord, in tune, as we say. Now a single bell in the scale may be tested by the most rigorous standards and found to be in accurate pitch. So for all the others. And yet when played in harmonic parts there is the sensation of "sweet bells jangled out of tune". Even professional musicians with presumably trained ears may be inwardly persuaded that things are not quite as they should be; and, if they are honest,

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they may even say so. How shall we account for this?

The undue prominence of the minor third harmonic has already been pointed out. Also, the progression of the overtones does not follow the mathematical order to which we are accustomed in the case of other instruments and of the human voice. Also, there are many more of these overtones in bells, particularly in the big ones. For example, the tenor or lowest bell of the Park Avenue carillon permits thirteen members of its harmonic series to be recognized. Our ears are simply not accustomed to these unusual and complicated ingredients of an instrumental tone, and we find difficulty in keeping in mind, so to speak, the fundamental note. Now in such an instrument as the flute, there is no such tax upon our auditory apparatus; the harmonics of a flute are so weak as to be negligible and the tone is virtually pure. But a pure tone is also a colorless or white tone — comparatively uninteresting. But a big carillon bell is an acoustic rainbow tinted in the most ravishing shades of sound.

REMEMBER, there is no damping action; therefore, unless the performer is both careful and skillful, we get interference and so discordance. The case is analogous to hearing a pianoforte played with the sustaining (loud) pedal held down all the time. The conclusion seems to be that while appreciation of carillon music is not exactly an acquired taste, it must still be a matter of education. And the process is simplicity itself; we must keep on listening. Or, as Theodore Thomas used to say to his complaining and even rebellious audiences: "You don't like Wagner (the carillon)? Then you must go on hearing Wagner (the carillon) until you do like him (it)!"

A carillon recital is obviously in the nature of a public performance; it is not only open to all ears, but as one self-pitying sufferer puts it: "You can't escape except by leaving town."

But there is another aspect of the question, and Richard C. Cabot of Boston voices it very cogently; he says in part:

> Here is an essentially public form of music; public because you can hear it without paying for the privilege; public because it cannot be enclosed within four walls but must travel across space to the ears of men who are merely passing by or doing their own work. But to hear music when one is doing something else is often to drink it in more effectually than if the mind is focussed upon a direct effort to listen. The lower layers of our consciousness are sometimes penetrated very deeply by impressions that steal upon it without any strain or intention on our part."

THIS IS excellent psychology, and it indicates how greatly the art of the carillon may serve in making musical culture an integral part of our common daily existence, thereby adding immensely to the joy of being alive. For where does true happiness lie if not in the continual widening of our spiritual horizons? Or let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter as summed up by a Flemish prose poet:

> It may be a matter of ancestral sentiment, but to me this colossal clang-tint of brass and silver is the strongest melody in life. For carillon music possesses the wondrous quality of being both loud and ethereal. The hymns seem to float, the anthems to hammer their way through the air like thunder. There is pliancy in this music of the bells, serenity, and yet force. At times, it is as though a company of gods, gliding by on a cloud, were inspiring man with the divine rhythm of their moods.

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The Swan Song of the Country Doctor

By A. F. van Bibber, M.D.

The greatly increased requirements of medical education, in time and money, and the development of specialism, threaten to make an end of the rural "family doctor"

It is one of the salient characteristics of the American People to do everything to excess. In the fervor and enthusiasm with which they go about a salutary reform they are prone to become intoxicated with their High Purpose and to lose their sense of proportion. This is unfortunate, because they are apt to go so far to the opposite extreme that they only substitute one set of evils for another. An aching tooth does not always require extraction.

Fifty years ago the standard of professional education required of physicians in the United States was disgracefully low. The matriculate entering most medical schools was not required to meet any standard of preliminary education at all. He was under the wing of his "preceptor", some practicing physician who personally decided whether or not the young man was fit material, and who took him into his office, very much as a mechanic took an apprentice, to learn his trade. The student waited on his preceptor and assisted him with his patients, gaining in this way much practical clinical training, the value of this, however, depending upon the interest the preceptor took in him and his gifts as a teacher. Meanwhile the young man attended two six-months' courses of lectures at the medical school. He was required to dissect, and he received more or less bedside instruction from the professors in the hospital wards. Examinations were oral and often somewhat perfunctory.

Thirty years ago, at the time when I studied medicine, decided progress had been made. The preceptorial system had been abandoned, although the matriculate was still required when he registered to give the name of his preceptor, which appeared after his own name in the catalogue. This, however, had ceased to mean anything; the student and the "preceptor" now rarely saw each other at all. The better class of medical schools by this time professed to demand of their matriculates a high school certificate "or its equivalent." In case a boy

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could show no evidence of preliminary education a very easy examination was set him. Unless he was illiterate he was pretty sure to be accepted. Competition between medical schools was quite keen in those days. Moreover, the normal course had grown from two six-months' terms of lectures to three; dissecting was required during the first two terms, and laboratory courses (rather sketchy, as a rule) in histology and pathology had generally been introduced. The better schools, of course, had hospital facilities, and this afforded opportunities for attendance on dispensaries, clinical lectures and demonstrations, and, for some fortunate students, actual work in the wards. There was usually out-clinic practice in obstetrics. Examinations were now written instead of oral, and, at least in the reputable colleges, were a real test of proficiency.

UNDOUBTEDLY there were too many medical schools, mostly private institutions without endowment, depending entirely for their maintenance on tuition fees. A group of young physicians, securing when they could the coöperation of one or more practitioners of eminence, would incorporate themselves as a new medical college. A complaisant Legislature would give its approval, and the new institution was in the market at once, offering a medical education, easy and cheap! The chief incentive moving the founders was, of course, the prestige of being "professors", with the incidental advertising to boost their private practice. And so small was the expense entailed in those days of didactic teaching that these casual medical schools often even showed a profit!

When I was a student there were actually seven medical schools in Baltimore! Johns Hopkins University had just opened one, which set a standard high above every other institution in this country. The old University of Maryland and the College of Physicians and Surgeons ranked with the better class of existing schools; so did the Woman's Medical College (in that day rather a scandalous innovation!); the others graded down from these.

An extremely important and valuable invention, the State Board Examination, had just been set up, and seemed to afford a rational solution to the problem of the medical ignoramus. All graduates must now run the gauntlet of examinations by a body of practitioners not connected with any school. This alone was capable of protecting the public.

In those days it was a common occurrence, taking place everywhere in the rural districts, for a farmer's son to develop an ambition to be a doctor. It was not too difficult nor too expensive an undertaking for any bright young fellow with an aptitude that way, and after three or four years (for he often obtained an invaluable appointment for a year as hospital interne) he returned to his native heath with his precious diploma, and another country doctor had started on his useful and laborious career.

AND remember, for it is an important point, the minimum standard did not, of course, restrict those who had the ambition, the means and the gifts to go higher. The long roll of learned, scientific and brilliant men who adorned the profession during all the period while the requirements were so low is proof enough that those who

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wanted it could even then acquire in this country a professional equipment nowhere to be excelled.

But what happened? The idea that our standard was too low in medical education had found a firm lodgment among the leaders of the profession, and, with more zeal than discrimination, they set out to correct this discreditable condition. Year by year they boosted the requirements. The Rockefeller Foundation took up the reform, and all over the country medical schools succumbed. First the "diploma mills" perished; this was certainly a good riddance! then schools a little higher in the scale; then better ones still, finding it impossible to measure up to the stiffer standards, either "merged" with some stronger institution or simply shut up shop and quit. To be exact, the number of medical schools in the United States has been reduced from one hundred and sixty to sixty-nine.

At the same time, of course, the boy with an ambition to study medicine was steadily finding the road longer and thornier. Finally we reached the top of the long ascent: four years in college for the requisite A.B., four years in medical school for the M.D. degree; and *then* a year or two of service as interne in a hospital — from eight to ten years after finishing high school before a man was allowed to hang out a shingle and begin to wait for a practice!

It is asking a sizable price for the honor of serving humanity, the ten best years of a young man's life and probably twelve thousand dollars. Not every farmer's boy can meet the terms, whatever his determination. Few of them will even consider it now-a-days; there are too many more profitable and far less expensive careers to choose from.

The reformers had European standards before their eyes. But in Europe social and economic conditions are very different. For one thing, an immense prestige goes with the degree of Doctor over there. The son of a merchant in Germany, for example, who succeeds finally in achieving this crown of honor has won a prize that richly repays him for all the years and all the toil and privation it has cost him. He is "Herr Doktor" now, and has ascended far above his native condition. On the other hand, money is both more difficult to acquire than here and less honorable. Among us a physician enjoys no social advantage over the merchant, for example; on the contrary, since the latter is likely to be much richer, with a more expensive automobile, he will probably take precedence.

The result of all this might have been expected: fewer men study medicine. Several years ago, while waiting for a surgeon at the University of Maryland, my *alma mater*, I decided to put in the time by listening to a lecture on obstetrics, so I crossed the street and entered the old familiar hall. In my student days a lecture on this, one of the essential courses for the general practitioner, would fill that hall to the last seat. I found the first three or four tiers of chairs occupied; all above was vacancy! And mark this: instead of being only one school in seven as it was thirty years ago (two of the others were quite as large), it is now *one of two;* the other being Johns Hopkins, which limits itself to fifty students a year.

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Is it any wonder that country doctors are no longer being recruited?

Enough men (and women) are being graduated today, probably, to keep the ranks of the specialists filled. The honor to be gained in the profession is to be gained by specialists, and beyond all doubt the money to be gained all goes to them! The more they specialize the greater the reward. The profession has not been slow to notice this law, and the results grow ever more astonishing. One can sympathize with the lady who asked a doctor who was being introduced, where he practiced? "I am a Naval Surgeon, Madam," he replied. "How you doctors do specialize now-a-days!" was her not unnatural exclamation.

I HAVE before me a memorial addressed to the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association by the National Grange, petitioning the governing body of the profession to find some means to relieve the alarming and growing "scarcity of country doctors". They quote some highly significant statistics. According to a survey made for the General Education Board there were in 1906 approximately 33,000 physicians in places of 1,000 inhabitants or less, and in 1924 this number had been reduced to 27,000, a loss of 6,000 rural physicians in eighteen years. More recent investigation shows that almost one-third of the towns of 1,000 or less throughout the United States which had physicians in 1914 had none in 1925. The *average age* of rural doctors throughout the country in 1925 was *fifty-two years!* Since the average age at death of American physicians is sixty-two years, it will be seen at a glance that the present generation of country doctors will have practically disappeared in another ten years.

"With this situation staring us in the face," continues the National Grange, "it is ominous, to say the least, that only a very small percentage of the medical doctors graduated during the past ten years have taken up the practice of their profession in the rural districts. Careful inquiry reveals the fact that there are literally scores of rural counties in the United States where not a single doctor receiving his degree during the past ten years has settled."

Meanwhile, the Commission on Medical Education reports that with our present medical school capacity, the graduates averaging twenty-seven years of age, the total number of physicians in practice in the United States is actually decreasing. It is estimated that their number will not again reach the present roll of 130,000 until 1965. In the mean time the population of the country will have increased from 115,000,000 to 164,000,000.

ONE of the committees at the last annual convention of the American Medical Association, held at Washington, deplores the discovery that "the medical profession does not attract so many qualified young men and women as formerly". This may astonish the committee, but some of us old fellows back in the country think we could tell them the reason! And we could also explain the cause for "the dangerous concentration of doctors in cities, leaving the rural communities without adequate medical service".

Dr. William Allen Pusey, a former President of the American Medical Association, stated the case accurately and succinctly: "If the poor boy," he

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says, "who is used to the simple life and to effort rewarded only by the simpler luxuries cannot enter medicine, who *is* going to do the ordinary work of medicine in the city or in the country? The man who can live without productive labor until he is twenty-five or thirty years old, who can spend eight or ten thousand dollars on his higher education, is not looking for an ordinary practice among ordinary people in the cities, *or for any practice in the country!*"

It is not fair to blame the graduates of today for their choice of an urban career. Bear in mind, first, what they have invested, of time and money both, in their license to practice; second, the fact that their diminishing numbers, the populations of the cities in the mean time increasing enormously, seem to assure them all a good prospect of pleasant and profitable careers in an ideal environment, convenient to hospitals, clinics, libraries, laboratories and professional societies, with the most eminent consultants always available and the stimulating association with able colleagues. From the point of view of the man of scientific ambition as well as that of the selfish mercenary there is simply no possible hesitation as between the career of a plain family doctor in the country, alone, poorly and irregularly paid, thrown daily on his own resources in face of the gravest emergencies, traveling over miles and miles of dusty, muddy or snow-banked roads, day and night, rarely able to escape from his responsibilities for more than a day at a time; and the highly lucrative as well as profoundly interesting pursuit of one of the medical or surgical specialties in the city, with always the chance of achieving fame and distinction and of adding to the sum of our knowledge. To state the problem is to answer it, because doctors are human beings.

Incidentally, there is another serious aspect to the situation that has been so triumphantly achieved by our reformers of medical education. Not only has the rural population been deprived of competent, practical doctors, but the profession at large is likely to be deprived of some of its leaders in the future. The story of a friend of mine will illustrate what I mean. Today he is one of the three or four outstanding men in his specialty, which is one of the most recondite as well as one of the most important departments of surgery. He does a great deal of original research and blazes the path that others follow. Thirty-odd years ago he was one of a large family, so poor that he was obliged to leave school and go to work when about twelve years old. He was meant to be what he is, and so he entered one of the easy-going medical schools of twenty-five years ago and was graduated M.D. at the age of twenty-one. While serving as interne in a hospital he took advantage of his absurdly youthful appearance to enter a boys' preparatory school, carefully concealing, of course, the fact that he was a doctor! Next, he made arrangements with an obliging college to read for a degree, largely *in absentia*, with the help of a tutor, and so, several years after receiving his doctorate, he was awarded his A.B.! Now, what chance would such a boy, in his situation, stand to enter the medical profession today? And he

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represents the kind of material we can ill afford to lose!

WELL, what are we going to do about it? I find myself enjoying the melancholy satisfaction of the justified prophet of evil, for I foresaw the present situation a good many years ago.

The crisis would have arrived long ere this but for two mitigating circumstances that have been developing during the past twenty years, the automobile and improved roads. These modern blessings have enabled us, the active country doctors, to cover far more ground than ever before, and so to close up the ranks as our older colleagues died or retired. But, of course, there is a limit to this process, and it has now been reached. Consequently the gaps that go on occurring must now remain unfilled. So, is there any feasible remedy? Frankly, I can see very little prospect for relief. The National Grange proposes the obvious and rational measure of relaxing somewhat the present rigid standard of medical education. The trouble with this plan is that "revolutions do not go backward", and reformers never admit they were wrong.

I HAVE as little hope of seeing the bars to the medical profession let down as I have of seeing the Eighteenth Amendment repealed! Something more or less Socialistic is far more likely to be developed: young men educated in medicine at the public expense, perhaps, with the duty required of them that they practice for a stipulated period in the country. Perhaps a medical bureaucracy, supported by the groaning taxpayer, will cover the land with medical centres, doctors and nurses supplied. One thing *is* sure, some solution will have to be found, for the agricultural population cannot and will not carry on without any medical care; and when the farmer quits there will ensue an epidemic disease that not even the Specialists can cope with — Starvation.

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Classics and Counting-Rooms

By Lawrence F. Abbott

The Bimillennium Virgilianum suggests to a thoughtful observer the possibility that "them dam lit'ry fellers" may win the practical success as well as the highest joys of life

A man who has exercised enough influence on humanity and civilization to have his two thousandth birthday celebrated is *some* person. That is what is going to happen in 1930 to Publius Virgilius Maro, widely and, I fear, unfavorably known to "prep school" boys and candidates for college board examinations as Virgil, author of the *Æneid*, the *Georgics*, and the *Bucolics*. Virgil was born on a farm near the little Italian village of Mantua in 70 B.C. His father was obscure and humble. Some critics think he was merely a farm laborer; others, that he had some skill as an artisan in pottery. He had himself no education, but did have the good sense to give his son, Virgil, the best education that the times provided. Combined with native genius, this education made the son one of the great poets of the world and "his influence on European literature," says a recent authority, "has played a part second only to that of the Bible." Tennyson (if one may venture to quote so mid-Victorian an authority) said that the hexameter verse in which Virgil wrote all his three great poems is

"The stateliest measure ever
molded by the lips of man."

Shakespeare (or whoever wrote the plays bearing his name) was saturated with the legends and the mythology of the *Æneid*, and Bacon, Dryden, Cowper, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold have all acknowledged their debt to him. The American Classical League is now preparing plans for a unique literary celebration in 1930, which it appropriately calls the *Bimillennium Virgilianum*.

This interesting event raises a question as to the status of the so-called Classics in the American scheme of education. Does some acquaintance with Greek and Latin contribute to a man's practical efficiency, or is it a mere pleasant accomplishment like playing the flute or making trick shots at golf like Joe Kirkwood? The purpose of this paper is to consider this interesting if not important query.

An uncle of mine, long since dead, used to tell with glee a story of his undergraduate days at New York University in the middle of the last century. A freshman, who was still in

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the compulsory stage of his academic course, was talking with a senior who had reached the optional period of education, and to whom the greener student looked up with that respectful awe which is proverbially characteristic of the attitude of freshmen towards seniors. The conversation ran something like this:

FRESHMAN [*timidly*] — Didn't you find Greek hard, Mr. Jones?

SENIOR [*pompously*] — No, I don't recall that it was very hard.

FRESHMAN [*in astonishment and with nightmare visions of his grammar and lexicon*] — What! You didn't find Greek hard?

SENIOR [*with an air of sudden recollection*] — Oh, you mean that language with the funny little crooked letters in it? Yes, that was devilish hard!

Such was a not uncommon attitude of the American undergraduate in the days when the study of Latin and Greek was compulsory in our colleges. But today the situation is even worse. I should not dare to say how many seniors there are in American schools of so-called Liberal Arts in this year of Our Lord whose acquaintance with Greek is so limited that they are not even aware that it is made up of "funny little crooked letters".

NO MAN in the early part of the Nineteenth Century could go through Yale or Harvard or Princeton or Dartmouth or Amherst or Williams or Hamilton without some idea of Greek and Latin literature. And there were intellectual giants in those days. May I be excused for wondering who now stands in the shoes of Daniel Webster, or Rufus Choate ("whose aptitude for classical and historical studies characterized him through life"), or Emerson, or James Russell Lowell, or the brothers Hoar (the Senator, Frisbie, and the Judge, Ebenezer), or the first Charles Francis Adams — or, for that matter, the second Charles Francis Adams and his brother Henry? To be sure, they did not invent electric lights, or radios or aëroplanes, or synthetic foods; nor did they produce five thousand automobiles a day or merge banks with assets running into the billions. Neither did Homer or Virgil. But nevertheless Homer and Virgil contributed some immortal joy to life.

I DO not wish to be misunderstood nor to appear pharisaical. I would instantly give up my regrettably limited acquaintance with Homer and Virgil rather than sacrifice my telephone, my electric lamp or my daily newspaper with its cable and wireless messages from all parts of the world. I have no desire to exchange the limited transcontinental train for the stage-coach or my automobile for a saddle-horse. George Stephenson, Eli Whitney, Elias Howe, Henry Ford and Thomas Edison are no less public benefactors than Plato, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Montaigne or Cervantes. Their gifts to civilization have too often been ignored or insufficiently recognized by literary historians. Nevertheless, the present danger to American culture and American education is idolatry of utilitarian science and a neglect of the noble and immortal deities of literature, both classic and modern. Mark Pattison, the delightfully ironical Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, in the '60's, — who once satirically advised one of his pupils to "vote with the Whigs but dine with the Tories", — makes this biting comment in an essay on Macaulay:

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The world as it is was good enough for him. The glories of wealth, rank, honours, literary fame, the elements of vulgar happiness, made up his ideal of life. A successful man himself, every personage and every cause is judged by its success. "The brilliant Macaulay," says Emerson, "who expresses the tone of the English governing classes of the day, explicitly teaches that 'good' means good to eat, good to wear, material commodity." Macaulay is in accord with the average sentiment of orthodox and stereotyped humanity on the relative values of the objects and motives of human endeavor. And this commonplace materialism is one of the secrets of his popularity.

THERE is no adjective that makes an American madder, when applied to him personally, than "vulgar". But Pattison, a finished stylist in the exact use of language, employs the word "vulgar" in its original Latin sense of common, customary, usual, not in its secondary meaning of bad mannered, ill bred, offensive. Without food, clothing, material commodity, of course, there can be little or no physical comfort, and physical comfort, if not the foundation, is at least one of the cornerstones of happiness. Nevertheless, the question may fairly be asked whether the tendency in American life today is not to make physical comfort the sole element of happiness; whether the vulgar aim of American education is not to turn out men who can produce good things to wear and good things to eat; whether the leaders in higher education ought not to combat this commonplace materialism by encouraging a return to a knowledge and enjoyment of the Classics.

In such a combat they will have to fight not only the *vulgus* but some who ought to be their own allies. There is at hand a striking case in point. In a recent and readable biography of Sir Robert Peel, one of the great ones among English statesmen, the author, a female Ph.D. of the University of Edinburgh (the adjective "female" is objectionable, I admit, but I do not know how otherwise to define her), reveals the supercilious attitude of a certain (and regrettably large) school of education toward what is called classical culture. Peel went to Harrow and Oxford. When he was entering political life at the age of twenty-one his Harrow headmaster in a letter of advice urged him to pursue daily his reading of Homer: "Elevate your mind," wrote this good old teacher, "by the continued meditation of the vastness of his [Homer's] comprehension and the unerring accuracy of all his conceptions." Commenting upon this advice Peel's biographer (Miss A. A. W. Ramsay, Ph.D.) remarks that "obviously to Dr. Jackson requisite qualifications for a young man entering political life . . . might be attained . . . by reading, five times in the year, a romantic epic written in a foreign language three thousand years before . . . In justice to Peel I must state that I have never found any indication that he followed his master's advice."

HERE we have what William James called "the Ph.D. Octopus" reaching out its tentacles to strangle classical education. Miss Ramsay implies, if she does not assert, that any man who wastes his time over romantic ancient literature written not merely in "funny little crooked letters" but even in a foreign tongue, unfits himself for a practical, administrative, creative career. Well, let us, by considering a few examples, inquire into the soundness of Dr. Ramsay's contention.

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Gladstone was a "double first" at Oxford. That is, he had the rare distinction of taking highest honors both in the Classics and in Mathematics. Some of the intellectual labor this involved is thus set forth by one of his biographers, G. W. E. Russell:

> The course of study necessary at this time for classical honours was comprehensive, and the method of examination searching. A man who aimed at a first-class would "take in" a list comprising from twelve to twenty books, which he was supposed to have mastered very completely, so as to be prepared to bear a pretty close examination in their subjects and language. These might be Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, part of Aristophanes, Herodotus, Thucydides, perhaps Polybius, Vergil, Horace, perhaps Lucretius, portions of Livy and Tacitus, Aristotle's *Ethics*, *Politics*, and *Rhetoric*, perhaps *The Republic* of Plato or two of the shorter dialogues, and Butler's *Analogy* or *Sermons*. The actual examination on paper would be something of this kind: First day, Logic; and translation from English into Latin. Second, English Essay; translation from Greek into English. Third, Latin Essay; translation from English into Greek. Fourth, questions on Aristotle and Plato; Greek History, text, substance, critical questions. Fifth, questions on Butler and Ethics; Latin History. Then came the *vivâ voce* by one after another of the four examiners, who "heckled" the candidate as much as they thought fit in all his books and subjects. This, with good examiners and good candidates, was a very interesting process, as minute knowledge, as well as intelligence and general views, came into play. The Divinity came in at the *vivâ voce*. The candidate was supposed to be at home in the Four Gospels; he ought to know something of St. Paul, and he was expected to have a close knowledge of the language and general meaning of the Thirty-nine Articles. If he "took in" Butler, questions might arise out of that. Metaphysic was not formally recognized; but he might in his Logic expect questions from Aristotle's *Organon*, and other philosophical treatises; and his study of Logic was supposed to have given him some acquaintance with such subjects. The examination was designed to try, not a man's general cleverness or even knowledge, but his power of mastering books intelligently and usefully; to test the way in which he had employed himself in reading during his three years at Oxford. Many brilliant men failed in it for want of knowledge; but it was also a trial of a man's intellectual power generally, as well as of his observation and memory. It was meant to enforce thoroughness of work, not to give honour to cleverness.

This course of study did not turn Gladstone into a pale-faced ascetic, for he was "not averse to hospitality in the way of suppers and wine parties", enjoyed grouse-shooting, was a good horseman, and had a physique that enabled him to do sixteen hours of work a day in middle age and to swing a wicked axe in the woods of Hawarden even in old age. Not content with Greek and Latin, Gladstone went to Italy on leaving Oxford and became proficient in writing and speaking the language of that country. His love of the Classics stayed by him all through life, and when eighty-five years of age he published a poetical translation of the *Odes* of Horace. All this classical and literary scholarship did not prevent his being a first rate man of business and an expert financier. He was the foremost Chancellor of the Exchequer — or, as we should say, Secretary of the Treasury — that England has produced.

GLADSTONE was not the only classical scholar among the English Prime Ministers. Of the thirty-six Premiers covering the period of two hundred years from Walpole to Lloyd-George, thirty were graduates of either Oxford or Cambridge and had to know something of Latin and Greek to get their university degrees. Among them Lord Stanley, the fourteenth Earl of Derby, came next to Gladstone as a Classicist. He administered very large

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and important business interests, maintained a famous racing stable which in twenty-two years won for him a half million dollars in stakes, was a distinguished parlimentarian, and at sixty-five years of age produced a metrical translation of the *Iliad* which is still considered one of the excellent English versions of that great epic.

IT THUS appears that classical learning does not destroy the capacity for business and finance. It is possible that Mr. Andrew Mellon, admittedly one of our great financial economists, is a classical scholar. But classics or no classics, he is not richer than the Earl of Derby or a greater financier than Gladstone. Perhaps it is not generally known that we have in the United States a "big business" man who is also a classical scholar, in the person of Mr. Fairfax Harrison, president of the great Southern Railway system. Mr. Harrison is an accomplished Latinist and in a most interesting fashion has translated Varro's useful book on agriculture, *De Re Rustica*, together with Cato's treatise on agriculture, an achievement which this successful railway president does not mention in his modest autobiographical notes in *Who's Who* — perhaps out of deference to the well known American prejudice that a knowledge of Latin interferes with money-making. As long, however, as Mr. Harrison keeps Southern Railway stock at 150⅞ or better (the New York Stock Exchange quotation at the present writing) he can safely indulge in all the Latin he likes, and perhaps even a little Greek.

The late John Sharp Williams, Senator from Mississippi, was known in Congress as an accomplished Latinist. Cultural education seemed to him so desirable that after his course at the University of Virginia he went to Germany and pursued his studies at Heidelberg. While in the Senate he was "regarded by many as the ablest political philosopher" in that body. His genuine love of classical literature did not interfere with his success as a practical man of affairs; possibly it even promoted that success.

Walter Hines Page, one of the wisest and finest Ambassadors ever sent by the United States to England, was a serious Greek scholar and became a Fellow in Greek at Johns Hopkins under Gildersleeve with the purpose of fitting himself to be a college professor of the language and literature of the ancient Athenians. But what he was really interested in was life and literature, not prosody and philology. And when he was asked to make a meticulous study of the history and uses of the adverb πρίν he gave up in disgust, asserting, however, his belief that "without a home feeling in Greek literature no man can lay claim to high culture". This was not mere theory with him for "he acquired," says his biographer, "a living knowledge of Greek that was one of his choicest possessions through life."

IN SUCH a paper as this I should not, during the late political campaign, have thought of mentioning above a whisper the name of Herbert Hoover. But now that he has successfully passed the test of November 6 (a date as ominous for a Presidential candidate as the Ides of March for Cæsar), and is no longer a mere party candidate but the American President-elect, it is not inappropriate to

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point out that he is an illustrious example of the harmonious combination of science and the classics in a scheme of cultural training. Of Mr. Hoover's scientific attainments everybody is aware. Not so many of his fellow citizens, however, know that fifteen or sixteen years ago he and Mrs. Hoover translated Agricola's Latin treatise on mining, entitled *De Re Metallica*. The author was a German scientist of the Fifteenth Century named Georg Bauer, who punningly assumed the pen-name of Agricola and wrote in the language of the ancient Romans in accordance with the prevailing custom of scholars of his time. To be sure, Agricola's treatise was not written in the "crooked little letters" of the Greeks, but it was written in the crooked style of mediæval Latin, the hardest kind of Latin to translate, which makes Mr. Hoover's classical feat all the more notable. This is certainly effective evidence that classical interests are not necessarily a bar to a man's vocational, scientific, financial or political success.

PROBABLY the most outstanding instance in American life of the successful combination of classical culture with administrative ability is found in the person of Thomas Jefferson. In 1824 Jefferson, as Rector of the University of Virginia, which he had just founded, laid down the policy of that institution with regard to classical literature:

> No diploma shall be given to anyone who has not passed such an examination of the Latin language as shall have proved him able to read the highest Classics in that language with ease, thorough understanding and just quantity; and if he be also proficient in the Greek let that also be stated in the diploma; the intention being that the reputation of the University shall not be committed but to those who, to an eminence in one or more of the sciences taught in it, add a proficiency in these languages which constitute the basis of good education and are indispensable to fill up the character of a "well educated man".

Jefferson's appreciation of the Classics, and his ability to quote in the original from such works as the *Iliad* and the poems of Anacreon, did not interfere with his being a shrewd and practical politician, a distinguished and money-making lawyer, an excellent farmer and horse-breeder, and one of the best of American architects and builders.

THE chief objection to classical studies is that they rob the student of time which ought to be devoted to the acquirement of scientific facts. This is the age of science, it is said, and the limited number of years that the average man can give to his education are too few as it is for his scientific training. He cannot afford to waste any of his precious time on "romantic epics written in a foreign language three thousand years ago". This was not the view of one of the greatest scientists of modern times. Pasteur, who was, in the opinion of Sir William Osler, "the most perfect man who ever entered the Kingdom of Science," had, says his son-in-law, Vallery-Radot, "the highest regard for the influence of literature in education." He was a frequenter of the literary lectures of Sainte Beuve, and late in life he wrote to a Parisian friend, a well known man of letters: "The brain alone is able to deal with the exactions of Science; but the soul [*cœur*] and the brain are allied in Literature, which explains the se-

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cret of the superiority of Literature in leading the march of civilization." Let me interpose that if Literature is to perform this function in civilization, it must be taught in the literary rather than the scientific spirit. If the *Odyssey* is to be used merely as a laboratory for the dissection and analysis of the adverb πρίν, then I gladly take my stand with the Anti-Classicists.

HERE lies the ground for the only just criticism of Greek and Latin literature in a scheme of liberal education. The scientific, philological, grammarian method kills the interest of nine-tenths of the undergraduates in secondary schools and colleges. It is only as vehicles of literary art that the classic authors appeal to the average student, and only thus can they contribute to the liberal culture of society in general. This appears to be the point of view of Oxford — an attitude which has given that queen of universities a profound influence upon British statesmanship.

If the chief aim of life, and therefore the basic purpose of education, is mass production of automobiles, a bullish stock market, high pressure salesmanship, and enormous bank clearings, then the Oxford type of education is useless. But if the object of life is happiness, — mental, moral and physical happiness; the happiness that comes from a joyous appreciation of truth and beauty in nature and the fine arts, — then there is no education which will fit one for life unless it has a cultural background which includes some knowledge of the Classics. For no one has yet improved upon Matthew Arnold's definition of that much abused word, "culture". "Culture," said Arnold, "consists in an acquaintance with the best that has been thought and said in the world and thus with the history of the human spirit."

NOT long ago in an address to the members of the Century Club of New York, Elihu Root, at that time the Century's honored president, quoted with approval a motto which he once saw over the door of an old-fashioned banking house in Holland: *L'âge d'or est l'âge où l'or ne régnait pas*. In the same spirit it might be said that any age of education is golden in which the money value of knowledge is not the dominating motive of either student or teacher. He who reads, even in the Loeb translations (which, I regret to confess, furnish almost the sum and substance of my classical education) the story of the adventures of Odysseus which that great wanderer related to the Phæacians; or the witty and thoroughly modern satire embodied by Theocritus in the dialogue between the two ladies of Alexandria at a street parade and festival; or Pliny's thrilling account of the earthquake and eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Pompeii; or the humorous debate, recorded by Lucian, between Solon and Anacharsis on the follies and virtues of athletics; or Virgil's romance of Dido and Æneas and their "love nest" (as a typical Hearst reporter might describe it if he should ever hear of it); — such a reader gets all the pleasure that can be extracted from a modern "best-seller" without the post-perusal suspicion that he may have been wasting time that might have been more profitably employed in the stock market. For one of the great charms of classical literature is that one is never tempted to measure its value in dollars and cents.

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The Widow's Mite

By George S. Brooks

An "o'er true tale," save for names and some non-essential details, of the futile efforts of a gang of grafters to recover their carefully hidden loot

Michael Conroy came to the restaurant, where he had agreed to meet me for dinner. He was in a very bad humor.

"A client," he explained, as he checked his hat and coat, and accounted for his show of temper. "A client asked me, *me*, if I could furnish references."

"You can give him some of the best names in the country. . . ."

"I'm the one who should ask for references," Conroy interrupted me. "Listen. The worst private detective in the world isn't as bad as his own clients. You don't believe that? Listen. I've been hired by people so crooked that they'd try to run away from me every time I went in to make a report to them. It's a fact."

The waiter served two Bacardi cocktails in coffee cups.

"Here's to Mabel Willebrandt, God . . . . bless her! And the 'noble experiment'." Conroy muttered his favorite toast as he tossed the cocktail down. "He asked me, *me*, for references. I told him that if he wanted me to take his case, he'd have to put up a bond."

Conroy is justly proud of his record for honesty. Concealed somewhere, he has a code of ethics which, while it might not be comprehensive to another, determines his course of action. Certain things he will do for a client; other things he will not consider, regardless of possible remuneration. I have known him to commit burglary for a client, but never to perjure himself. Perhaps, since he is an ex-policeman, he sticks to the ordinary cop's code; with a sneaking respect for a crime of violence, an outspoken admiration for genuine smartness, and a profound contempt for all "sure-thing" grafters, who seek to win without putting themselves in jeopardy.

However, this evening, roast young guinea fowl under glass, preceded by Cape May oysters and onion soup *au gratin*, followed by endive salad and good Brie cheese and coffee, lulled to rest the indignation of the sixty-year old detective. He loves good food. He grinned as he sipped his coffee.

"You think I'm kidding about the clients I've had," he observed. "It's true. Every word of it. When people are so crooked that they don't dare go near the police or the district attorney, they call in a private detective."

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Michael Conroy carefully broke, between his thumb and forefinger, the sealed end of his cigar. He had too much respect for imported tobacco to bite or cut off the end. He lighted the *perfecto*, made sure it was drawing evenly, and settled back in his chair.

"I had a job once," he began; "you can draw your own conclusions about the city it was in. Call it Boston, Baltimore, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Kansas City or Cleveland. It wasn't New York. They'd have worked the racket differently here. Not that they're any honester. . . ."

Michael Conroy laughed at the thought.

"Say," he demanded, suddenly, "What would you do, if the Mayor of a big city sent for you and told you to find 622 thousand-dollar bills?"

"I don't know."

"Neither did I," laughed Conroy.

* * *

WHEN Conroy was ushered into the private suite in the City Hall, it was his first impression that he would like the Mayor.

Mayor Parker was suave, attractive, a good fellow. He radiated friendliness and easy-going generosity. Perhaps that was the reason he had been elected.

"Help yourself to a drink, Mr. Conroy," began the Mayor. "Scotch, rye or brandy. Can't use it myself during office hours. A lot of these damn bigots come in here, twice a day, just to smell my breath. So, if you don't mind, I'll take mineral water."

There was a bluff heartiness about it that almost fooled Conroy. Mayor Parker could pose as a liberal and honest executive; in fact, he did pose successfully as such for nearly two terms. Conroy warmed to the man.

"For various reasons, Mr. Conroy," the Mayor continued, "it is necessary for me to employ some trained investigator from out of town. I haven't a man in this whole city administration whom I can trust with this job. I am told that I can trust you; both to do your work and to keep your mouth shut about it, afterward."

Conroy bowed.

"There's been a theft of city funds," the Mayor continued. "We are sure, in fact, we know, the money has not been spent. We've got to put the money back before our December thirty-first audit. We're hiring you to find the money."

"How much?" asked Conroy.

"Six hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars," said the Mayor prayerfully, as if any sum over a half-million were sacred. "It happens to be all in thousand-dollar bills."

TO THIS point, the Mayor's story had been straightforward and direct. He might have been an honest man, trying to insure restitution to the City Government. He claimed he was trying to save an erring official from a jail sentence. But, when Conroy pressed him for details of the defalcation, he became strangely vague.

"Where would a man, an ordinary man, hide any such sum of money?" asked the Mayor.

"It would depend on the man," Conroy replied. "Some men would hustle off to a race track, and get the bills changed on pari-mutuel machines, so the bills couldn't be traced. Your wise sport would do that."

"This man who took it wouldn't do that."

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"Some men would deposit it in a bank," continued Conroy.

"This wasn't deposited," the Mayor assured him. "We know that."

"Well, a certain type of man would even bury it in his cellar floor."

The Mayor shook his head, as if this suggestion were as futile as the previous ones.

THE Mayor neither accounted for the primary loss of the money, nor gave any adequate description of the thief. "The money," he insisted, "was taken from a city department emergency fund. It was taken in thousand dollar bills. We've got to have it back."

"Well, who had access to it?" Conroy asked.

"You don't have to know that," the Mayor retorted, with some heat.

"How the devil," Conroy returned, "can I find the money, if I don't know who took it? And how am I going to find out who took it, if I don't know who had access to it?"

The Mayor hesitated.

"I may as well go home," Conroy added, "unless you tell me that. Nobody would hide that amount of currency under a statue in the park."

For some minutes, Mayor Parker was silent. He seemed to be reflecting; either deciding how little he should tell, or quietly determining to make a clean exposition of the whole affair. At length he cleared his throat:

"This is painful to me, Mr. Conroy. It's very painful. But I can see that, if you are to work intelligently, you'll have to know the facts, sooner or later." He paused and swallowed. "Only two men could have taken that money. Every other possible leak has been checked. It was either — Mr. Conroy, give me your word again that this confidence will go no further."

"You can either trust me or not. That's up to you."

CONROY'S gruffness seemed to win the man's respect, even more than solemn protestations would have done.

"Mr. Conroy, either I took the money myself," he smiled, a sort of sickly smile, "in which case I'd scarcely be hiring you to find it for me; I repeat, either I took it myself, or my brother did."

"Then your brother took it?"

The Mayor nodded.

"And you want me to get it back?"

"Hold on, there," Mayor Parker interrupted. "I want to tell you about my brother."

"You needn't." Conroy reached for his hat. "Since your brother did this to you, you'd be the worst witness in the world, for or against him. I'll find out about your brother from someone else."

"But I want to tell you about him . . ."

"If you really knew about him, how to handle him," Conroy said, emphatically, "you could get the money back, yourself, without calling on me."

"That's just it." Mayor Parker leaned forward. "My brother's dead. Died suddenly, about a month ago. If he'd lived, there would have been no trouble. I could have recovered every dollar. But he died. And the knowledge of the place where he hid the money died with him."

"He hadn't spent it?"

The Mayor shook his head.

"It didn't show up in his estate?"

Again the Mayor gave an emphatic negative sign.

"In fact, Mr. Conroy, I'll stake my life that the money was never touched,

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after it was taken and hidden. My sister-in-law knew nothing of the money and she was made administratrix of his estate. No, sir. He hadn't spent it, or speculated with it, or deposited it in a bank. He merely took it, hid it, and now it's gone."

WHEN Conroy returned to his room at the hotel, he reflected that the Mayor had lied in part. That was obvious. In spite of his denials, the Mayor must have known when the dead brother abstracted the money. Moreover, it must have been a carefully planned theft. Few banks carry six hundred thousand-dollar notes for emergency, overnight withdrawals. It was not believable that any such sum had ever been locked in a city vault. Even tax money would have been in small bills, and each tax collection day the money would have been deposited to earn interest.

So Conroy went quietly and systematically about the business of tracing the lives of Mayor James Stanwood Parker and his brother, Doctor Edward Parker, deceased.

The two men had been born and had lived their lives in the older residential section. James, the elder of the brothers, had become Mayor. The younger brother had been a dentist, with a comfortable practice. Everyone to whom Conroy talked knew them both. No one could tell him much vital news of either.

One of the curious facts about detective work is the paucity of real information obtainable about the life and habits and associates and tastes of any ordinary man or woman, who is known to hundreds.

At least fifty times, Conroy ran into the stone wall statement, "Why, sure, I'll tell you all about the Parker boys. I've known them all my life. Jim's the older one, he's our Mayor. The younger one's name was Ed. He died a little while ago. He was a dentist."

But further questioning would not reveal an additional fact. Both brothers had been too conventional to attract any attention. They had lived apparently colorless lives, in humdrum middle class surroundings. And, in the end, the sum total of the detective's knowledge was zero.

"Ed was quieter'n Jim. Never dabbled in politics, like Jim did. Didn't like politics, I guess." This, heard on every side, scarcely pointed to a man who had conspired to steal from the city.

TWO weeks passed. Conroy had found nothing that would account for a six hundred thousand-dollar steal. The Mayor lived well within his income from his law office and his official salary. The Mayor was secretly stingy, it was hinted. The dentist brother had steadily saved money, since the second year of his practice.

Mayor and dentist alike seemed, to Conroy, entirely too unimaginative, too commonplace, to engineer a huge fraud. Yet, the Mayor was paying Conroy to find out where the obvious-minded dentist had hidden a fortune in stolen money.

Conroy did not neglect the possible "woman angle". He found no trace of expensive mistresses in the lives of the men whom he was investigating.

"I would have left the case," Conroy admitted, "except that I got curious myself."

On the seventeenth day of this painstaking research, Conroy met an undertaker. The man had had charge

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of Doctor Edward Parker's funeral.

"Who made the arrangements for the funeral?" he inquired, chiefly to get the man talking.

"The widow, herself," the undertaker replied. "Mrs. Parker. A smart little woman, too. She called me up about this time, one afternoon, told me her husband had died suddenly out at the hospital, after a minor operation. She asked me to handle everything for her."

"Where was the Mayor?" Conroy suggested, without indeed particular interest. "Seeing it was his own brother, I would have thought he would have arranged it."

The undertaker smiled. "They're close-mouthed folks, the Parkers. But I guess the Mayor had a pretty good reason for not taking hold of things. He had to call me up to find out what time and where the funeral'd be. I figured out that Ed's wife didn't like the Mayor. Ed and Jim were good friends, but it looked to me as if Mrs. Ed didn't like her brother-in-law."

IT WAS a slender straw at which Conroy grasped. But it was the first whisper of a possible story which might lie behind the Mayor's tale. Conroy called upon the widow.

Mrs. Edward Parker proved to be a slim, smiling, attractive woman of forty. She was quietly self-possessed, as she greeted the detective. She was also a bit curious about his errand.

"You phoned me?" she began.

"Yes'm," Conroy nodded. "I'd like to talk to you for a few minutes, if you've a little time to spare."

"Come in here," she led the way into her living room.

"My name's Conroy, Mrs. Parker. I'm from New York. I'm a private detective. I think you may be able to give me some information I need."

"If I can help you, of course," Mrs. Parker was very gracious about it. She was not at all frightened by the words, "private detective."

"Mrs. Parker," Conroy hoped to break her by a sudden attack, "I'm here for a sum of money, which you have in your possession."

"Blackmail?" inquired Mrs. Parker, coolly.

"No." Conroy shook his head. "Let me recall a little matter to your attention. After your husband's death, you went down to his office. I can tell you exactly when you went there. It was between the afternoon he died and the afternoon of the funeral. You unlocked his office file and took out some sheet gold and other valuables."

"How interesting!" murmured Mrs. Parker.

"Wasn't it?" retorted Conroy. His heart was thumping, for her journey to the office was guess work on his part and she had not denied it. "And in looking for these minor treasures, you came across a package in the file. You opened it. Quite a surprise."

"Yes. Six hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars worth of surprise." Mrs. Parker smiled as the figures rolled off her tongue.

CONROY had anticipated lies, recriminations, tears, orders to leave the house. Through methods which he does not divulge but which are common to most detectives, he had checked the status of Doctor Edward Parker's account in the savings bank. And he had learned that, the day before the funeral, Mrs. Parker, under her own name, had rented a large safe

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deposit box. She had said she had rented it pending the opening of the Doctor's box by the administrator or executor. Conroy had noted, however, that she rented a larger box than the dentist had ever used.

The other bit of information which fitted into the jig-saw puzzle of the Parkers' actions, was a minor burglary of the late dentist's office, a few nights after the funeral. The rooms had been ransacked, but nothing had been taken. This had puzzled Conroy, until the undertaker told him of the unfriendly relations between the widow and the Mayor.

Mrs. Parker had accidentally discovered the loot a few days before the Mayor hired a burglar to look for it. She had been forced to rent a large safe deposit box to hide it in.

Conroy's guess had proved right.

"Well, Mrs. Parker, don't you realize that that money didn't belong to your husband?"

"No," replied Mrs. Parker. "On the contrary, I'm sure it must have been Edward's."

"Well, it wasn't."

Mrs. Parker laughed, easily and quietly. "To whom did it belong?"

"To the city."

"Mr. Conroy," she replied, "I'm sure a man of your intelligence will appreciate my position. If proof should be brought forward that this is city money, naturally I'd be forced to turn it over to the proper authorities."

"Mind if I use your phone?" asked the detective.

"You'll find it in the hall, Mr. Conroy."

Conroy called the Mayor. He got the connection without much difficulty.

"I've found the money," he announced.

"Where?" The man at the other end of the wire gasped the question.

"It's safely in your sister-in-law's safe deposit box."

"Come up to my office," snapped the Mayor. "We'll find some way to get that . . ."

"I suggest you'd better come down here," returned Conroy. "I'm at your sister-in-law's now."

For a second, there was a stunned silence over the wire. Then, "You damned fool! You didn't tell her you knew where . . ."

"No," returned Conroy, "She told me. Confirming my own suspicions, I might add."

"You blockhead!" stormed the Mayor.

"Are you coming over here?" Conroy continued, placidly. He hung up the phone.

"Is he coming?" Mrs. Parker inquired, and she laughed again, when Conroy nodded.

They talked of the theatre, of a motion picture then showing in the neighborhood house, of the weather, of winter sports.

It didn't take the Mayor long to drive from City Hall to the Elm Street house. He came in the room puffing as if he had run every step of the way.

"So you stole it, did you?" he thundered at his brother's widow.

She faced him, without a change of expression. "Oh, no, James. I just found it, where poor Edward left it for me."

"But you know Edward never had any such amount of money." The Mayor's neck veins were purple.

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"I was surprised, I grant you. But he must have been skimping and saving . . ." She giggled as she said it and left the sentence in the air.

"I'm not going to let you get away with a fortune," the Mayor rumbled on.

"All right. Start a legal action to recover it," suggested Mrs. Parker, pleasantly.

THE Mayor started to bluster something more, caught himself, and bit his lip.

"It's my idea," Mrs. Parker spoke on, dispassionately as if she had been telling an anecdote at a bridge club, "that you were so afraid, when the papers started that agitation last June, that . . ."

"Lies!" The Mayor shouted it.

"The papers said you had been selling park concessions for about a quarter of their value," Mrs. Parker went on. "I remember Edward said to me that he was afraid you'd got yourself into hot water, that time."

"It's a lie!"

"Well, since you won't admit that you took graft money for the park concessions, this six hundred thousand dollars must have been Edward's," concluded Edward's widow. "I thought, at first, Edward might have hidden the money for you, because you were being watched. But since you say that it isn't so . . ."

"Have it your own way. That money belongs to me and the boys."

"You wouldn't advise me to settle out of court, would you, Mr. Conroy? Not after he admitted that he lied in the first place?" She turned smilingly to Conroy with the query. "I know so little about business."

"You damned double-crosser!" The Mayor shook his fist at Conroy. "You got me into this!"

"You got yourself in," Conroy snapped back. "You should have told me you couldn't prove title to the money."

THE Mayor looked from one to the other, sighed, with a heart-breaking sigh, and left them. They heard him slam the front door. Mrs. Parker sat down and laughed. She laughed long and heartily.

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Conroy," she remarked after a time. "You've lost your pay for this investigation, I'm afraid. I don't think your chances of being paid by the Mayor are too good!" She laughed again.

"I'll get my pay," Conroy spoke confidently. "I'll send the bill to you."

"But I wouldn't pay you. The idea!" Mrs. Parker shook her water-waved head.

"No?" drawled Conroy. "Well, now. If you want to keep that money in the safe deposit box, it's your business. But I looked up your affidavit, made when you filled out the inheritance tax papers, and I fancy the Government would think it was their business . . ."

Mrs. Parker stopped laughing. "Get out!" she ordered.

It was Conroy's turn to laugh.

"I'm going. I'll send my bill right over tonight. Before you forget it, Mrs. Parker. Goodby."

* * *

"And that woman," continued Michael Conroy, "is the mainstay of the Prohibition party in her town. She's saving the morals of the country. Waiter! Bring us a couple more of those things in teacups."

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Aces of the Press

By Remsen Crawford

Has news gathering lost its old-time glamor? The author, himself an old-timer, relates dramatic reportorial feats behind recent press sensations

No, the romance of newsgathering has not all gone out of the game. Getting news for the paper still has its fascination and charm, and, while the expansion of the great associations and syndicates and the establishment of chain newspapers by wealthy publishers may have had an apparent effect in dimming the glow of individual endeavor, there still are epics in journalism. Every once in a little while some unknown reporter suddenly leaps into the limelight for scoring a "beat" at the peril of his life: some editor becomes famous for his fearless exposure of social or political corruption.

True, there come waves or undercurrents of popular solicitude about the press, and, particularly among hunkerous old-timers, one sometimes hears such questions as these: "Why do modern newspapers, especially of the morning field, look so much alike, with seemingly the same lay-out of news, similarly placed?" "Why do so many crimes go unsolved?" "How did the oil scandal slumber for months at Washington; disclosed finally by a Senator and not by a sentinel of the press?" "Why has the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University failed to find some reportorial feat in the last several years worthy of the award set aside for such distinction?" "Is the press losing its pep?"

Such questions usually come from elderly persons who recall how Nellie Bly shammed insanity to enter a lunatic asylum and expose inhuman treatment of its miserable inmates; how David Ferguson laid bare the insurance scandal and the evils of interlocking directorates in high finance; and how many other reporters became celebrities of the craft. But, these elderly persons who are in the habit of believing that "old times were the best times" should not lose sight of the fact that one result of those very exposures has been to educate the wrong-doer in the arts of his game. Corruption today is so complex, so cunning in covering its tracks, that the corruption of yesterday is as simple as three-card monte in comparison. Meanwhile, the libel law has been gradually tightening about the press, while the enforcement of the criminal laws and trials by juries have grown certainly more lax, to say the least.

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The great difficulty in the way of a fair comparison between the daring reporters of former days and the modern newsgatherers lies in the fact that the game has grown so vast. Thomas B. Fielders, a reporter on *The New York Times* many years ago, achieved fame with his exclusive story of the sinking in mid-ocean of the liner Oregon. The captain of a rescuing steamer had forbidden anyone leaving his ship until she had passed Quarantine. It was then early night and the ship might not be cleared until the next morning. Fielders leaped overboard and swam to a tug. In those days it was a wondrous feat, and stands until now as a notable example of reportorial courage; but the deed cannot outshine the plucky adventures reporters make so commonly today every time they face storms in airplanes. Moreover, it should be noted that Fielders's great risk would be needless today with radio equipment aboard every ship that sails the seas.

SCIENCE has shortened the way in the search for news. The risks taken by a newspaper reporter now are of a different sort. The cost in cash to the publisher, too, in scoring a "scoop" has gone upward by leaps and bounds. The whole business of getting out a newspaper has taken on such prodigious enlargement since the European war that little wonder can be felt at the growing trend for chain newspapers and the tendency to depend largely upon the big associations for a kind of Soviet system of newsgathering.

While it cannot be denied that this pooling of the American press is tending to destroy the competitive spirit of newsgathering on the part of individual reporters, it is nevertheless true that modern newsgatherers still vie with each other to the limit of physical courage and endurance and often at the risk of their lives. Let us draw a few comparisons:

THE writer remembers that night in 1902 when the first news broke about the eruption of Mont Pelée, away down on the northwestern coast of Martinique in the West Indies. The town of St. Pierre was reported almost totally destroyed with a terrible toll of life. Joseph Pulitzer, the man who made *The New York World* the great institution that it is today, was alive then. It didn't take him two minutes to make up his mind to get a man on his way after a story of such magnitude. Louis Seibold was the reporter detailed, and with him Walter Harris, then head of *The World's* photographic department. They caught a ship leaving New York that night for Porto Rico. They were authorized to hire or charter a steamboat from Porto Rico to Martinique. But no sooner were they aboard the ship in New York to begin their journey than Seibold saw that Hamilton Peltz, of *The New York Herald*, was also a passenger for Porto Rico, and that Peltz, too, had a photographer with him. Seibold hurriedly made known this fact to *The World* office by going ashore and telephoning. Pulitzer was notified at his home. He ordered that a steamboat be chartered by cable to come northward and meet the ship from New York, to take Seibold and Harris off, and to proceed with them direct to Martinique.

Thus, two veritable Napoleons of newsgathering—Joseph Pulitzer and

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James Gordon Bennett—locked horns in relentless combat for the prize. Seibold and Harris were "on the works" ahead of all others.

What would happen today in a case like that? In the first place, by radio would have come a much fuller story at the first break. Then, airplanes would be ordered to hop off from Cuba, or Porto Rico, or any other near-by point, each carrying reporters and photographers. Almost overnight the full reports of the great disaster would be coming back by radio, and the photographs would be shown in all American newspapers and telegraphed around the world in less than one-tenth the time it took those aces of the newsgathering game to be heard from in 1902.

CONSIDER the case of the landing of the airplane *Bremen* with the German aviators on Greenly Island. This was not a calamity of world-wide concern, as was the Mont Pelée affair. It was no calamity at all. Not a single life had been lost. There was no element of tragedy in the story. Three daring flyers had left Germany and Ireland to attempt the westward flight over the Atlantic Ocean. The whole world wondered what had happened to them, and the modern press doesn't let the whole world wonder very long about anything nowadays. A bulletin from Baron Huenefeld, head of the expedition, to the nearest radio station by dog team reached all American and Canadian newspapers at about the same time. Instantly, the night editors of the large Eastern dailies began calling up the owners of these papers and asking for authority to make extraordinary expenditures in the sending of reporters and photographers to Greenly Island. Before midnight many game New York newspaper men were on their way north, some by train to Boston, some by airplane to Montreal or Quebec. From these intermediary points they were to negotiate for airplanes to continue the journey. Meanwhile, *The New York World* and other members of the North American Newspaper Alliance lost little time in securing the services of "Duke" Schiller, the intrepid Canadian ace, to take the air from a point in Canada on a "relief" mission to Greenly Island. With a good start ahead of the New York men, Schiller was the first to reach the island, and found Baron Gunther von Huenefeld, Captain Herman Koehl and Major James Fitzmaurice, the Irish member of the *Bremen's* crew, safely ensconced within a lighthouse. Turning newsgatherer, Lieutenant Schiller got the story and brought with him Major Fitzmaurice, but they were met at Ste. Agnes, Canada, their first landing place, by many other newspaper reporters who, in turn, got the story from Schiller and Fitzmaurice with photographs, and rushed the story by wire and the pictures by airplane to Montreal, thence by special train or airplane to their respective newspapers.

MEANTIME, a very funny thing was happening. The day that Schiller left Greenly Island with Fitzmaurice by plane for Ste. Agnes — it was a Sunday — Miss Greta Ferris, a nurse from the Labrador Medical Mission of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell at Blanc Sablon, had driven nine Eskimo dogs hitched to a sled over fifteen miles of ice and snow and arrived on Greenly Island.

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She was accompanied by another woman worker of the camp. Miss Ferris explained to the astonished aviators that she had come to extend Mission hospitalities to the heroes, but, finding that they were already comfortably lodged in the lighthouse, she and her companion hurried back to the Mission and sent by wireless telegraph to Red Head and thence by telephone to St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, the first real story of contact with the stranded flyers. It was for her home-town papers in St. John, *The Times-Globe* and *The Telegraph-Journal*, but was immediately taken up by the Canadian Press Association and scattered to newspapers throughout the Dominion and the United States. It reached New York City in time to be printed in the late editions of the afternoon papers, prior to the appearance of the Schiller-Fitzmaurice stories from Ste. Agnes, which were carried by the morning papers next day. Miss Ferris had never been a newspaper woman, and her recent years had been spent in that dismal isolation of the frozen Northland, but her story was a masterpiece of news writing.

MEANWHILE, the "regulars" of the press were having a terrible time down around Ste. Agnes and Murray Bay, Canada, trying to get airships to make the last lap to Greenly Island. The first real newspaper men to reach the flyers were Edward N. Jackson, photographer for *The New York Daily News* and the Pacific and Atlantic Photos, James Stanton, representative of the Canadian Press, Fernstrom of the Paramount News, which works with the Associated Press in getting news pictures, and Leslie Roberts, of *The New York American* and International News Service. They all flew to Greenly Island in one plane, piloted by Ramon Vachon. They jointly paid some $14,000 for just one trip in a plane worth $20,000, but the owners figured it as a hundred to one shot if the plane ever came back, considering the hazards of the snow storms and of landing and taking off at Greenly. Indeed, it was at the peril of their lives when these aces of the modern news-gathering game persisted in the face of blizzards and went on to Greenly Island.

A conservative estimate made by *The Editor and Publisher*, organ of the American press, places the cost to the newspapers in covering the stranding of the *Bremen* with the German and Irish flyers at $250,000. This, of course, includes the considerable fees paid to the individual flyers for their signed articles. Times have changed since the Associated Press spent $30,000 to cover the Mount Pelée disaster.

YET there really does seem to have been something more picturesque in the old-time "beats" than in modern press exploits. Consider Henry Guy Carleton, later a successful playwright, and Lucien Atkins, who risked their lives to go South in the yellow fever panic many years ago, passing quarantines with the pretense of being immune from the dreadful plague. And remember how Walter Wellman started for the North Pole in a so-called "airship" in 1906; and how Richard Harding Davis disguised himself and lived in a den of thieves until he had evidence for the arrest of eight of them. It happened that one of them

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later entered the Davis home bent upon burglary and was amazed to find his former "pal" all dressed up in "glad rags". Believing that Davis had beaten him to the house with similar intent, "Gee!" said the burglar to Davis as he was being let out of the house, "but dat's a swell make-up you're wearin'!"

Of course, in the days of Richard Harding Davis, a masterly style of writing was encouraged. Now it is sacrificed for speed. Just as often as not the reporter doesn't write his story at all. He simply gives it orally over a long-distance telephone to a rewrite man in the office. There are several editions before midnight now. In the old days what was known as the first edition, or out-of-town edition, went to press around 1 a.m., and the regular city edition came out at 3 o'clock a.m. Naturally, the modern breakneck speed to get the bare facts on the wire and into the composing room and out on the street does not encourage "fine writing".

MODERN press exploits are, then, rather in the reporting than in the writing. In the great Florida storms newspaper reporters and camera men performed true to the game of news-gathering, though few of them were ever singled out by name for honors. The Associated Press sent two reporters by airplane from Florida across the sea to learn of Nassau's fate long before the wind's fury had ceased and while mountainous billows were still pounding Florida's coasts. Meanwhile two Tampa reporters had already hopped off in an airplane on the same mission. Both made the trip safely, but with damage to the planes in landing. Once on Nassau, and with the story of disaster in hand, the question arose, Who is going to get back to Florida first, and where will the nearest telegraph wire be found? At great peril the Tampa reporters put out in a tiny boat and fought their way through churning seas to the Florida beach. Their safe landing and successful covering of the distance by land, over roads blocked by fallen trees, to the nearest telegraph station, were feats that have been classed with miracles by all news handlers familiar with the performance.

FEW instances of reportorial daring in the old days can excel the feat of William B. ("Skeets") Miller, of *The Louisville Courier Journal*, in the spring of 1925, when he found Floyd Collins pinned by boulders to the bottom of a deep natural cave in Kentucky. Collins, an explorer, had been in the cave fourteen days. Searching parties had failed to find him. Miller crawled through the treacherous crevices where boulders had fallen, and brought out the first news that the entrapped man was still alive and breathing. Miller was heralded as a hero, but his "beat", like most "scoops" of modern times, counted for little in so far as his own newspaper was concerned. The story was sent broadcast by the big organizations and was carried next morning by every daily in the country. The point may be raised right here: Has not the expansion of the news associations had the effect of dampening the ardor of editor and reporter alike, and may we not attribute the machine-made earmarks of newspapers to this breakdown of the very keen competition which characterized the press in former years? It is undeniably true

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that very few crime mysteries of recent times have been solved by the young gentlemen of the press. The "human torch" murder of a young woman in New Jersey; the almost weekly finding of unidentified dead bodies in New York harbor which remain unsolved; the disappearance of young girls from their homes; the strange case of the young woman missing from Smith College — all of them still are mysteries.

THE strategy of the old-time reporter was never more brilliantly displayed than when Isaac D. White identified the man who threw the bomb at Russell Sage. The story is almost legendary now, but it is worth telling again. An unknown man entered the offices and asked to see Mr. Sage. When he believed he was near the capitalist the man hurled a bomb, which, by premature explosion, smashed the hurler to unrecognizable fragments and killed a clerk who leaped in front of Mr. Sage. Who was the would-be assassin? Was he just one of a band of bomb throwers whose purpose was to kill all the capitalists? The man's identity was the story.

Seven thousand police in New York and Brooklyn and many others in various cities worked on the case for days, and finally gave it up as one of those baffling mysteries which must go unsolved. Isaac D. White gained possession of a button from the bomb-thrower's clothing and a tiny patch of cloth from his suit. The button was manufactured by a Boston firm whose name was stamped on it. White took it to the manufacturers in Boston and obtained from them a list of all the clothiers and tailors in New York to whom they had sold buttons of that description. Returning to New York he checked up on all these clothiers until he found who had made the suit of which his patch of cloth was a sample. This tailor had the man's name and address, later verified by his family or friends, and "Ike" White had the story of his life. It was a "beat" of the first magnitude and was in those days protected as such.

What the reader of newspapers will want to know is this: Does not the paper which scores a "beat" have a legal right to hold that news exclusively its own? If so, why is it that the same news is often seen nowadays in other newspapers of subsequent editions? What is the law about "property rights" in news? That is a very pertinent and interesting matter. The courts have ruled that news is property as long as it has a commercial value to the holder thereof, and the commercial value must still be of force at the time it is taken over by a competitor, or it would not be "lifted" and exchanged for dollars. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld an injunction to stop the pilfering of news from bulletin boards, early editions, etc., "until the commercial value of the news has passed away". But one of the judges of the United States Court of Appeals had rendered a dissenting opinion in the same case to the effect that news is property only until it is published.

IN VIEW of the fact that any newspaper claiming property rights in a "news beat" would have to proceed in the courts against another newspaper for "lifting" it, — and this court proceeding would be obviously too late to be effective, — there is a growing practice among the makers of morning

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newspapers, and "evenings", too, for that matter, to disregard the "property rights" in news. Closer and more binding contracts with the big press associations in late years, each newspaper member pledging itself to furnish the pool with all its news, even ahead of publication for other than local areas, have probably had something to do with increasing this spirit of license in "lifting". I can better explain this by relating what happened when Parker Branin, a reporter on *The East Oregonian*, an evening newspaper in the small town of Pendleton, Ore., figured in the capture of William E. Hickman, kidnapper and murderer of Marion Parker, a banker's daughter at Los Angeles.

You will remember how Hickman boldly offered to return the child to her father if the latter would meet him at a certain spot in the street; and how he exchanged the girl's dead body, frightfully mutilated and wrapped in a bundle, for a considerable sum of money, and sped away in an automobile. And then Hickman eluded the police of Los Angeles and San Francisco and several other cities and towns of the Pacific coast. Rewards totalling nearly $100,000 were offered and warnings were sent out describing the green sedan in which the murderer was believed to be travelling. The Associated Press had notified all its member newspapers to keep reporters on the lookout for Hickman. Parker Branin of *The East Oregonian*, which is a member of the Associated Press, went with the chief of police and a State traffic officer from the town of Pendleton to the old Oregon Trail Highway and lay in wait for the green car. They caught their man, and Parker Branin hurried back to Pendleton with the story, arriving there about 2 p.m. Now, the Associated Press has a contract with its members that a "flash", or bulletin of important general news, shall be sent to other papers outside the local area even ahead of publication, and each editor is supposed to have some member of his reportorial staff assigned to the task of sending such flashes. It just so happened that Parker Branin was the man so designated by *The East Oregonian*, and before writing his story for his own newspaper he flashed a bulletin to the Associated Press at Portland. In less than three minutes, by a system of leased wires all working on one circuit, the news of Hickman's capture was given to nearly 1,000 newspapers. Some of them, doubtless, had the news on bulletin boards or out in extra editions before *The East Oregonian* came out with its own beat.

The writer gets this narrative of Parker Branin's feat from a high official of the Associated Press. It shows how difficult it is under present-day arrangements for any single newspaper to hold out against the press at large in scoring "beats". But it also demonstrates that newsgatherers have lost none of the old-time pluck and enterprise.

Nor has the press of modern times "abrogated its duty" to the public, as a certain prominent financier remarked when he started his Federal Research Bureau several years ago. Just as Dave Ferguson exposed the evils of interlocking directorates and ran the "yellow dog" out of the insurance frauds some thirty years ago, so did Lowell Limpus, a reporter for *The Daily News*, and Herbert

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McCory, a photographer for The Pacific and Atlantic Photos, quite recently lay bare conditions prevailing in the coal mining districts of Pennsylvania and West Virginia. Week after week, month after month, Limpus and McCory inspected the pathetic plight of the striking coal miners and their families around Pittsburg, portraying to the world the distressing conditions there. Limpus is a Westerner with much of the "show me" spirit in his make-up. More than that, he is a West Pointer. He and McCory were sent into the coal fields ahead of any other reporters after trouble had started there with the police and the operatives. The United States Senate, at the instance of Senator Hiram Johnson, of California, sent a committee to investigate what Limpus and McCory had reported from the mining camps. This committee invited the reporter to join in its work and made McCory its official photographer. It seems probable that a general reorganization of the whole coal industry may be the outcome.

EVEN more recent than this crusade by *The Daily News* against the persecution of the coal miners was the successful culmination of Oscar Hewitt's seven-year fight for *The Chicago Tribune* to expose the political conspiracy by which the city of Chicago was trimmed of $1,700,000. The plot which this newspaper brought to light was hatched in 1918 during a campaign for a "City Beautiful". In making plans for beautifying the city, experts on real estate and landscape gardening were to be employed to do the appraising. Mayor William Hale Thompson was then in power and campaigning for reëlection. *The Tribune* contended that these experts were drawing fabulously excessive fees and were being used by the Thompson machine as tools in a huge graft.

Oscar E. Hewitt, veteran reporter on *The Tribune's* staff, got his first tip on the situation from Alderman Wallace. There was no proof at hand. The story seemed too prodigious to be true. It just didn't seem possible that any politician would ever try to get away with nearly two million dollars in a game like that. But Hewitt undertook the great task of getting the proof. Records of Mayor Thompson's political expenditures, files of the various city offices, reports of the Federal income tax office at Washington, and various other records, were studied by Hewitt who, day by day, month by month, kept on building up the foundation for his fight in open court.

SEVEN years is a long time for a reporter to stick on a single job, but Hewitt's labors were finally rewarded by a complete victory for *The Tribune*, which, as a taxpayer, had filed suit against Thompson and his crowd away back in 1921, relying upon the reporter's investigations. Judge Hugo M. Friend, of the Circuit Court, decided on June 20 last that a "conspiracy was formed and carried out", and the judge further ruled that "the defendants are liable for restitution of $1,700,000".

Confronted with such recent feats as those I have mentioned at random, can we doubt that the press is now as always very much on the job?

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Demobilizing the Alienists

By Malcolm Logan

Now he's crazy, and now he isn't, according to the fee of the learned psychiatrist; a reproach upon American justice which cries aloud for prompt abatement

It is not improbable that George Remus, the "bootleg king" of Cincinnati, Ohio, who murdered his wife, will some day be considered an unintentional benefactor of society. He escaped the consequences of his crime by pleading insanity, and then escaped the consequences of insanity by pleading that he was only temporarily insane. Incidentally he demonstrated to the whole nation how the insanity plea may be abused, and so gave impetus to a movement started in Massachusetts several years ago to reform this phase of judicial procedure. In so doing he probably served society better than if he had been found guilty and forfeited his life.

Remus, it may be remembered, announced immediately after his arrest that he would plead insanity and conduct his own defense. His recovery of his faculties was quick and thorough. He marshalled an imposing array of alienists to support his contention that the murder was committed while he was "temporarily maniacally insane". The State also had its experts, and there ensued one of those battles of psychiatrists which have become a standard ingredient of American murder trials. The jury acquitted Remus, and the second phase of his campaign was opened in the Probate Court, which held a hearing to determine whether he was still insane. Here the accused produced a new platoon of expert witnesses who said that though he was a "dangerous psychopath" he was legally sane. This fine distinction was rejected by the court, and Remus was committed to the State Hospital for the Criminal Insane. On a writ of *habeas corpus* the case was carried to the Court of Appeals, which ordered his release.

It was possible, of course, that the verdict, though reached by dubious means, was a just one — that Remus was actually temporarily insane when he shot his wife. This possibility does not seem to have occurred to the many persons who publicly commented on the trial. It was generally assumed that Remus had "put one over" on poor, blind Justice. The trial not only showed that there is something wrong with our means of passing on the sanity of the accused

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murderer; it also shows that public opinion regards these methods as so hopelessly wrong as to be useless as an instrument of even accidental justice.

At the bottom of this skepticism lies a cynical belief that the testimony of psychiatrists is purchasable by any person accused of murder who has sufficient money. In the Thaw trial, the Loeb-Leopold case, the Hickman trial, and innumerable others in which the defendants were backed by some money, we have been treated to the spectacle of reputable alienists testifying with equal fervor and conviction to exactly opposite opinions concerning the responsibility of the accused. From such exhibitions the Man in the Street has drawn the conclusion that this expert testimony is venal testimony. Lawyers, psychiatrists and the courts have frequently remarked on this unfortunate situation, and in many cases have concurred in the general belief. The Court of Appeals of New York in 1890 said in an opinion:

> The frequent spectacle of scientific experts differing in their opinions upon a case according to the side upon which they are retained tends much to discredit such testimony or to impair its force and usefulness, and inclines us to prefer the formation of an opinion upon the real facts when the case is not one beyond the penetration and grasp of an ordinary mind.

Charles S. Whitman, former Governor of New York, tells of a judge who, sitting on a murder trial in the Old Bailey, said of two expert witnesses in his charge to the jury:

> Gentlemen, you have heard the testimony offered concerning the sanity of the accused. The witnesses are two of the most eminent alienists in England, probably the two greatest in the English-speaking world. You have heard their conflicting testimony. Gentlemen, it has been my experience that in such cases the witness usually testifies according to the wishes of the side that pays him.

In stronger language, the testimony of partisan experts is assailed by Dr. Thomas S. Cusack, Brooklyn psychiatrist. Asked by the defense to examine Henry Judd Gray, accused with Mrs. Ruth Snyder of the murder of her husband, Dr. Cusack accepted on condition that the four alienists paid by the State and by the defense constitute themselves into an impartial commission whose findings would be binding on both sides. Under these conditions the four men were unanimous in declaring Gray sane, with the result that the insanity defense was not raised. Dr. Cusack said:

> Because of the employment of alienists separately by prosecution and defense, an odium and stigma attach to psychiatry. An expert retained by either side must be expected to "deliver the goods". It is natural that an alienist who gets as much as $500 a day should fall under suspicion. The whole system has hurt the reputation of my profession.

It is merely a legal fiction that a man who receives such a fee is an unbiased witness. A man who, witnessing a crime and called as a witness, accepted as much as ten dollars from one side or the other for testifying honestly to what he saw, would be charged with bribery. Yet we allow an alienist to accept as much as he can get, and not only would we be shocked at the imputation that we are countenancing bribery, but we actually consider him an unprejudiced witness. As he is now employed, the alienist is really not a witness at all,

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but a paid advocate in the same class with the attorney. He may be entirely honest in his desire to reveal the truth about the prisoner's mental state; but the fact remains that it is humanly impossible for him to accept a large fee from State or defense and remain wholly uninfluenced.

There is, of course, a difference between the psychiatrist who is called into a trial because of his professional ability and the witness who is involved by the possession of some important fact. The expert witness deserves to be paid, and well paid. But we cannot make him a truly impartial and scientific witness until we make him a servant of the community, paid as judge and juror are paid from public funds.

If we assume that two alienists or groups of alienists separately employed by prosecution and defense arrive at honest but conflicting opinions, the question remains whether a jury is competent to determine from their testimony whether the accused is sane or insane. In many cases legal limitations make it impossible for the witness to give a straightforward opinion. He is instead obliged to answer a long hypothetical question, based on the testimony of witnesses for his side. When the opposing alienist takes the witness stand, he is asked another involved and quite different question, based on completely different testimony which witnesses for his side have given. As Judge Frank D. Comerford of Chicago said in a recent trial:

> Alienists do not testify about the actual defendant but about a hypothetical person. For the State they have a photograph of one person and for the defense another. They are asked about two different people; yet only one man is on trial.

I cannot attempt to analyze with authority the mental processes of jurors, which often pass all understanding, but it seems not improbable that Mr. Dooley came close to the truth in his discourse on "expert tistimony". The jurors, he said, would chuck the testimony out the window and proceed to consider three questions: "Did Lootgert look as though he'd kill his wife?", "Did his wife look as though she ought to be kilt?" and "Isn't it time we wint to supper?" This is one way of dealing with conflicting testimony couched in involved and confusing medico-legal jargon, but it can hardly be recommended as a fair one.

We do not expect a juror who is in private life a barber or a salesman to be sufficiently learned in the law to decide those legal points which arise during a trial. We have found it necessary to employ for that purpose an impartial judge who is an expert in such matters. It is perhaps less necessary, but no less reasonable, for the State to employ a commission of experts to determine the grave question of the mental responsibility of persons accused of serious crime.

Another objection to the existing system is that examination of a prisoner's sanity is made only when it appears expedient to one of the interested parties. An indifferent or incompetent lawyer defending a client too poor to pay for expert testimony may neglect to plead insanity when it is a justifiable plea. It may also occur that a prisoner is insane, but his attorney, believing he can win the case, refuses to plead insanity. On

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the other hand there is the prosecutor who, anxious to obtain a record number of convictions, contests the insanity plea even when it is well founded. Examination of prisoners accused of capital crime should be automatic and routine.

Finally, examination of habitual offenders is as important as examination of those accused of capital crime, but such examinations are not now being made. It can hardly be expected that a prisoner will of his own volition plead insanity, with the prospect of spending his life in an institution for the criminal insane, when the alternative is a prison sentence of a few years. Thus the State is often forced to try habitual offenders who should be in the asylum.

In two States, Massachusetts and Colorado, legal procedure has been reformed with the purpose of placing the determination of the sanity of accused persons in the hands of impartial scientists. Massachusetts led the way in 1921 by passing a law providing for examination before trial of all persons indicted for capital offenses and of persons previously indicted for or convicted of felony. The examinations are made by psychiatrists appointed by the Department of Mental Diseases, one of whom is usually a member of this department. The examination is continued over as long a period as is necessary, and at its conclusion a report on the mental condition of the accused is filed with the clerk of the court in which the trial is to be held. It is available to the court and the attorneys for the prosecution and defense; and the examining psychiatrists may be summoned to testify at the trial. Being retained by neither side, the examiners approach their task with complete impartiality, without any subconscious desires as to what they will find. Dr. Winfred Overholser, Director of the Division for the Examination of Prisoners, of the Department of Mental Diseases, also considers it of prime importance that the examination is a routine one, applying to certain classes of prisoners whether or not the insanity plea has been invoked in their defense.

There is no compulsion on either State or defense to accept the findings of the examiners. If the law made its conclusions binding, it would probably be declared unconstitutional. A man cannot be deprived of the right to call witnesses to prove he was insane when he committed the crime for which he is on trial. In practise, however, it has been found that the reports of examiners are binding in fact if not in law.

Dr. Overholser said, in an address before the American Orthopsychiatric Association in 1927:

> One result of this law has been that the duels between experts on opposing sides have been almost entirely eliminated in criminal cases. In the last six years there have been almost no criminal cases where the spectacle has been presented of experts arrayed on either side and giving conflicting testimony. The courts and the district attorneys, recognizing the impartial character of the report, have shown a most encouraging willingness to accept its findings and abide by them.

Dr. Overholser informs me that to his knowledge there have been no cases in which the examining psychiatrists have disagreed in their conclusions. This, he believes, is largely due to the fact that their observations can be continued as long as is necessary.

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In most cases, prisoners found by the examiners to be insane have been committed to State hospitals without the necessity of long and expensive trials. And once committed to an institution, the insane criminal cannot get out as easily as did Remus. An insane killer can be released only by a pardon from the Governor after the Department of Mental Diseases has again examined him and found him fit to return to the community. Without the approval of the department, he must spend his life in the hospital.

THE law enacted by Colorado in 1927 has the same purpose as that of Massachusetts, but it approaches the problem in a different manner. In Colorado, if the defense of insanity is raised, the prisoner is committed to a State hospital for observation, the examiners reporting to the court. An alternate method is examination by a commission of two or more physicians appointed by the court. In Colorado as in Massachusetts the tendency has been for counsel to abide by the findings of the examiners. The Colorado law, however, requires initiation of the examination by a non-medical person — the judge or counsel for one side or the other. Thus it is possible that some cases of mental disease are missed because the attorneys involved do not consider a sanity test expedient. In this respect Massachusetts, with its routine examination of habitual offenders and all persons accused of capital crime, must be granted superiority.

A sub-committee of the National Crime Commission last year reported on an inquiry made into the abuse of the insanity plea and endorsed the Massachusetts law. "If other States will follow the lead of Massachusetts and adopt its sensible system," the report said, "we can go a long way toward mitigating the disgraceful situation confronting American justice today as typified by the Remus case."

THE revision of judicial procedure along the lines followed by these two States cannot be advocated as a panacea for crime. It is only part of the tremendous task of overhauling our creaking machinery of justice. It is, however, a very necessary part of that larger reform, and one which will, if undertaken by other States, go far toward restoring our waning belief in the integrity of the American judicial system.

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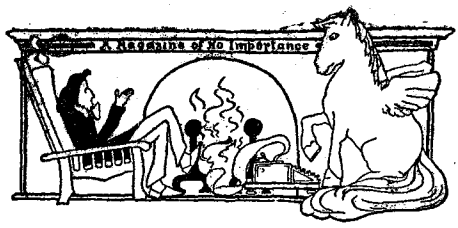

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Now Appearing for the First Time in these Pages and Continuing to Infinity or until Pennsylvania Goes Democratic

JANUARY, 1929 VOL. 5, NUMBER 1

IN EXPLANATION AND APOLOGY

The Responsible Editor of the ancient and honorable journal in which *Stuff and Nonsense* now finds a happy home will perhaps admit a paragraph in explanation of the impertinent intruder.

Stuff and Nonsense was aforetime and until even now a magazine in its own right. It enjoyed one unquestioned and unqualified distinction. At the end of four years of precarious existence it was the most obscure magazine in the United States, our insular possessions and numerous foreign countries. Its editor had realized the full flavor of the experience of the Western editor who was asked by an advertiser to define the length, breadth and thickness of his paper's circulation. He replied: "My paper goes to every town in this county and every county in the State. It goes to every State in the Union, and to Alaska and Mexico. It goes also to Canada and England, and the editor has to stay up until three o'clock every night to keep it from going to hell."

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It is a commonplace of educational theory and practice that whenever two or three sophomores are fired out of a university and are gathered together in contemplation of a career, their first impulse is to start a magazine. The editor of *Stuff and Nonsense* was also ejected more or less violently out of the pedagogic sphere — for reasons too humorous to mention — and since nothing else occurred to him at the moment he also followed the line of least resistance and founded a magazine. A benevolent printer, an elastic conscience in regard to publication date, and the singular way in which one thing leads to another, conspired to continue the sheet for years and years and years. And now at the mature age of four, it suddenly finds itself in polite society.

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Its singular history is briefly as follows: Its first issue had no subscribers, no advertisers, no contributors and a complete editorial staff of one. At the end of the first month there were fourteen paid subscribers. At the end of the second this number was practically doubled. The process of accretion continued by a combination of arithmetical and geometrical progression — and sometimes according to the square of the distance — until there were literally hundreds of subscribers. With the approach of Christmas the list suddenly doubled again by a sort of amœbic separation of the subscribers, each of whom went forth and captured, cajoled or created a new customer. Since then each year's end has seen the circulation doubled. According to Government statistics and the multiplication table, this ratio of increase would have

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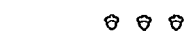
produced by 1936 a total of one million and fifty-six thousand subscribers.

It has, however, frequently occurred to the editor, business manager, advertising manager, circulation manager, office boy, janitor and proof reader, that it might prove somewhat burdensome for him to address 1,056,000 envelopes in 1936, or at any other time. It also promised to become increasingly difficult to persuade anybody else to address 1,056,000 envelopes without remuneration which would cut deep into the totally non-existent assets of the magazine. The editor therefore welcomes this opportunity to retire gracefully from the competitive field of magazine publication and leave its anxieties and responsibilities — particularly the addressing of the envelopes — to people who seem to have a gift for that sort of thing. *Stuff and Nonsense* continues, but under the ægis, overlordship, and benevolent autocracy of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. The old customers are still with us, and we have acquired a perfectly elegant crop of new ones without having to hunt for them.

Stuff and Nonsense will, of necessity, continue in the course of sin which has characterized it to date. It will gossip in prose and prosody, in verse and worse, of this and that and the other. It will talk lightly on matters of moment, and weightily on matters of no importance whatever. The editorial family will creep into its pages as it has done hitherto, for the editor has a family and there is no keeping it a secret. The editor's opinions will go their own gait as hitherto and will be, as said Elbert Hubbard, "one man's opinion, worth just that much and nothing more." The thought that this is an amusing world will continue to obsess its editor, who has lived half his life and learned no better.



In conclusion, *Stuff and Nonsense* will continue to be a Magazine for Middlebrows. And what is a Middlebrow? He who can endure both stuff and nonsense without pain or protest is a Middlebrow. He who can not is a Highbrow or a Lowbrow. It is a perfectly obvious and practically invaluable distinction.

Wanderlust

OUT of the drear of the dying year
In its shroud of murk and mist,
My thoughts run wide with the flow of the tide
To a sea that the sky has kissed.
Where summer smiles o'er a thousand miles
Of laughing and dancing foam;
And my heart is away
With the wind-swept spray,
But I think I shall stay
At home!

The morn is shrill on an English hill
And an echoing clarion sounds,
Where the huntsmen ride through the countryside
In the wake of the eager hounds.
And there's manly mirth in the good green earth,
And the birds sing gay and clear;
And my heart is fain
For the hunt's refrain
But I guess I'll remain
Right here!

From a land of drouth I gaze Down South,
Where 'tis sunny and warm and wet;
And laughter lies in the liquid eyes
Of a giddy and gay brunette.
And my spirits surge with a wandering urge,
Which won't come out in the wash;
So I wring a pome
From my suffering dome
And stay around home,
B' gosh!

For Sale or Exchange

Assortment of calendars for 1929, including little ones for the vest pocket and big ones which will cover the hole in the wallpaper. All guaranteed accurate; some have pictures, very beautiful; some have moons and tides and holidays and parcel post rates. One or two rare pieces include thermometers. Fascinating advertisements of banks, stores, printers, plumbers, etc., thrown in without additional charge. Owner must dispose of them or move out. Bring a truck.

The superlative of salesmanship seems to be represented by the man who stands on a city street outside a ten-cent store and sells a ten cent article for fifteen cents.

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The Stuff and Nonsense Alphabetical Education

Postgraduate Course

Editorial Note: *For nearly four years* Stuff and Nonsense, *believing with Mr. Stephen Leacock that the adult remains of a high school education can be carried in a hip pocket without disturbing the true trouser contour, has been endeavoring to remedy this frightful condition by publishing the essentials of education in tabloid form for quick digestion. The first course has included fifty-two vital subjects, alphabetically arranged for ready reference. With the present issue we begin the second or postgraduate course, in which numerous further matters will be boiled down for the customers.*

No. 1. Aëronautics

Aviation is a young man's business. Despite all exceptions to the contrary, an airplane's cockpit is no proper place for an elderly gentleman, with or without whiskers, whose arteries are liable to harden at any minute and leave him with no visible means of support except his suspenders. Yet even the older generation, even as you and I, should understand at least the bare essentials of this new science. It is humiliating to realize that some of us would not know an inverted loop if we met it on the street, nor a dihedral or split undercarriage if our own grandmother were wearing them. In these days when youthful ambitions are so commonly flavored with gasoline it is incumbent upon the rest of us to be at least able to distinguish the torque from the tachometer, or the world will move right past us and leave us stranded in a cosmic vacuum.

An airplane is a mechanical device for getting from here to there in the shortest possible time, provided there happens to be an airplane going in that direction at the moment. It may be a monoplane, in which case it looks like a frightened grasshopper, or a biplane, which rather resembles a bookcase with an umbrella sticking through it. Some monoplanes are made entirely of metal, in which case they look like corrugated chicken coops with a great deal more roof than they really need. All airplanes have motors and are very much attached to them. They have also a tail, rudder, landing gear and an assortment of controls, including the pilot.

An airplane flies principally because its aërodynamics insist upon it. The United States Department of Commerce requires by law that all airplanes have a complete equipment of aërodynamics, preferably of American manufacture. The practical effect of these aërodynamics is that when the forward or entering edge of an airplane wing intrudes forcibly upon the circumambient atmosphere it creates a vacuum somewhere or other. Since nature abhors a vacuum — particularly on the upper side of an airplane — the airplane immediately moves upward in order to restore the balance of power, creating what is known as the "lift". The exact formula is $L = KV^2 Sn\cos a$, and if this isn't clear to you, you may console yourself with the thought that it isn't absolutely pellucid to us either.

In order to fly an airplane you should sit calmly in the cockpit while someone else starts the motor. The plane will thereupon move rapidly forward, and you have only to see that it moves in the proper direction and right side up. There are no gear shifts or reverse, and brakes are really unnecessary since with very little encouragement an airplane will stop itself. When it does so by hitting the ground the pilot calls out "Contact!" and has his picture taken for the newspapers.

It will be seen at once that this matter of sailing a plane is really a matter of plain sailing. So if you really want to rise rapidly, young man, take up the science of aviation. Take it up seriously, and don't let anything or anybody stand in your way. If anybody stands in your way, he's going to get hurt. So get yourself a hangar, half a dozen airplanes, a large bottle of liniment and some air, and go to it.

Coffee with the Customers

New readers whose curiosity gets the better of them may care to see copies of *Stuff and Nonsense* in its primitive and ancestral incarnation. If so, they may send word to the editor thereof in care of the North American Review and he will send samples so long as they last. . . .

We also have in stock quite a lot of envelopes, subscription blanks, index cards and a bottle of red ink, all of which are offered to the highest bidder. . . .

We thank you for your kind attention.

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Our Centre of Gravity

"Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy."

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet.*

It is a pleasing and distinctive characteristic of our national life that we are able to work ourselves into a veritable paroxysm of emotion and controversy, and yet recover from it overnight with no appreciable aftermath of rancor or headache. Our national temperature goes up to high fever point and beyond, the safety valve begins to wheeze ominously, the lid trembles and the roof shakes, but when the dust blows away from the arena of decision we are all suddenly back to normal and about our business again as sober and sensible citizens. It was so in the last election, which already fades on the vanishing horizon of the past. It took us about three months to work up a pressure of steam sufficient to threaten catastrophe, chaos and the consummation of the age. It took us less than a day and a half to get over it.

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Yet there is a perceptible and persistent hang-over from the excesses of last November. There is an uneasiness and anxiety which will not surrender to the ordinary bromides of victory or defeat. There is a problem still unsettled, even though we have now dismissed with the crushing gesture of a majority such trifles as Prohibition, Government Ownership, Farm Relief and the Tariff. And the problem is, what is to happen to the voters who strayed off the range?

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There is a national tradition, hoary, venerable and with an ancient and a fish-like smell about it, that two parties were created simultaneously with the Solar System, and one of them was named Republican and the other Democratic. If the last election did nothing else — as it probably didn't — it busted this notion into at least five million pieces, the same representing the probable total of those who escaped from party allegiance and have no desire to go back to it. They have realized at last that the Civil War is over and that though a guinea-pig must inherit its spots and stripes a citizen need not rely on the Mendelian law for his political complexion. He can possess his own soul and his own vote, with no hurt to anybody but politicians, who really don't matter. But on the heels of this discovery come carking care and an unanswered question. Where shall he go now?

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The stampede of the last election resembled nothing so much as the underground confusion of the subway station at Times Square in New York. Everybody went this way and that, for an intolerable variety of reasons. By all the evidence, the Democrats gained most and lost most in the scramble. They gained enough to poll a monumental vote, as Democratic votes go, and they lost their shirt as a party in the process. They let down the bars to admit a lot of friendly allies, and when the allies moved out again after the battle, the fences were smashed beyond patching and a lot of the cows and chickens had got away.

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The foot-loose wanderers who have tasted their political freedom are not likely to be tempted back to the Democratic fold, no matter what the inducements. The Democratic party looks too much like a place to take a good beating. Yet on the other hand there is scant attraction within the fat hosts of Republicanism, which has become a place in which to take orders. The emancipated remnant is all dressed up in its new-found independence, but it has no place to go.

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The Liberals of this country need a roof over their heads. The politicians will, of course, earnestly deny it to them, and will affect to despise them in public the while they hate and dread them in private. They will tempt them with the old herring by suggesting that the venerable and mouldy parties be reformed from within, as though anything were ever reformed from within. But Liberalism needs its own citadel from which it may come forth on occasion and crack the platitudinous parties of antiquity firmly and healthily on the nose. If they fail to find such refuge a lot of perfectly good voters are going to retire from active politics, which is exceedingly bad for politics. For an anæmic and emaciated electorate is a standing invitation to interested parties to use it as they please for their own purposes.

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Liberalism needs a roof over its head. A fraction of the brains and energy devoted in the last campaign to robbing the hen-roosts of both parties could devise such a roof. A fraction of the money spent in organizing the bolting brigades of last November could shingle that roof right well against the weather. And even though this shelter in the wilderness were but a little one, at the next election and the next and the one after that the politicians of both parties would be knocking politely at its door and talking turkey.

Unimportances

Advance reports estimate that Santa Claus will sweep the country on the crest of a wave of popular enthusiasm. The only States reported as unfavorable are the State of Misanthropy, the State of Insensibility, and the State of Chronic Dyspepsia.

The election revealed one fundamental law of economics: that the way to get the minimum satisfaction from spending money is to contribute it to the campaign fund of a defeated candidate.

Despite oil burners, central heating plants and apartment houses, the chimney tops can still stretch a point to welcome Santa Claus with his annual load of Christmas cheer. Unfortunately the stork, whose job it is to supply the other vital ingredients of a happy Christmas, gets from these same chimneys a much less cordial reception.

In many apartments the seasonable touch was represented by a new rattle for the canary and a string of beads for the goldfish. In others the Christmas spirit came exclusively in bottles.

Statistics from the United States Department of Commerce indicate that between five and six p.m. on Christmas Eve nine million men purchased approximately fifteen million pairs of silk stockings. Department stores everywhere reported a run on silk stockings. The ultimate consumers of the silk stockings reported the run some days later.

Our Own Book-of-the-Month Club

Editorial Note: It is only fair that we explain at once that this Book-of-the-Month Club has positively no connection with any other firm of the same name, and is our own personal and private possession. It is a large and healthy club, tough and well seasoned, and studded with knobs which are large but not particularly brutal. At its northern end is a spike, suitable for spearing salmon or waste-paper, and particularly useful for parking the club while on long walks in the country, of which we are extremely fond.

The Book of the Month is chosen with inordinate care from among the hundreds of books published and the three or four received at the editorial offices every month. The books are thrown dispassionately at the ceiling and the one which falls into the waste basket is the Book of the Month. If a book sticks to the ceiling it is the Book of the Year and is immediately banned in Boston.

BEHIND YOUR FRONT, by James Oppenheim. (Harpers, $2.00)

Reviewed by a medium extravert, feeling-intuitive type, I.Q. 58⅛ (closing at 59¼ under heavy bull pressure).

I picked up this volume casually, indifferently. I had no premonition, no prescience that my career hung quivering in the scales of fate. Yet it was indeed so.

With secret pride I have cherished for years the thought that I am an introvert. An introvert, as you doubtless know, is a man — or woman — of the creative, contemplative, speculative, ruminative type, rather than the aggressive, progressive, and acquisitive. An introvert is, roughly speaking, a cross between a middle-aged cow and a blushing violet. While the gross extraverts appropriate the temporal rewards granted to those who go after them with intention, the introvert prefers to hug to his bosom the promise of posterity. He trusts his fame to his tombstone. This secret faith consoles him for the fact that he sits silent and usually alone in society. The extraverts — vulgar fellows — monopolize the ladies, the conversation and the spotlight. The introvert reflects that he was made not to love but to be loved and he bides his time.

I had been biding my time, off and on, for

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years and years. I did not care, for was I not an introvert? Or so I believed.

I am a disillusioned man. *Behind Your Front* says I am an extravert. And I am not even a very good extravert. I am just a Medium Extravert.

To learn the worst you put yourself through the cross-examination of the first chapter, with such honesty as is in you. You confess all. You add up your score. You refer to the chart. The Chart places you inexorably, irrefutably in the company of your kind. You'll be surprised.

If I were choosing my company I think I should select a little group consisting of Alice in Wonderland, St. Francis of Assisi, Calvin Coolidge and the late Mary Queen of Scots. These are perhaps my favorite introverts. But the book will have none of them. I find myself stranded halfway between Jack Dempsey and Heywood Broun, which is no place for a medium extravert of approximately 145 pounds ringside.

My wife is located on the other side of the chart, about two degrees southeast of Pola Negri. She doesn't care for the company and I am positively apprehensive about it. But the chart will not be denied. We have gone over the questions again and again; we agree on most of the answers. One involves some embarrassment. "Are you," asks Mr. Oppenheim, "polygamous or polyandrous by nature?" Ah, if I only knew.

This is psychoanalysis adapted for home use. Try it on your sub-conscious mind. Try it on your wife's sub-conscious mind. Try it on the iceman and the janitor and the cook. You may discover that the colored girl is spiritual kin to Greta Garbo, which will be something.

GENERAL INFORMATION

(*This department is maintained for the convenience of our readers and in recognition of the crying need for their enlightenment. Inquiries addressed to us will be here answered by experts on our staff, in association with a large corps of correspondents in every conceivable location. All information supplied is guaranteed to be as reliable as is at all necessary.*)

Question: "I understand that it is a simple matter to replace a washer in a leaking faucet, tap or spigot. Will you kindly give brief instructions for doing so?"

Answer: In order to replace the offending washer it is first necessary to obtain a new washer. This you may do at any department store, hardware emporium or drugstore, but you will at once discover that there are all sorts and conditions of washers and that you have not the slightest idea which of them you need. Purchase a supply of all available shapes and sizes. Those you do not use now may come in handy some day, by which time you will have lost them.

Descend to the cellar and shut off the water from the line supplying the leaking faucet, tap or spigot. You will at once hear from the kitchen that the gas has gone out. Turn it on again and try another valve, which will shut off the laundry supplies but leave the offending faucet, tap or spigot in the kitchen still leaking merrily. Wander round the cellar, regardless of spiders, and shut off everything in sight. You will at last arrive at the water-meter and shut off the main source of supply. Turn on all the other valves again before you forget them.

You may take the spigot apart, preferably without breaking it. The washer or what is left of it will remain deep down inside the surviving plumbing. If your wife is an old-fashioned sort of girl you may borrow a hairpin and fish for it; otherwise you must blast it out with dynamite. Before inserting the new washer — which is much easier said than done — make sure there are no signs of wear, abrasions or rough edges on the metal surface on which the washer is to rest. If there are I'm sure I don't know what you are going to do about it.

Replace as many parts of the faucet as you can and turn on the water. When water begins to seep through the ceiling or run down the stairs you will know that someone has turned on the tap in the third-floor bathroom while the house was temporarily disconnected from the waterworks. Wade up and shut it off. Return and look at the kitchen faucet, tap or spigot. It still leaks. Send for a plumber.

We are reliably informed that the Business Manager or his equivalent on the staff of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is taking good care of the old customers of *Stuff and Nonsense*. Their subscriptions are continued for an appropriate period, which relieves the editor from the painful duty of returning all that money.

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Our Monthly Department for Dear Little Noosances

A Man and His Bottle

Whenever there's a vacancy within my small inside,
My mother brings a bottle and I take it for a ride,
And pretty soon I'm full again and calm and satisfied.

Of all the pleasant bottles that I get throughout the day,
I love the best the one that comes just when I hit the hay;
It has such possibilities of wholesome fun and play.

For instance, when I'm done my meal excepting for dessert,
I never waste the milk that's left, but think it doesn't hurt
To pull the rubber nipple off and pour it down my shirt.

And in the morning when the dawn is rising rosy red,
I find the bottle lying there beside my curly head,
And smash it on the radiator just beside my bed.

Or else I pull the nipple off and hide it from my mother,
And throw the bottle 'cross the room and hit my little brother,
And then the game is over and I holler for another.

Our Bedtime Story

(Continued from last month)

"No," said Mr. Henry Ford rather crossly; "I don't want Mary's little lamb. I want the school house but I don't want the little lamb. And I don't believe that's Mary's little lamb anyway. You can't tell me that fleece is as white as snow."

"No," said the poor but honest farmer, "it ain't exactly. I ain't never saw a fleece that was. And maybe this ain't precisely the same lamb, but it's a relative of her'n. Maybe a great-granddaughter. It's a antique, anyway, and only twenty-two cents a pound on the hoof."

But Mr. Ford was firm. "As a good Republican," he said, "I should like to do something for farm relief, but not at twenty-two cents a pound." So he paid spot cash for the school house and loaded it on the back of his car, a nice little coupé which had been delivered only that morning, eight months after he had ordered it from a friend in the business. And then he drove off for the Wayside Inn, which was still doing business at the same old stand. "I've brought you a little red schoolhouse," he told the proprietor. "It will look nice on the front verandah, or maybe in the parlor along with the Tables for Ladies."

The proprietor looked glum. "Wish you had brought me some customers," he said. "Business ain't so good."

"Not so good?" said Mr. Ford.

"Not so good," said the proprietor. "I reckon we'll have to change the name of the joint to Ye Olde Wayside Inne and dish up a chicken and waffle dinner. The hot-dog stand on t'other side of the street is taking all our high-class trade."

"I'll see about that," said Mr. Henry Ford, the glint of battle coming into his eye. He crossed the street. The Hot-Dog Man looked up expectantly, one hand on the mustard spoon and the other on the cash register. "What's yours?" says he.

"What are you doing here?" asked Mr. Ford, sternly.

The Hot-Dog Man relaxed his hold on the mustard. "It's my job," said he, "to live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

"How much are your — er — Frankfurters?" asked the financier.

"A dime a time," answered the man in the distantly white apron. "A dime a time. Come one, come all, come early and often. They clean your teeth, they curl your hair, they make you feel like a millionaire. Hot dogs!"

Mr. Ford took one and laid down a hundred dollar bill. The Hot-Dog Man changed it in eleven seconds by the clock. Henry looked thoughtfully at the sausage. "One cent each," he mused. "Cut it to one-half or one-third by quantity production, standardize the roll, leave out the butter, spray the mustard on by automatic machinery." He broke the hot-dog down the middle and examined it closely. "Calories — vitamines — proteins — carbohydrates," he muttered. "There's millions in it." So musing he crossed the road again and sat down on an Eighteenth Century horse trough. The hot dog wriggled uneasily in its roll.

(*To be continued*)

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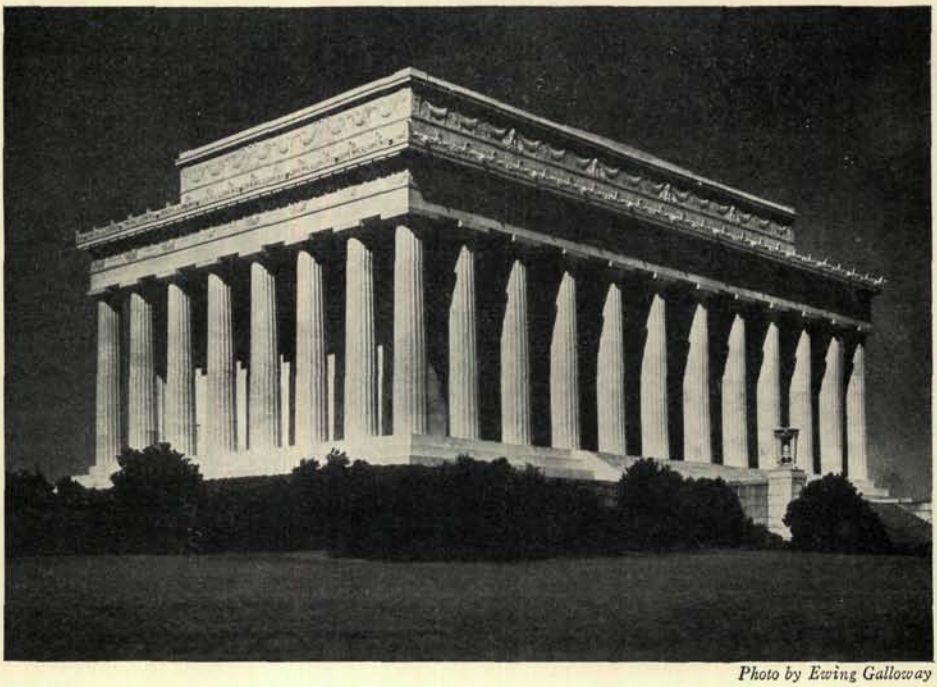

Photo by Ewing Galloway

The Lincoln Memorial

THE Sanctuary of Service stands "last . . . loveliest, exquisite", but happily not "loneliest . . . apart". Instead, it is perhaps closer to the very heart of the Nation than any other comparable memorial ever raised. The lofty obelisk which confronts it beyond the mirroring lagoon appropriately commemorates heroic and unsurpassed achievements, in war and peace alike. But these were done once and for all time, never to need repetition. This classic temple, on the other hand, enshrines the memory of one whose service is a continuing duty in our own time and must thus remain while the Republic endures.

The keynote of his career was sounded, clear and vibrant, in those first words of his that commanded Nation-wide attention: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' . . . I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided." It was granted to him to be successful in the first, but perhaps not the more arduous, part of that service. Had he lived, we cannot doubt that the latter service would have been as perfect as the former. That was not to be. The completion of his task was left to other hands, to be worked out with immeasurable tribulation, through more than threescore years. Today, however, the achievement appears near at hand. The self-oppressing sectionalism which his wiser policies would never have given cause to arise, is at last shaken and shattered. The house is no longer divided against itself. His service to the Nation is complete.

His service is complete, but ours, bequeathed by him, is never ended. From every stately column, from every carven stone, of this Sanctuary of Service, there speaks the exhortation, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," to "strive on to finish the work we are in . . . to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

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